May 19, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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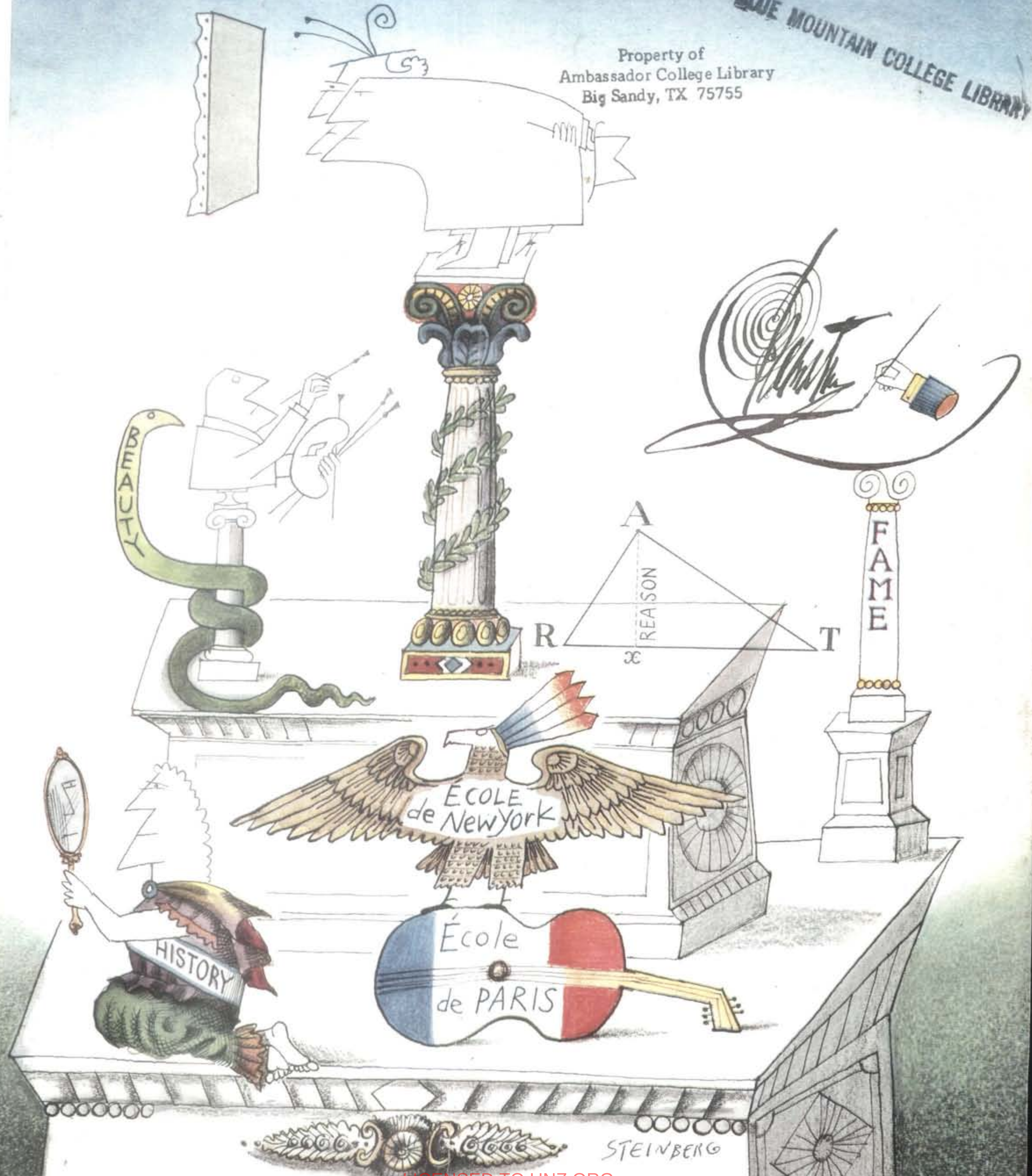
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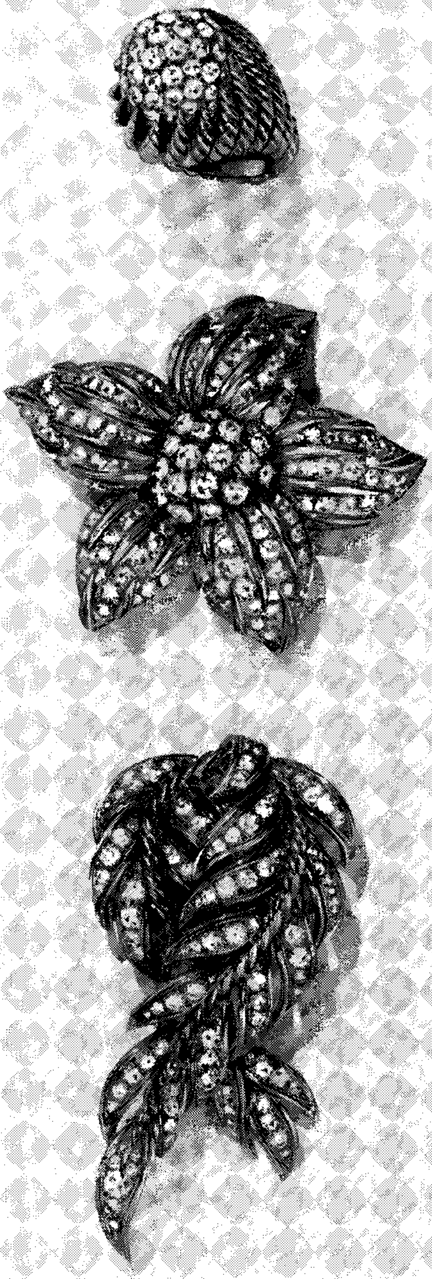

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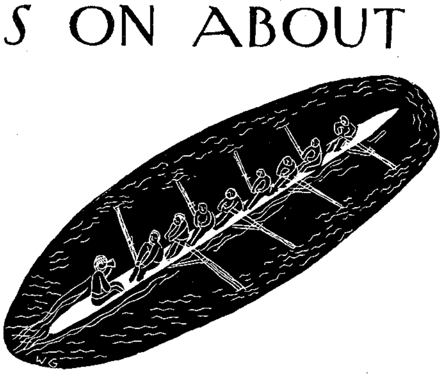
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Gideon—A Biblical drama by Paddy Chayefsky in which Douglas Campbell, as a Lord both wrathful and whimsical, tries to make Gerald Hiken, as Gideon, appreciate the fact that a lover of God has to put all traces of selfish pride behind him. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie, and is acted with enthusiasm by the large cast. However, the central idea grows a trifle thin before the drama has run its course. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Man for All Seasons—The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's superior work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, and Paul Scofield plays him with enormous persuasiveness. He is ably supported by Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, David J. Stewart, and, in the highest degree, George Rose. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams philosophizing about life, death, loneliness, God, sex, and other large problems in a play that demonstrates the Master's skill but is fairly shapeless. The scene is a ramshackle Mexican hotel, and the cast includes Margaret Leighton, Shelley Winters, Alan Webb, and Patrick O'Neal. They are all quite fine, especially Miss Leighton, who really glows as a spinster tied to a durable grandfather. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Shot in the Dark—A blend of French farce and courtroom melodrama in which Julie Harris plays a passionate maid accused of putting a bullet into the Spanish chauffeur who has been her most recent flame. Proving Miss Harris's guilt or innocence is a lengthy and not too interesting procedure, but Walter Matthau gives a first-rate comic performance as her wealthy employer, who has shared her favors with the chauffeur. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school and then becomes alarmed at the thought that wolves from Harvard, M.I.T., Dartmouth, and Yale will devour her. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are likable as the father and daughter, but the play contains more TV suds than legitimate substance. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A garrulous but funny charade about a man in revolt against Madison Avenue conformity, in which Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks appear to good purpose. The play was written by Herb Gardner and has been directed in jovial style by Fred Coe. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**COME BLOW YOUR HORN:** Father wants his sons to get busy in the artificial-fruit game, and they don't think much of the idea. With Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

All American—Ray Bolger, penetrably disguised as a refugee professor at a Southern football college, gets a few chances to give his old, soft shoes a workout. Nevertheless, in spite of Mr. Bolger, some pleasant songs by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, and some handsome sets by Jo Mielziner, the show is strident and unappealing. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 20.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—When it gets going, this spoof of commercial mores is quite funny. Robert Morse amusingly plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée is most satisfactory as the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. The product of the old team of Abe Burrows and Frank Loesser, the show also has the valuable services of Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, and Paul Reed. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize and of an award from the Drama Critics Circle. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of the life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written lively and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour of Israel, not overly animated, with eight American widows in search of husbands. While they search, they are diverted with all kinds of native celebrations. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede plays a visiting businessman. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A rickety vehicle, constructed by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, that induces little but somnolence as it bears a cargo of indigents all around Manhattan. The music, by Jule Styne, is something less than rousing, but a number of the sets, by Will Steven Armstrong, are clever. Orson Bean and Phyllis Newman provide a few comic interludes, and Carol Lawrence and Sydney Chaplin a few romantic ones. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** King Arthur and all that. With William Squire, Patricia Bredin, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **CARNIVAL:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Susan Watson, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** B. A. Rolfe's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Evans (substituting for Michael Allinson, who will return on Sunday, May 20) and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Martha Wright becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Bravo Giovanni—Cesare Siepi in a musical based on Howard Shaw's novel "The Crime of Giovanni Venturi." A. J. Russell wrote the book, Ronny Graham the lyrics, and Milton Schafer the music. Philip Rose is the producer, Stanley Prager the director. Opens Saturday, May 19. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—A revival of "Can-Can," with Geneviève. The first in a series of three shows by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

Anything Goes—A revival of Cole Porter's 1934 musical, with Eileen Rodgers. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—Lotte Lenya, George Voskovec, Dane Clark, Viveca Lindfors, Anne Jackson, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Fly Blackbird—A spirited musical comedy whose theme is civil rights for Negroes but whose tone is frisky almost throughout. Avon Long is especially frisky as the cagey father of the first Negro girl to run the student council at Sarah Lawrence. C. Jackson and James Hatch wrote the music, lyrics, and book. Their songs are varied and pleasant, and a lot of their jokes pay off. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Apple—A revival of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross musical. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

If Five Years Pass—Valerie Bettis's imaginative staging of this play by Lorca owes as much to ballet as it does to drama. The story, which is mysterious, but not all that mysterious, moves back and forth between past, present, and future, and concerns a young man who is twice in love and twice defeated by time. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

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20	21	22	23	24	25	26

King of the Whole Damn World!—A cheerful, if somewhat overendearing, musical that is set on Bleecker Street in 1940. The principal characters are a kind but foggy cop and a small boy who chalks the word "cat" on the head of a smaller boy. George Panetta adapted the book from his own play "Comic Strip." The songs, which are agreeable enough, are by Robert Larimer. Tom Pedi is as funny as ever as the policeman, and Alan Howard and Sheldon Golomb do well as the sprats. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 4 and 8:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Rosmersholm—With Nancy Wickwire, as Rebecca West; Donald Woods, as Rosmer; Patrick Waddington, as Professor Kroll; and Bramwell Fletcher, as Brendel. All of them are admirable in David Ross's admirable production. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

PAR
PARKING LOT
FULL

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11:25. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

DANCE PROGRAMS

Ukrainian Dance Company—Three added performances by this troupe of a hundred dancers, plus a symphony orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Friday, May 18, at 8:40, and Saturday, May 19, at 2:30 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Royal Dramatic Theatre of Sweden—The final performances in a one-week repertory of three plays in Swedish. O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night": Thursday, May 17, at 7. . . . ¶ Strindberg's "Miss Julie": Friday, May 18, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 19, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Strindberg's "The Father": Saturday, May 19, at 8:30. (Cort, 128 W. 48th St. CI 5-4289.)

City Center Showcase—A program of excerpts from its various musical productions, including "Pal Joey," "The King and I," "Can-Can," "The Consul," and "Iolanthe." Gwen Verdon, Bob Fosse, Barbara Cook, Farley Granger, Geneviève, Patricia Neway, and John Alexander will be among those taking part. A benefit for the Children's Asthma Research Institute and Hospital, in Denver. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, May 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 1-6772.)

Phyllis Diller—Comedienne, in a solo program of bitter-end monologues. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Friday, May 25, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The Old Order changes, but only into its dinner jacket. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room, which has a passion for miniature revues, has bagged another—more dead than alive—and hung it in the trophy den, where it is on view twice a night during the week, at dinner on Sunday, and never on Monday. Life is brought to it, though, by the sardonic Patricia Bright, the milk-and-honey Patricia Marand, and the light-footed dance duets of Harrison and Fisher. Phil Wayne's pulsing trio and Stanley Melba's band, both designed for dancing, encircle it with the appropriate sounds. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet hums dance music at cocktails, dinner, and supper in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion, every night but Monday, when another band fills in.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Enzo Stuarti, who takes simple, wholehearted pleasure in just opening his mouth and letting music pour forth, is in the light-opera tradition, and it's not a bad idea at all. He shows up at dinner and supper in the Persian Room; all evening, the bands of Emil Coleman and Mark Monte unwind a carpet of dance tunes. Mr. Stuarti will exit, fortissimo, on Tuesday, May 22; next evening, the electricity will be turned on by Eartha Kitt, another voice to be reckoned with. Closed

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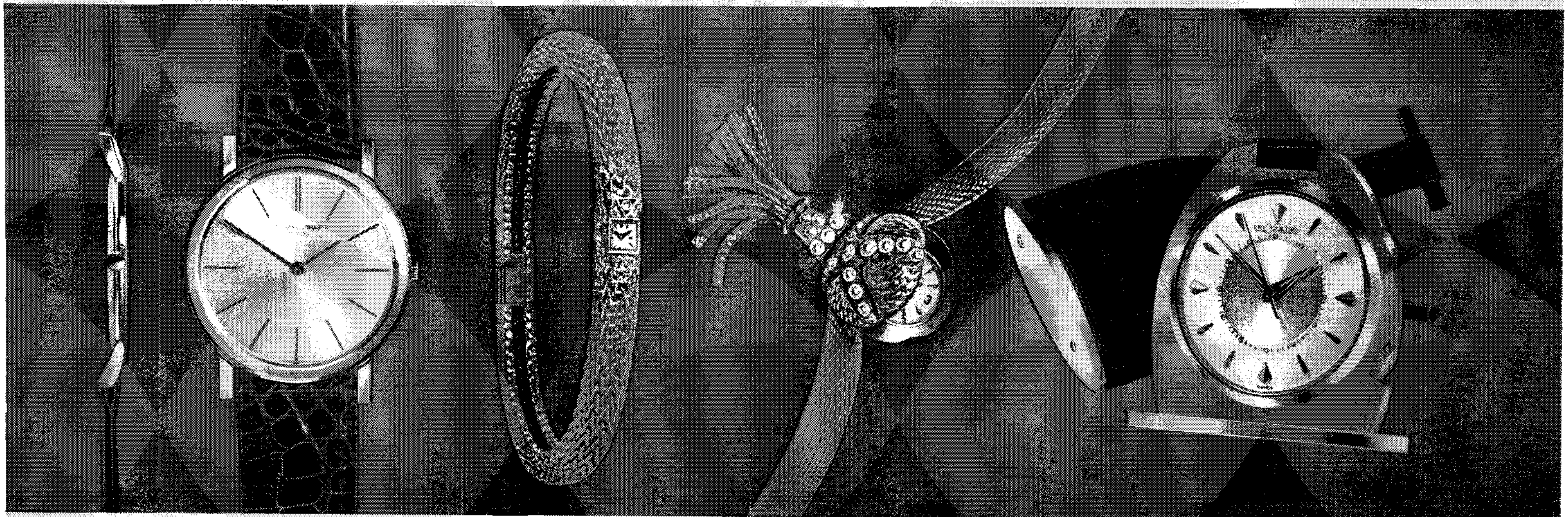

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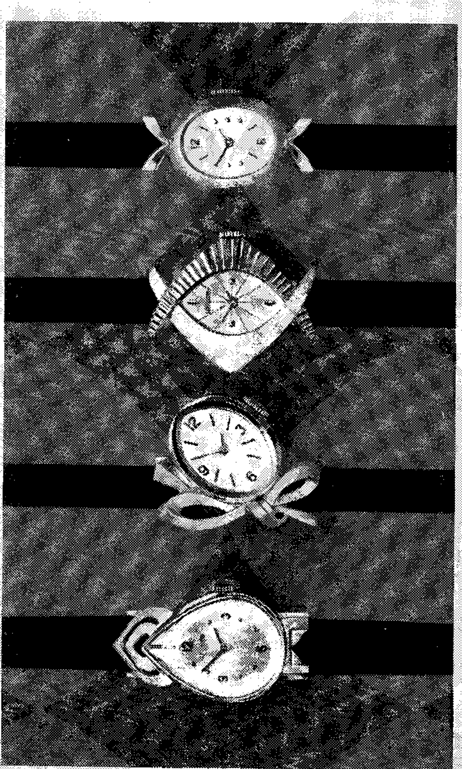

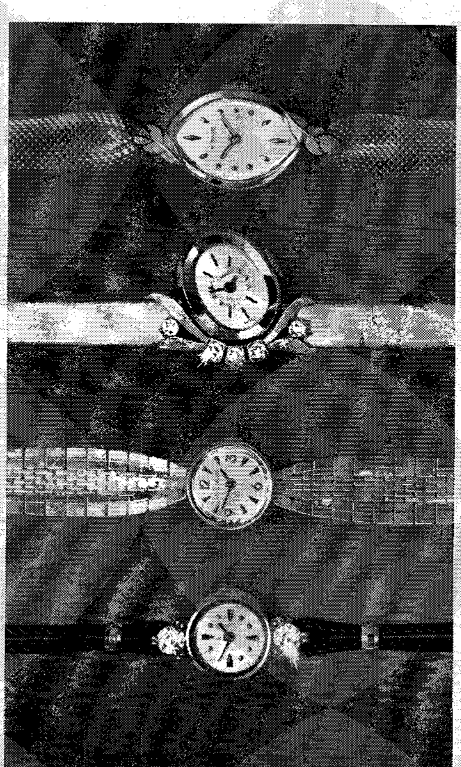

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays. . . . ¶ Kurt Maier, a sentimental sort of pianist, takes tea from four to six-thirty in the Palm Court and dinner from seven-thirty to nine-thirty in the Edwardian Room every night but Monday. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a touch of mischief, too, is where Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico's bands dispense dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the giant Grill, Jerry Wald's band is trolling for customers who like to dance. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, a close approach to a throne room, there are dinner and supper interludes of song, French and English, by Patachou, or What the Well-Dressed Gamine Will Wear. Before and after, Chauncey Gray's small orchestra and another wee group burble happily from early evening until curfew. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A short furlong due west sits La Boite, a plush little place (and bright-red plush, at that) for anyone who wishes a dash of piano with each course. It, too, is closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns can almost persuade its customers that they're dining under a Mediterranean moon on the lawn of a handsome villa. A trio whiles away the dinner hours, which are six to nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper, every night but Sunday.

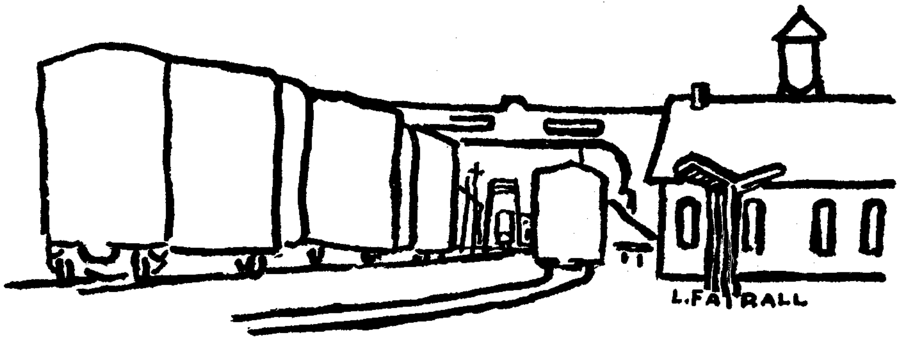
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The comforting air of *toujours la même chose* hovers over two immutable portions of Park Avenue—the suitably wide-spread Embassy Club (light fantastics to the orchestras of Roger Steele and Lazaro Quintero from eight-thirty until two) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events suspend on Sundays.

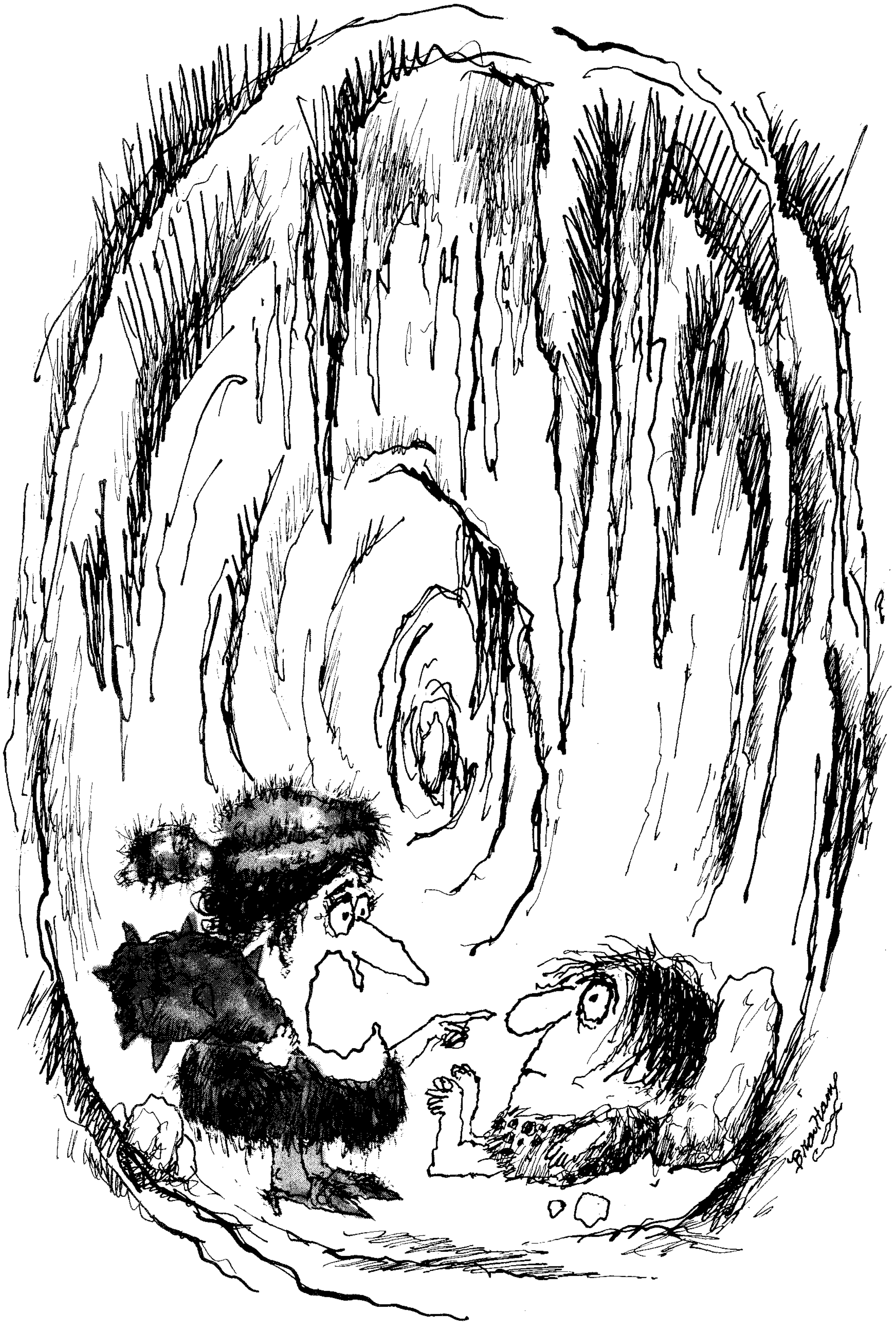
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy are running a court of domestic relations in which—to the accompaniment of many jolly words—they keep exchanging the roles of plaintiff and defendant. Court convenes at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, dance tunes emerge from Milt Shaw's large band and Emery Deutsch's small one. Closed Sundays. . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Joan Bishop plays sedate piano every night but Sunday between five and twelve-thirty.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Melting pot, market place, crossroads, but usually occupied, too, by someone who lives right around the corner from you. The chitchat is accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by Budd Gregg's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones, to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms who abet this state of mind perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, toil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The new Roman Empire is at its zenith in this banquet hall, which is completely encircled by a crew of mobile violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): On Tuesday, May 22, Dick Gautier reports for duty, to discuss the animate objects that gallop around inside his head, among them a couple of chimeras on long leashes. The same night, Barbra Streisand reports for double duty (she's now in "I Can Get It for You Wholesale") as a soprano who is compulsory listening when she is disciplined. The background will, as always, be the rapscallion music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist and a pianist, as bemused as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A small, comfortable cul-de-sac at the southwest corner of a celebrated hotel. The theme, which is part Vienna and part Tyrol, is carried out to a certain extent by the chef and the sommelier. There's zither (which could be expected, after all) from six to ten, and following that there's the unexpected pleasure of Greta Keller, who is Vienna to her fingertips and to the ends of her calm vocal cords. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social whirl here bears no relation to any other dance forms, such as the Twist. George Feyer's Christmas-candy piano ambles along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Cloisters with reasonably worldly points of view, such as bar and refectory. Conrad Monjoy's piano murmurs respectfully from six to midnight during the week and until one on Saturdays. Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. Silence





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The tranquil landscape of the Casino-on-the-Park accommodates Steven Weltner's cool, clear, collected piano between cocktails and supper, except on Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The cup that cheers, the violin and the zimbalon that dwell on the good old days in Mitteleuropa, and the voices (soprano and tenor) that recite chapter and verse. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a pride of Spaniards presents, a couple of times an evening, a small music festival full of local color and local thunderstorms. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. Tea dancing on Saturdays and Sundays from two to seven. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A crossroads tavern, set forth with a certain amount of opulence in an alcove of the Hotel Delmonico. Marty Berns' baby grand gives a good account of itself between six and one every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): This spic-and-span efficiency apartment (bar and kitchen) presents idle strummings of piano and guitar through the evening and an occasional burst of song, done family-circle style, by Rita Dimitri, who used to live in musical comedy. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A tiny museum of modern art, dominated by Miró rather than by the casual piano that is audible from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday. . . . **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX,** 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): This fragment of the St. Moritz is invigorated, during dinner and supper, Tuesdays through Saturdays, by the piano of Jimmy Lyons, which has a mind of its own.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The Garden of Eden, and not an apple or a serpent within miles. There are millions of supple young ladies, some of whom—the glorious Wallendas—fly through the air with the greatest of ease. There's a ground force, too—a nimble set of acrobats, the Tonelys; Patrice Wymore, singer and dancer, who, in trying to straddle Hollywood and Broadway, has the usual trouble in making the two ends meet; and Pepper Davis and Tony Reese, knockabout comedians who'd be cocks of the walk if all their jokes would only help keep New York clean. Miss Wymore departs on Tuesday, May 22; next evening's accession is Marie McDonald, one more Hollywood body beautiful. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): All sorts of things go on in this big, bouncy Tower of Babel. The most important one is Louis Prima's once-upon-a-time New Orleans band, which is surrounded by a certain amount of vaudeville. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The tumultuous Clara Ward Singers, wearing the tallest beehive hairdos in the land of gospel, sign off on Saturday, May 19, but Dave Astor (an orator who keeps putting chips on his shoulder) and the Smothers Brothers (folk music can be fun) stay on. Otis Clements rarely strays from his piano. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The lounge is the playground for Bobby Short, whose hey-nonny-nonny ditties and night-march piano—available from ten until as late as the law allows—make New York once again a twenty-four-hour town. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his outfielders. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's most recent revue, "Seven Come Eleven," reduces to rubble the pillars of society without raising even a smidgen of dust. Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, the heads of this reform administration, lead a set of bright-as-buttons troupers, including Rex Robbins, Steve Roland, William Bogert, and Donna Sanders. Carl Norman and Sam Pottle are the two-piano orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Belowstairs, too, the sly words suit the sly actions of a Julius Monk revue (a smaller and an earlier one), which is staffed by two will-o'-the-wisp girls, Freddie Weber and Carol Morley, and their nimble young men, Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. Robert Colston and Robert Milrad play piano not only for this quartet's antics but all evening as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Restoration comedy (i.e., a full-strength revival of the Victorian music halls of London) is the point of "Time, Gentlemen Please!," whose second edition, now in flower, is Merrie, Merrie England. Fred Stone, Sheila Bernette, and Archie Harradine are the triumphs of a tongue-in-cheek cast from London's Players Theatre. They show up at nine on Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays, and at seven-thirty on Sundays. Mondays, they're at leisure. In the bar, there's piano from seven until nine and from ten-thirty until blackout time. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): From the flight deck in the back room, Angel Mancheno rises not only to the occasion but the ceiling. His Spanish footwork is the major event in an otherwise Argentine and altogether worthy festival of words, music, and dance. Pupi Campo's band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers whenever it's their turn for rebuttal. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): County fair Iberian style, executed by the busy feet, fingers, and throats of a crew of flamenco gypsies in which the *grande dame* Carmen Amaya occasionally joins. Mondays, there's American jazz in place of this Spanish jazz. Every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Nina Simone's upstage songs and her quartet are added to the turmoil.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti's quintet, which has Sammy Price on piano, is recalling a happy, if noisy, yesteryear. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Anita O'Day, a force for good in the unruly world of jazz singing, disappears on Sunday, May 20, and so does the trio of Roland Hanna, whose piano was once in Charlie Mingus's fold. On Tuesday, May 22, Dave Guard, whose voice was once in the fold of the Kingston Trio, begins life anew as head man of the Whiskeyhill Singers (still dwelling on folk music, more or less), and Stan Getz puts his sentimental horn to work in his quartet. Afternoon sessions are held every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, who belongs to the Old Guard of the Progressive Party, has just arrived inside the circular bar with her trio in tow. Howard Reynolds does the proper sort of intermission piano. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The irresistible force of Wild Bill Davison's trumpet can breach any obstacle even without its supporting cast of old-time blasting caps (Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, and Buster Bailey). Sundays and Mondays are holidays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-

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Of international importance is the collection of paintings and sculpture in the National Gallery, Ottawa. Among them: Rembrandt, Titian, Rubens, Degas, Gaugin, Van Gogh, Monet, Cezanne (five of them), Picasso, Rodin, Henry Moore and Maillol.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

0088): An open-face-sandwich presentation of the music of our forefathers. Cozy Cole's foursome and Sol Yaged's Dixie-Mets are the demonstrators, and they're in full voice. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of what's left of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Beer and pizzas go into the care and feeding of the listeners; a respect for yesteryear and a pleasure in the present go into the music of Budd Johnson, who has a quintet to experiment with. On Tuesday, May 22, Chico Hamilton's quintet takes over. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The love-stricken wails of Joe Williams can be heard for miles above the boosting of Harry Edison's quintet. Al Grey and Billy Mitchell have a sextet on the premises, too, lest anyone suffer a quiet moment. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. The reminders on Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, should include Edmond Hall, Jo Jones, Sidney de Paris, Johnny Letman, Pee Wee Erwin, Eddie Barefield, Red Richards, and Zutty Singleton. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Mark's Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): A brace of drum majors—Art Blakey with his thundering Jazz Messengers, Cal Tjader with his quintet—will have the floor through Sunday, May 20. There are extra sessions Sundays from four to seven; there are extra hands on Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The special rites of *l'art moderne* are solemnized by a mystery guest, Dave Pike's trio (off duty Mondays) and Randy Weston's quartet (off duty Tuesdays). . . . **SNIFFEN COURT INN,** 540 Third Ave., at 36th St. (LE 2-2128): Chris Rayburn, a blithe spirit and a young one, thinks that ten o'clock is the proper time to begin her rosebud-gathering songs in the middle of this small restaurant. Saturday, May 19, is her closing night. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Everything that glitters here is by no means jazz, but a semblance of it comes from Charlie Shavers' quartet. On Monday, May 21, the trio of Harold Quinn, Long Island's white-haired boy, will be added to the cast. Sundays offer what'll-we-do-now bouts between extra hands. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-6666): Anyone who believes that Herman Chittison is a myth should search the bar, where—surrounded by ten thousand carriage lamps—the old maestro is again seated (between eight and the early morning) at a very small piano, dealing out music in his light but firm Spencerian hand. No sound Sundays. . . . **FOLK CITY,** 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Amateur night after amateur night, but on Tuesday, May 22, Anita and Jacques (she's Anita Sheer, a flamenco singer and guitarist of honorable pedigree) will begin a session of folk music from far and wide.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

PETER AGOSTINI—Sculptures and drawings; through June 2. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSE ALBER—Semi-realistic landscapes and seascapes; through June 2. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Sculptures, bronze bas-reliefs, and drawings; through Saturday, May 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGIT BECK—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, May 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY BIGELOW—Landscape water colors; through Saturday, May 26. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

RENATO BIROLLI (1906-1959)—Abstract oils by this Italian painter; through Saturday, May 19. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

JULIUS BISSIER AND ROGER BISSIÈRE—Abstract paintings by two contemporary artists, the first a German and the second French; through Saturday, May 26. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Interiors and cityscapes done in Venice, Paris, and New York in the past two years; through Saturday, May 19. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

HANS BOEHLER (1884-1961)—Late drawings by this Austrian-born artist; through Saturday, May 26. (Artists', 853 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Closed mornings.)

STUART DAVIS—Abstract paintings, 1958-62; through Friday, May 18. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Figurative drawings and sculptures (wood and stone); through Saturday, May 26. (Alexander, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

MARINA NUÑEZ DEL PRADO—Sculptures, in basalt, onyx, and wood, by a Bolivian artist; through Saturday, May 26. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

ANDRÉ DERAIN—Drawings from the collection of Mme. Derain; through Saturday, May 26. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

NICOLAS DE STAËL—Collages being shown here for the first time; through May 31. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—Oils and water colors; through June 2. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP EVERGOOD—Recent paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 19. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

PAUL FEELEY—Abstract paintings; through June 2. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ORONZO GASPARO—Oils, water colors, and drawings (1918 to the present) by an Italian-born American painter; through May 30. (Tutti, 45 Canal St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

MARSHALL GLASIER—Paintings; through Saturday, May 19. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOHN GRILLO—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 26. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI (1906-1956)—Cityscapes; through Saturday, May 19. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Thursday and Friday evenings until 10.)

ROBERT HENRI (1865-1929)—Drawings, water colors, and small paintings; through June 2. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Landscapes and cityscapes with figures, in gouache; through Saturday, May 26. (Anderson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHET LA MORE—Semi-abstract welded bronzes of animals and figures; through Saturday, May 26. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

SIDNEY LAUFMAN—A retrospective, 1927-62, entitled "Art of the Landscape;" through Saturday, May 19. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE—Oils, gouaches, and collages (1960-62) by the Belgian Surrealist; through Saturday, May 26. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

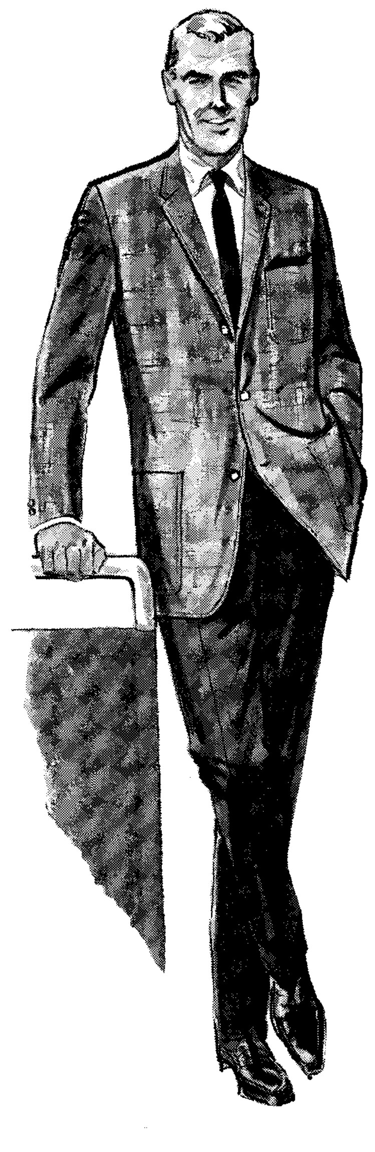
MARISOL—Wooden figurative sculptures; through Saturday, May 26. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD MAYHEW—Landscapes and figure paintings; through June 8. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

MARIO MICOSSI—Temperas and scratchboard drawings; through May 31. (Studio Gallery Workshop, 1417 Lexington Ave., at 93rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 7; Saturdays, 2 to 6.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures, most of them revolving around Greek legends; through Saturday, May 19. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Daily, 2 to 6.)

PICASSO—Six galleries will continue to show, through Saturday, the American-owned paintings, drawings, and sculptures being exhibited in celebration of Picasso's eightieth birthday and for the benefit of the Public Education Association—At the **SAIDENBERG,** 10 E. 77th St.: Cubism. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: The Twenties. . . . **DUVEEN BROTHERS,** 18 E. 79th St.: The Classical Phase. . . . **PERLS,** 1016



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The Thirties. . . . **NEW GALLERY**, 50 E. 78th St.: Drawings. . . . **GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures.

NOEL ROCKMORE—Figures and other subjects, treated somewhat abstractly; through June 4. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

MANMOHAN SAMANT—Abstract canvases by a young Indian; through Saturday, May 26. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings until 10.)

WILLIAM SEBRING AND JAMES MELLON—Abstract paintings; through Friday, May 25. (Terrain, 20 W. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 6; Thursday evenings, 8 to 11.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Paintings and sculptures; through June 2. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK SQUIER—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, May 26. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

FRANK STELLA—Paintings; through Saturday, May 19. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

TOSHIO SUGA—Paintings; through Saturday, May 26. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

RUFINO TAMAYO—Paintings by this Mexican artist; through June 9. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM THON—A new set of landscapes of Italy and Maine; through June 2. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

NAT WERNER—Abstract welded sculptures; through June 2. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

JEAN XCERON—Abstractions, 1929-62; through Saturday, May 19. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

TOM YOUNG—Paintings and drawings by an Abstract Expressionist; through Thursday, May 24. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

STRAVINSKY AND THE DANCE—A loan exhibition in honor of Igor Stravinsky's eightieth birthday, comprising nearly two hundred paintings and drawings of stage and costume designs for such ballets as "Firebird" and "Petrouchka," as well as numerous portraits, by Berman, Cocteau, Tchelitchew, and others. For the benefit of the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library. Through June 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Stravinsky showing at the New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.

SCULPTURES—Bronzes by seven living Italians: Agenore Fabbri, Pericle Fazzini, Emilio Greco, Giacomo Manzù, Marino Marini, Luciano Minguzzi, and Mirko; through June 3. (Time & Life Building Exhibit Center, Rockefeller Center. Open until 7 on Saturdays and Sundays.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1962 Annual Exhibition, comprising oils, water colors, sculptures, and graphics; through May 27. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 19, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BRANDT**, 11 E. 57th St.: "Young Artists of Promise," a show consisting of thirty-two works (ranging in style from realism to abstraction) by as many painters. Among the primarily American artists are Stephen Kuzma, Kendall Shaw, and Francis Jennings. Through May 31. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: A painting apiece by William Baziotes, Philip Guston, Jackson Pollock, and seven others; through June 2. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Landscapes by Milton Avery, Jane Freilicher, Reuben Tam, and others; through June 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **10/4 GROUP**, 73 Fourth Ave., at 10th St.: Paintings, collages, and wood sculptures, by seven guests, including Augustus Goertz, Saul Fuerstein, and William Kent; through Sunday, May 20. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AUSLANDER**, 50 E. 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by Jean Metzinger, Yves Tanguy, Matta, Antonio Music, and Larry Rivers; through Saturday, May 26. . . . **KOOTZ**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.: Picasso, James Brooks, Pierre Soulages, and Phillip Pavia are four of the artists represented in a paint-

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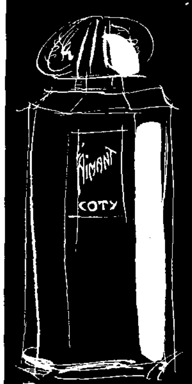

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ing-and-sculpture show; through Saturday, May 26. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **bayer**, 51 E. 80th St.: Old-master engravings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by, for instance, Mantegna, Rembrandt, and Cranach; through Saturday, May 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **loeb**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Dufour, Lanskoy, da Silva, and other Paris artists; through Saturday, May 26.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—English drawings and water colors lent from British collections, 1750 to 1850 is the period covered, and the artists include Constable, Turner, and Cozens. Through June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—In honor of Picasso's eightieth birthday, the Museum's examples of his paintings, collages, sculptures, drawings, prints, and illustrated books are being shown together for the first time; through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ Drawings from Brazil, France, Germany, Guatemala, Poland, and the United States, with items by, among others, Redon, Picasso, Boccioni, and Miró; through Aug. 12. . . . ¶ In the Museum's outdoor exhibition area, a tent houses "Design for Sport," a showing of more than a hundred examples of sporting equipment (boats, a racing car, a sulky, a bobsled, fencing and diving masks, kites, skis, and whatnot) gathered from seventeen countries; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, consisting of pieces by about a hundred and twenty-five artists from every section of the country; through June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods of Asia," an exhibit of sculptures and paintings from India, Japan, and China, assembled from American sources and having to do with the gods and goddesses whose legends inspired the artists of ancient Asia; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"French Masters of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," a loan show of paintings and drawings by artists ranging from Théodore Géricault (who died in 1824) to Picasso and Braque; through June 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings (mostly abstract) and drawings done since 1941 by Philip Guston, a leader of the New York School; through July 1. . . . ¶ Nineteenth-century drawings by Goya, van Gogh, Delacroix, Homer, and other Europeans and Americans, borrowed from museums and private collections; through July 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

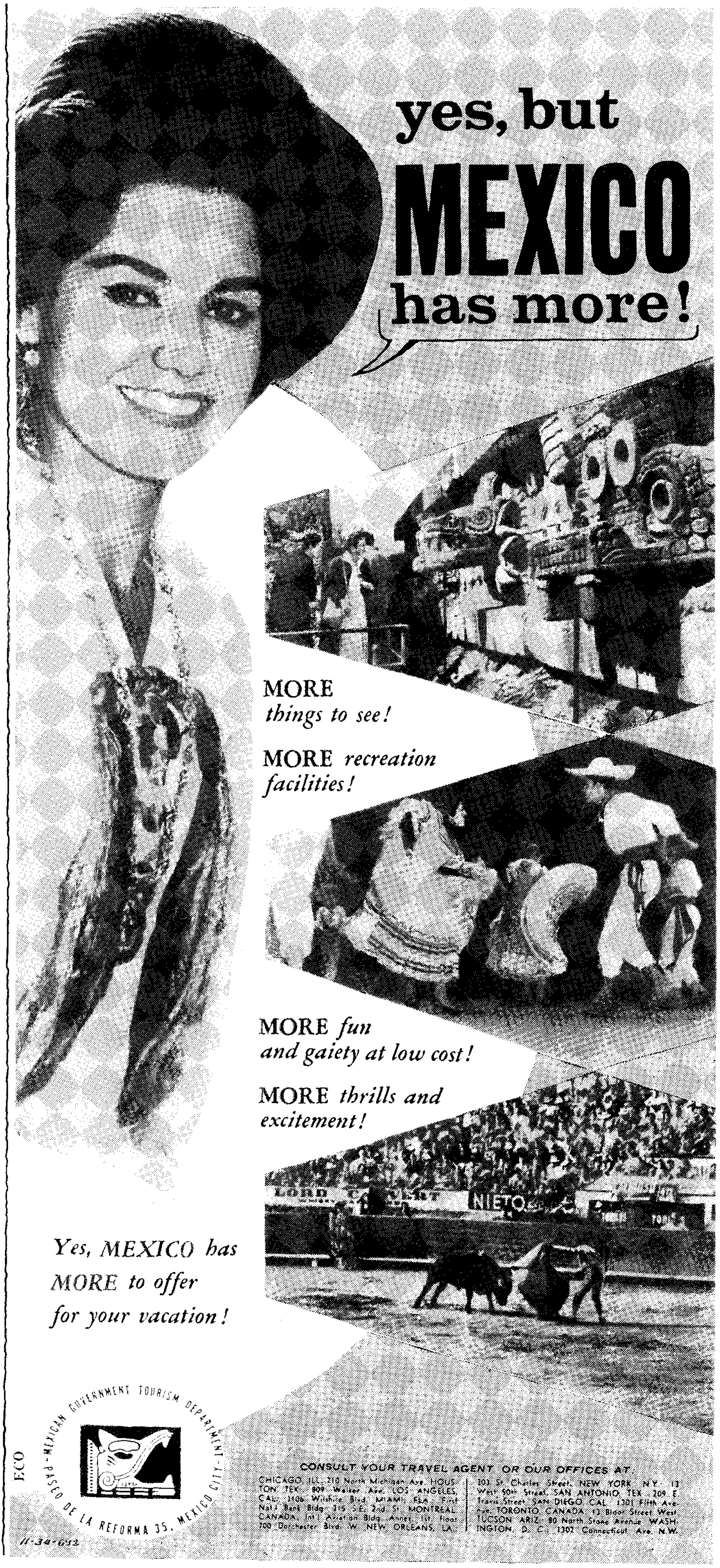
Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Manuscripts, Letters, and Books of Henry David Thoreau," an exhibition commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his death; through June 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Nov. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave., at 42nd St.—A display, chosen from the Library's Dance Collection, that supplements the "Stravinsky and the Dance" exhibition at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The sixth annual of the Society of American Painters and Sculptors, with works by, among others, Robert Wiegand, Helen Gerardia, and Judith Brown; through May 27. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by John Marin,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Alexander Calder, Balcomb Greene, and others are on view in a dual offering—"The First Five Years of Gifts by the Friends of the Whitney Museum" and "Recent Acquisitions by the Museum;" through June 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein conducting the final performances of the season, with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Seymour Lipkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8:30; Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, both at 2:15; and Sunday, May 20, at 3.)

Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York—Norman Masonson conducting. (Stuyvesant High School, First Ave. and 15th St. Thursday, May 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Marlboro Festival Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting, with Rudolf Serkin and Peter Serkin, pianos; Jaime Laredo, Michael Tree, and Arnold Steinhardt, violins; and Leslie Parnas, cello. A benefit for the Marlboro School of Music Scholarship Fund. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 22, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Joan Baez—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 18, at 8:40.)

New York Brass Quintet—A program of contemporary solo works. The last in a series of concerts. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, May 19, at 8:30.)

Paul Olefsky—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 20, at 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Olatunji and his drums. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, May 20, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, May 18, at 8; Saturday, May 19, at 2; and Sunday, May 20, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, May 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Wednesday and Thursday, May 23-24, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, May 25, at 8, and Saturday, May 26, at 2.

Boxing—Denny Moyer vs. Ted Wright, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, May 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 19.)

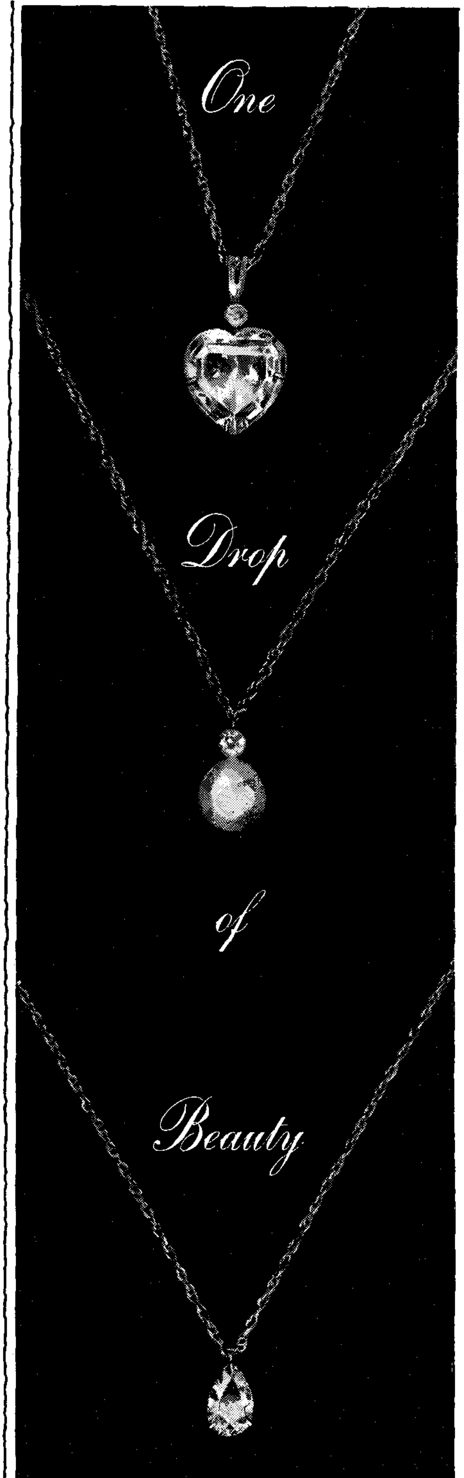
Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 19.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 19.) . . . ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. For the benefit of the Boys' Club of New York. (Purchase. Saturday, May 26.)

International Seamen's Lifeboat Race—Around a dozen crews from American, French, Norwegian, and Dutch ships, racing over a one-mile course in the Narrows, between 79th and 100th Streets, Brooklyn. (Thursday, May 24. First heat at 1.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, May 31. The Acorn, Saturday, May 19, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 26. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30; last day Wednesday, May 30. (A train leaves Penn Station at 11 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 19.

Soccer—International Soccer League at Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: Reutlingen vs.



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Dundee and Hajduk vs. Palermo, Sunday, May 20, at 2.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Nightly at 8:30; through Saturday, May 19. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturday, at 7:06.)... Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:20, from Monday, May 21, through Tuesday, July 31.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By Cavkap Productions: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... Pocket Players: "Emil and the Detectives." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 4-8312. Saturday, May 19, at 1:30 and 3:30.) ... Tom Tichenor and His Puppet People: "The Bremen Town Musicians." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 11 and 12:30, and Sundays at 12:30 and 2.)

Children's Zoos—In Central Park: Little ones who wish to escape the gross realities of the big Zoo—elephants, hippos, lions, and that sort of thing—can retreat next door into the familiar realm of Mother Goose. There's a Noah's Ark, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on, plus an assortment of affable animals. (Daily 10 to 5. Except on Mondays, adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) ...¶ At the Bronx Zoo: Lambs, geese, crows, a baby llama, and other non-terrifying fauna to be admired and even patted. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Space Age Astronomy." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)...¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

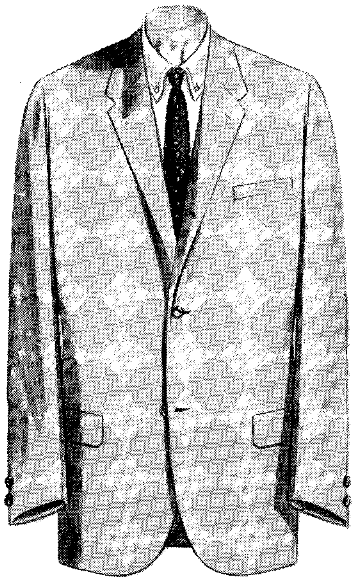
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

United States World Trade Fair—More than seventy countries are showing their wares, including furniture from Scandinavia and Latin America, rugs from the Middle East and the Orient, linens from Belgium, and chocolate from Switzerland. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday, May 17, from 6 to 10:30; Friday, May 18, from 1 to 10:30; Saturday, May 19, from 11 to 10:30; and Sunday, May 20, from 1 to 7.)

Armed Forces Day Parade—Ten thousand representatives of the armed forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 96th Street to 62nd Street, starting at 2 on Saturday, May 19.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, May 19, at 1:45: French, English, and other furniture; porcelains; decorative objects; paintings and drawings; bronzes; and rugs. From the estate of Norman Lee Smith and from other sources. ...¶ Tuesday, May 22, at 1:45: Art reference books, books on horse racing, and other literary material; from several collectors, among them the late Ferruccio Vitale and Alfred Geiffert, Jr.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All Fall Down—If "Getting to Know You" is the age-old theme song of parents and children, the evidence offered by this picture is that most of the discoveries on both sides are pretty unpleasant. Still, there are comic moments, and marvellous acting by Angela Lansbury, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Brandon deWilde, and Warren Beatty. Yes, Warren Beatty. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting May 23.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's—A silly affair, slickly photographed. Audrey Hepburn makes us excuse it many of its sins, and George Peppard, Patricia Neal, and Martin Balsam are other mitigating factors. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 22, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of great imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

The Green Mare—Comic warfare between a couple of peasant families in nineteenth-century France. The field of Mars is, of course, *le lit*. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting May 23, tentative.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A powerful debate on the unmentioned topic "Resolved, that I am my brother's keeper." Four Nazi judges are made to face their infamy and a punishment that will not last in a series of wounding confrontations that feature, among others, Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift, and Marlene Dietrich. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Jules and Jim—A French comedy, so odd and fresh and affecting that it often seems as if the director, François Truffaut, had invented a new sort of camera. Acted with great zest by Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Last Year at Marienbad—A lovely dream, full of gorgeously caparisoned men and women moving as if drugged through the baroque corridors and gardens of what may be a hotel, or possibly a lunatic asylum. Directed by Alain Resnais, from a script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—Jeanne Moreau and the late Gérard Philipe play two attractive fiends bent on destroying virtue in the fashionable Paris set of which they are the ornaments. A dazzling adaptation, directed by Roger Vadim, of de Laclos's famously infamous classic. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Lover Come Back—Rock Hudson, Doris Day, and Tony Randall have a wonderful time on their way through this preposterous picture, and so will you. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 22, tentative.)

The Mark—A harsh, highly effective study of a sexually disturbed man who fights his way up from sickness and despair to something like health, something like hope. Superlative acting by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through May 20. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 22, tentative.)

Murder She Said—Margaret Rutherford, who is as roly-poly as West Sussex and twice as funny, stars in a high-spirited version of an Agatha Christie mystery. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 23, tentative.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney huffing and puffing and driving everybody crazy in an extremely funny picture about West Berlin, Coca-Cola, and young love. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 23, tentative.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. Funny dialogue, artfully thrown away. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Outsider—Tony Curtis gives an affecting performance as a young Indian who joins the Marines, gains accidental fame, takes to drink, and dies in disgrace. The picture is said to be based on the career of Ira Hamilton Hayes, who helped raise that famous flag on Iwo Jima. Sad, but well worth seeing. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; May 20-22.)

A Summer to Remember—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. An altogether successful work of art, especially recommended for children. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 18, evening performances only.)

A Taste of Honey—The sad, delightful Shelagh Delaney play, uncannily improved by the English director Tony Richardson. Faultless performances by Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Through a Glass Darkly—A recent Ingmar Bergman, and possibly the most beautiful in its setting and the most heartbreaking in its theme. Four members of an unhappy family go downhill together, though the road seems to turn up a fraction of an inch toward the end. With the incomparable Bergman repertory group. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is splendidly danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting May 22.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through May 19, evening performances only, except Saturday.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; starting May 23, evening performances only.)

The Good Earth (1937)—The Pearl Buck story of farmers in China. With Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 21.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A French thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 23.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; starting May 23, evening performances only.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 23, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 23, tentative.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting May 22.)

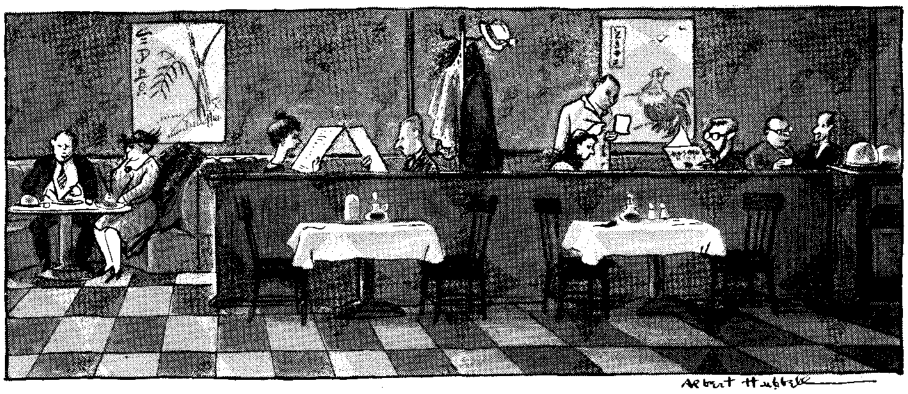
Shoe-Shine (1947)—Street children of Rome. An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 19-22, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Lotte Lenya in a German interpretation of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; May 17.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and scheming in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through May 19, evening performances only, except Saturday.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through May 20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films directed by William Wyler—Through May 19: "The Desperate Hours" (1955), with Humphrey Bogart and Fredric March. . . . ¶ May 20-23: "Roman Holiday" (1953), with Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)

Through May 22: "Jessica," Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson.

From May 23: "The Miracle Worker," Anne Bancroft, Patty Duke.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)

Through May 22: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

From May 23: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)

Through May 22: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick.

From May 23: "Suddenly, Last Summer," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)

"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)

"The Intruder," William Shatner, Frank Maxwell.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)

"Bon Voyage!," Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)

LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)

JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)

Through May 23: "State Fair," Pat Boone, Bobby Darin.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)

WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)

"The Horizontal Lieutenant," Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)

"Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)

"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through May 23 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)

Through May 19: **CASABLANCA,** revival; and **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT,** revival.

May 20-22: "The Scapegoat," revival, Alec Guinness, Bette Davis; and "All at Sea," revival, Alec Guinness.

From May 23: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)

Through May 22 (tentative): "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine; and "Cash on Demand," Peter Cushing.

From May 23 (tentative): "Premature Burial," Ray Milland, Hazel Court; and "Journey to the Seventh Planet," John Agar, Greta Thyssen.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

Through May 22 (tentative): **LOVER COME BACK.**

From May 23 (tentative): **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS,** revival; and "Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)

"The Intruder," William Shatner, Frank Maxwell.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)

Through May 22: "Jessica," Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson.

From May 23: "The Miracle Worker," Anne Bancroft, Patty Duke.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

"Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)

Through May 19: "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine; and "Cash on Demand," Peter Cushing.

May 20-22: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Incident in an Alley," Chris Warfield.

From May 23: "Premature Burial," Ray Milland, Hazel Court; and "Journey to the Seventh Planet," John Agar, Greta Thyssen.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)

ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

May 17: "Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell.

From May 18: "I Like Money," Peter Sellers, Nadia Gray.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

LOVER COME BACK.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

"Cape Fear," Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)

Through May 22: "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine; and "Cash on Demand," Peter Cushing.

From May 23: "Premature Burial," Ray Milland, Hazel Court; and "Journey to the Seventh Planet," John Agar, Greta Thyssen.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

Through May 22: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Incident in an Alley," Chris Warfield.

From May 23: **ALL FALL DOWN**; and "A Weekend with Lulu," Bob Monkhouse, Leslie Phillips.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)

May 17: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival; and "Throne of Blood" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

May 18-21: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.

From May 22: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

Through May 19: "Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier; and "Season of Passion," Ernest Borgnine, John Mills.

May 20-22: **THE OUTSIDER**; and "The Young Doctors," revival, Fredric March, Ben Gazzara.

From May 23: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (in Russian), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through May 22 (tentative): **THE MARK**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S.**

From May 23 (tentative): **ONE, TWO, THREE**; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING,** revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

"Joan of the Angels?" (in Polish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)

Through May 22: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Incident in an Alley," Chris Warfield.

From May 23: **ALL FALL DOWN**; and "A Weekend with Lulu," Bob Monkhouse, Leslie Phillips.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)

Through May 22 (tentative): "Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux; and "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," revival, Anthony Quayle, Anna Neagle.

From May 23 (tentative): **THE GREEN MARE** (in French); and "Double Bunk," Ian Carmichael, Janette Scott.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

JULES AND JIM (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)

Through May 20: **THE MARK**; and **TWO WOMEN,** revival.

From May 21: "The Devil's Wanton" (in Swedish), Doris Svedlund, Birger Malmsten.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

"Doctor in Love," Michael Craig, Virginia Maskell.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)

"Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)

A TASTE OF HONEY.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)

"The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Incident in an Alley," Chris Warfield.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through May 21: **THE GOOD EARTH,** revival; and "The Unholy Three," revival, Lon Chaney.

From May 22: **SHADOWS,** revival; and "The Killing," revival, Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370; evening performances only, except on weekends.)

Through May 18: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian); and "Stella" (in Greek), revival, Melina Mercouri.

May 19-22: **SHOE-SHINE** (in Italian), revival; and "Passion for Life" (in French), revival.

From May 23: "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's work, played by the Vienna Philharmonic, sung by the Vienna Choir Boys, and illustrated with paintings by Old Masters; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)

Through May 22 (tentative): "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine; and "Cash on Demand," Peter Cushing.

From May 23 (tentative): "Premature Burial," Ray Milland, Hazel Court; and "Journey to the Seventh Planet," John Agar, Greta Thyssen.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)

Through May 22 (tentative): "Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux; and "Naked in the Deep," a Japanese semi-documentary film, with an English narration.

From May 23 (tentative): **THE GREEN MARE** (in French); and "Double Bunk," Ian Carmichael, Janette Scott.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)

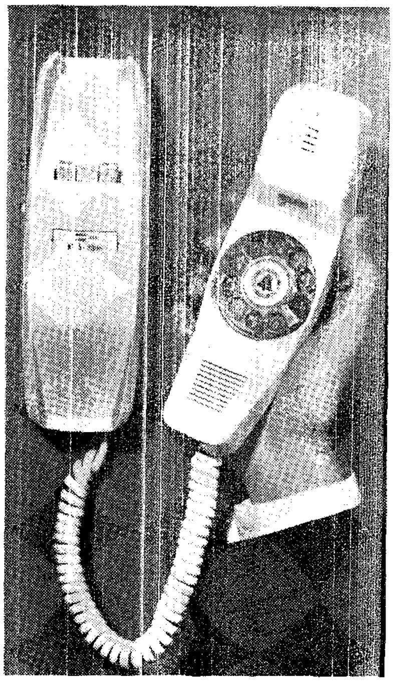
"The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Incident in an Alley," Chris Warfield.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)

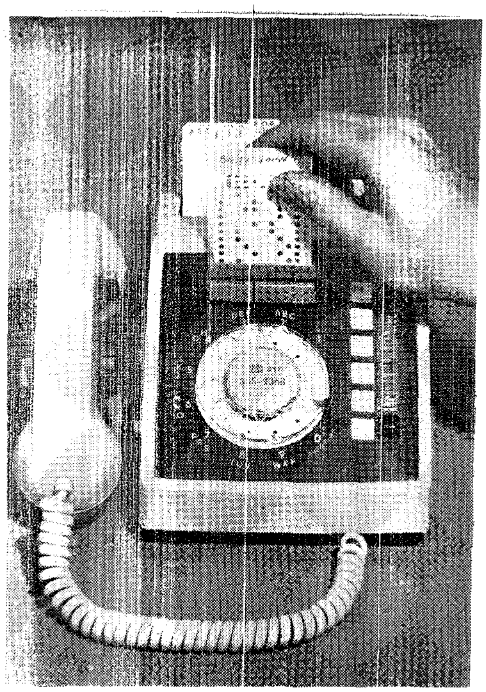
Through May 22 (tentative): "Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine; and "Cash on Demand," Peter Cushing.

From May 23 (tentative): "Premature Burial," Ray Milland, Hazel Court; and "Journey to the Seventh Planet," John Agar, Greta Thyssen.

MAGNETIC DIALER TELEPHONE

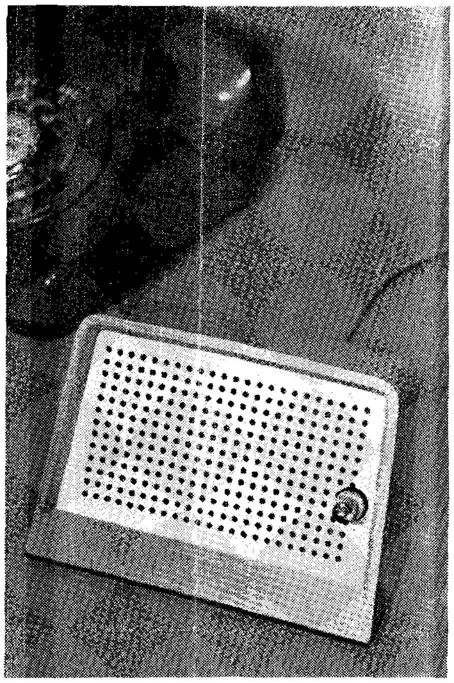


DIAL IN HANDSET

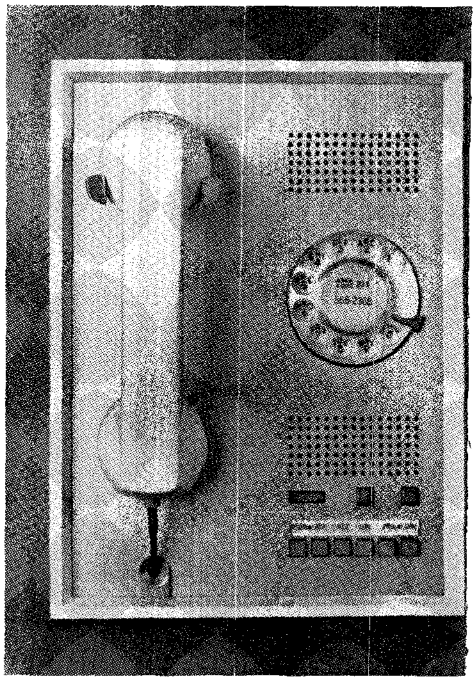


CARD DIALER TELEPHONE

TOUCH TONE PRINCESS TELEPHONE



TELEPHONE SPEAKER



PANEL TELEPHONE

Here are some of the new telephone instruments in various stages of development. Some are still experimental. Others are undergoing further work or being tested in actual use. Exciting in themselves, they are symbols of other exciting things to come . . . to make your communication services even more attractive, useful and convenient.

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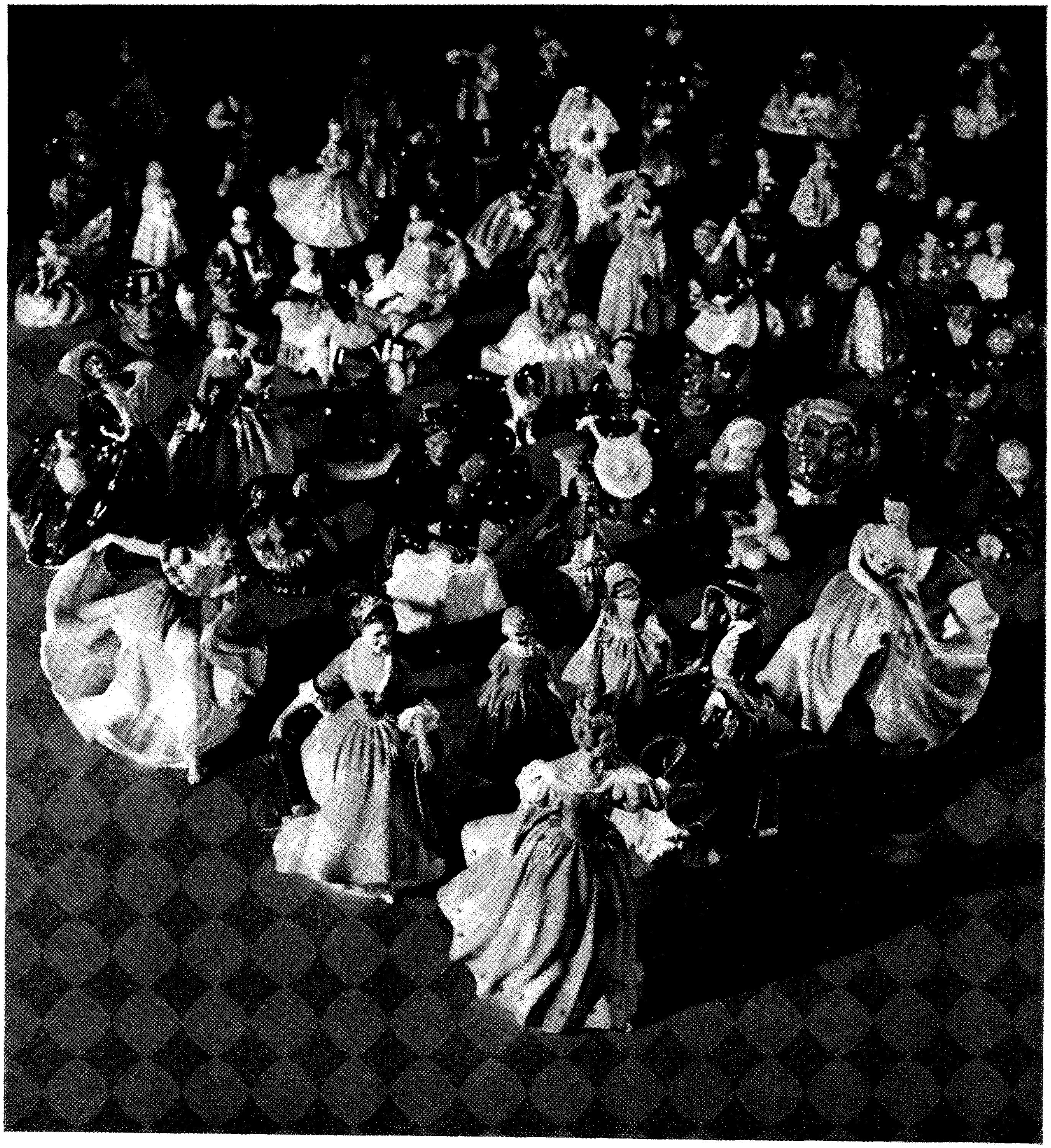

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PINK CHAMPAGNE

Here's to pink stars in your eyes...

Shed a rosy aura around the hour . . . with the gay, delicious magic of Taylor New York State Pink Champagne. You'll love the way it sparkles and shimmers . . . like a thousand pink stars. You'll be delighted with its fresh, delicate taste and captivating bouquet. This glorious new champagne was born after years of careful cultivation of special pedigreed grapes in the favored soil and climate of New York's Finger Lakes Region.

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pink champagne
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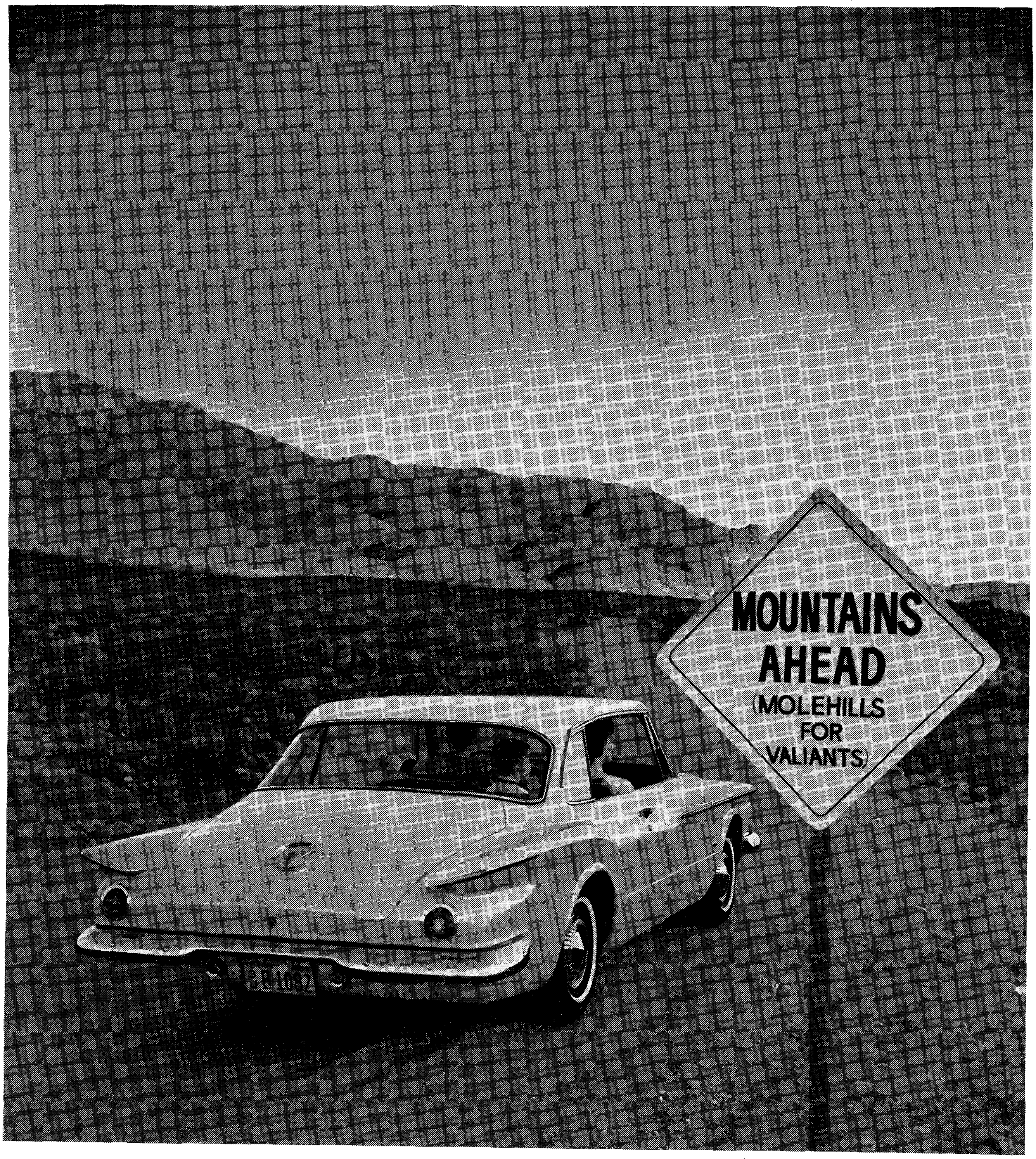
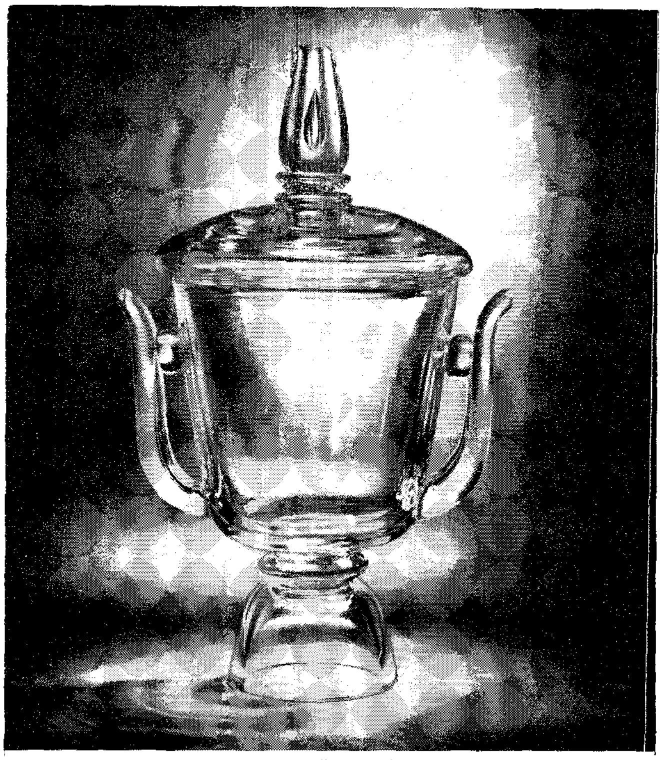
NOBODY BEATS VALIANT FOR VALUE



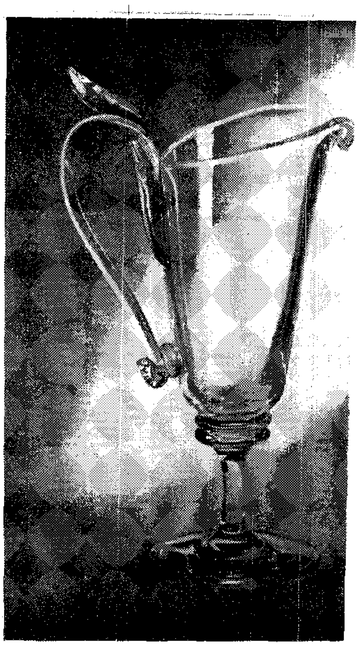
Valiant just may be the first compact to scale Mt. Everest, as soon as they finish the road. Reason is Valiant's rugged mountain-climbing equipment: a 101-horsepower engine that leaves many a compact gasping for breath, even in Kansas; Torsion-Aire suspension that makes for sure-footed going. (The road may do "the twist," but not Valiant.) Valiant styling belongs at the summit, too: the Society of Illustrators recently gave the Signet 200 model a medal for design excellence. See your Plymouth-Valiant Dealer. And ask him about his new lower prices—molehills for you!

Valiant

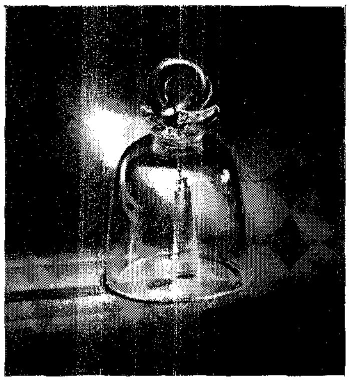


Covered urn, 11" high, $125.00

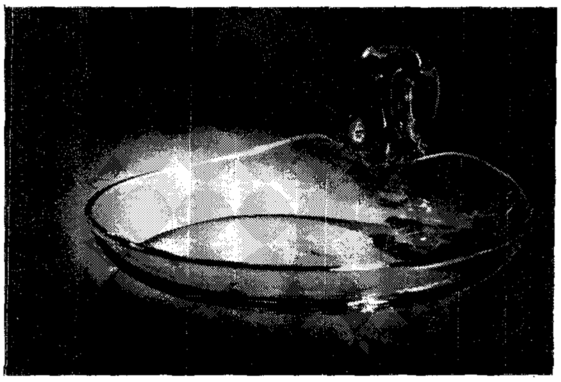
Versailles candlesticks, 8" high, $125.00 pair



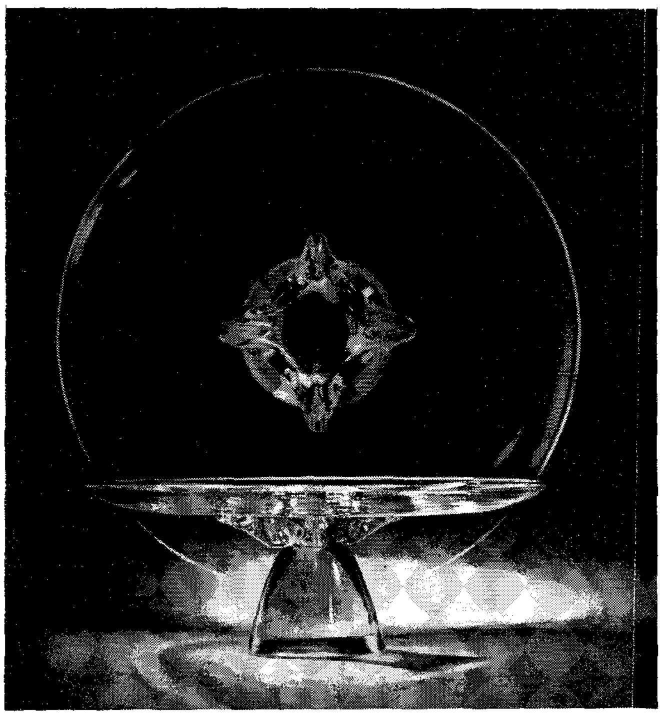
Cream pitcher, 7" high, $37.5



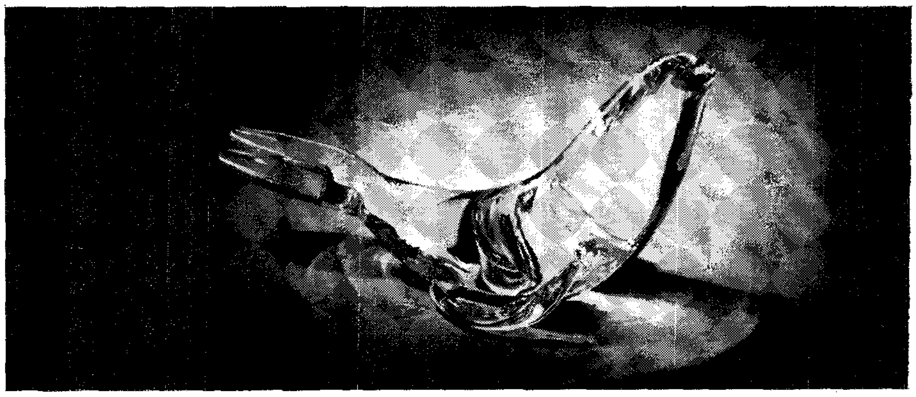
Crystal bell, 4" high, $32.50



Serving dish, 8" wide, $32.50



Star compote, 8" wide, $35.00



Crystal seal, 9" long, $80.00

For June brides—and brides of fifteen Junes ago

IS THERE a bride who wouldn't covet a salad bowl of crystal—handblown and amply proportioned? Or a dinner bell with a voice like distant music? Or a vase with stars for handles? Or candlesticks with a spiral of air imprisoned in their stems? Or a crystal seal who does nothing but lend a note of plump well-being to the dinner table? Could any bride resist such gifts? Can *you?*

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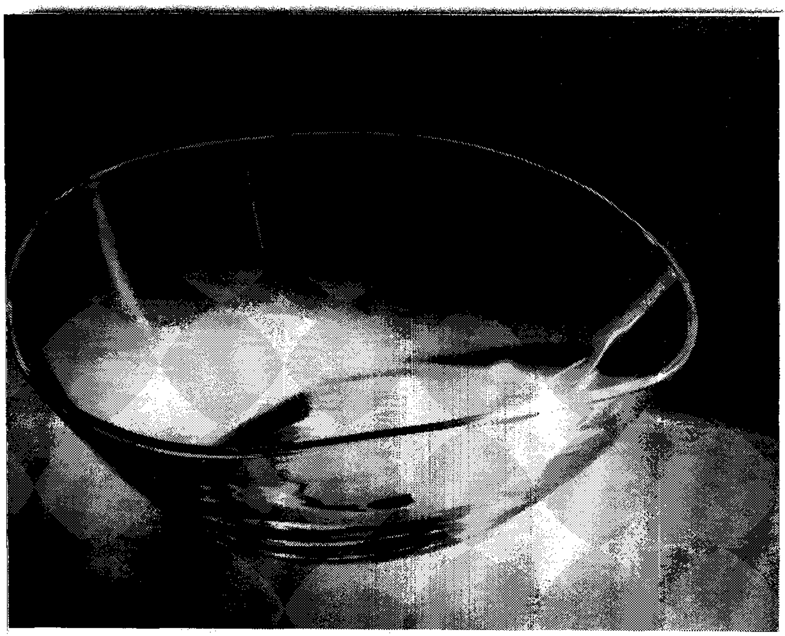
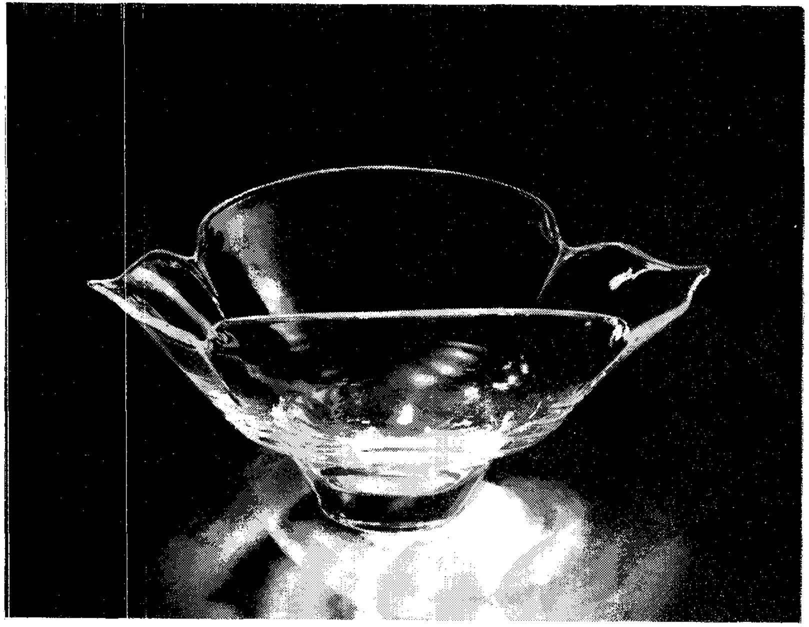
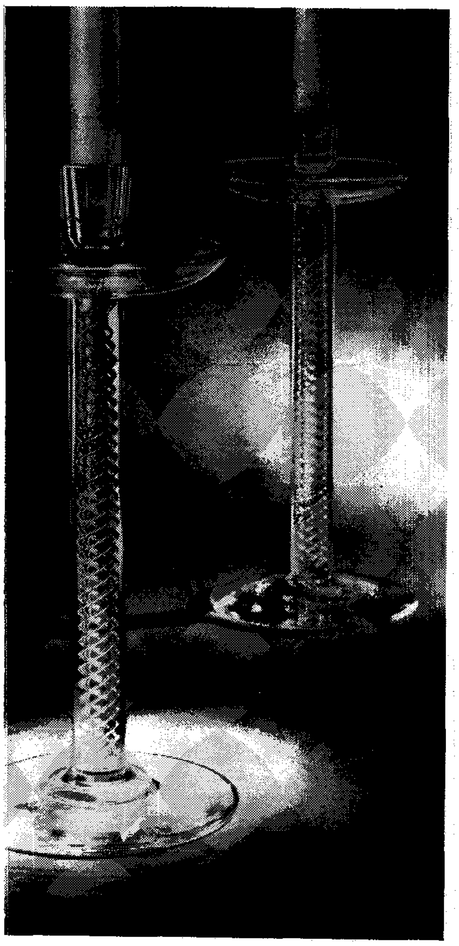


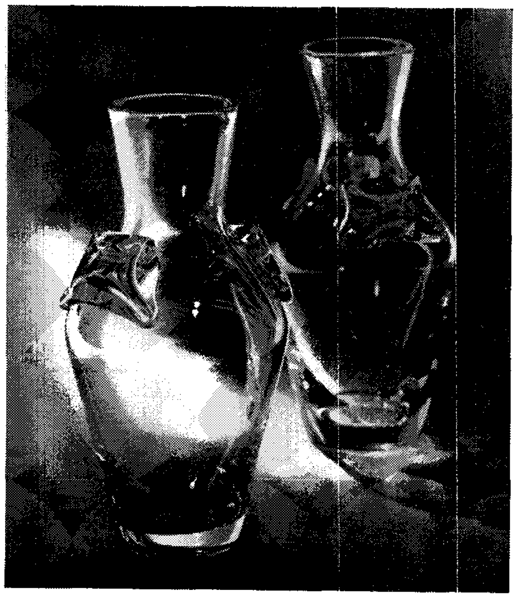
Salad bowl, 11" wide, $50.00



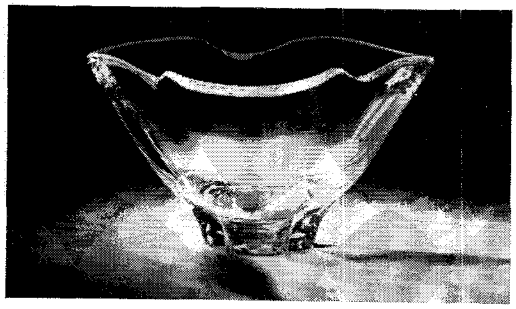
Calyx bowl, 11" long, $60.00



-twist candlesticks, 11" high, $130.00 pair

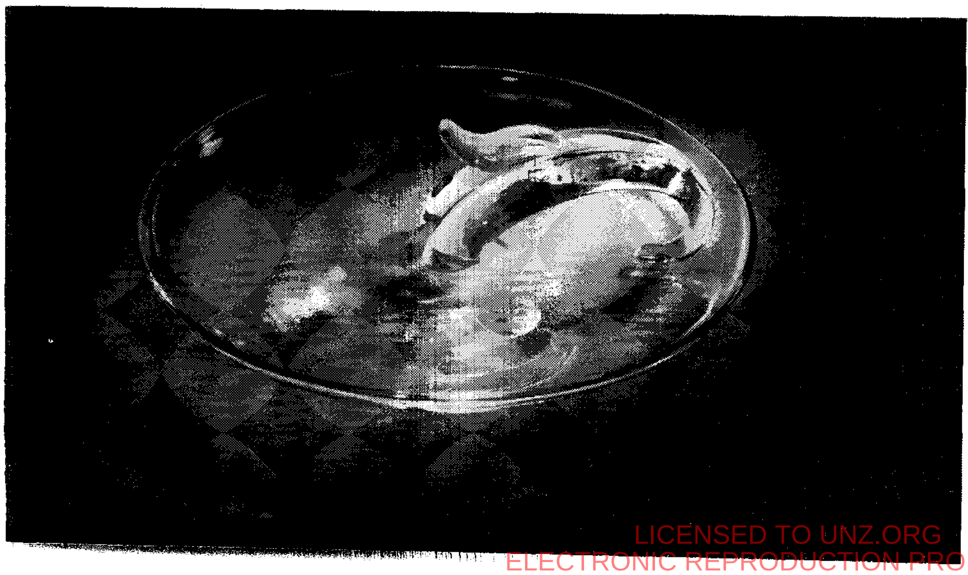


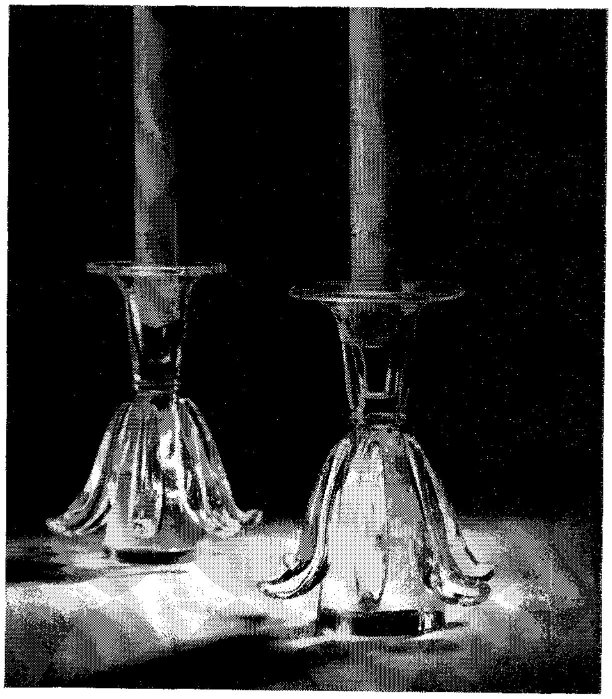
Amphora vases, 8" high, $32.50 each



Trefoil bowl, 6" wide, $25.00

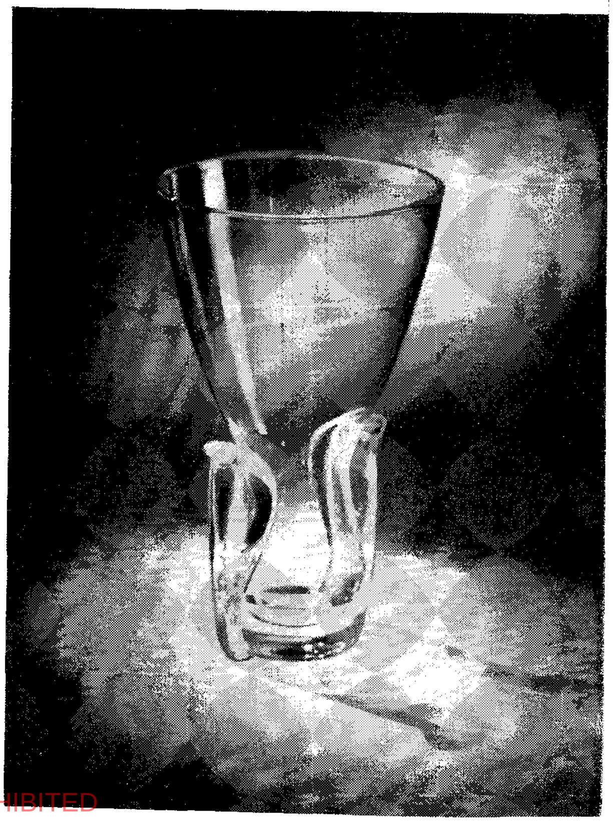
Canapé plate, 10" wide, $47.50





Foliate candlesticks, 6" high, $90.00 pair

Lyre vase, 8" high, $37.50



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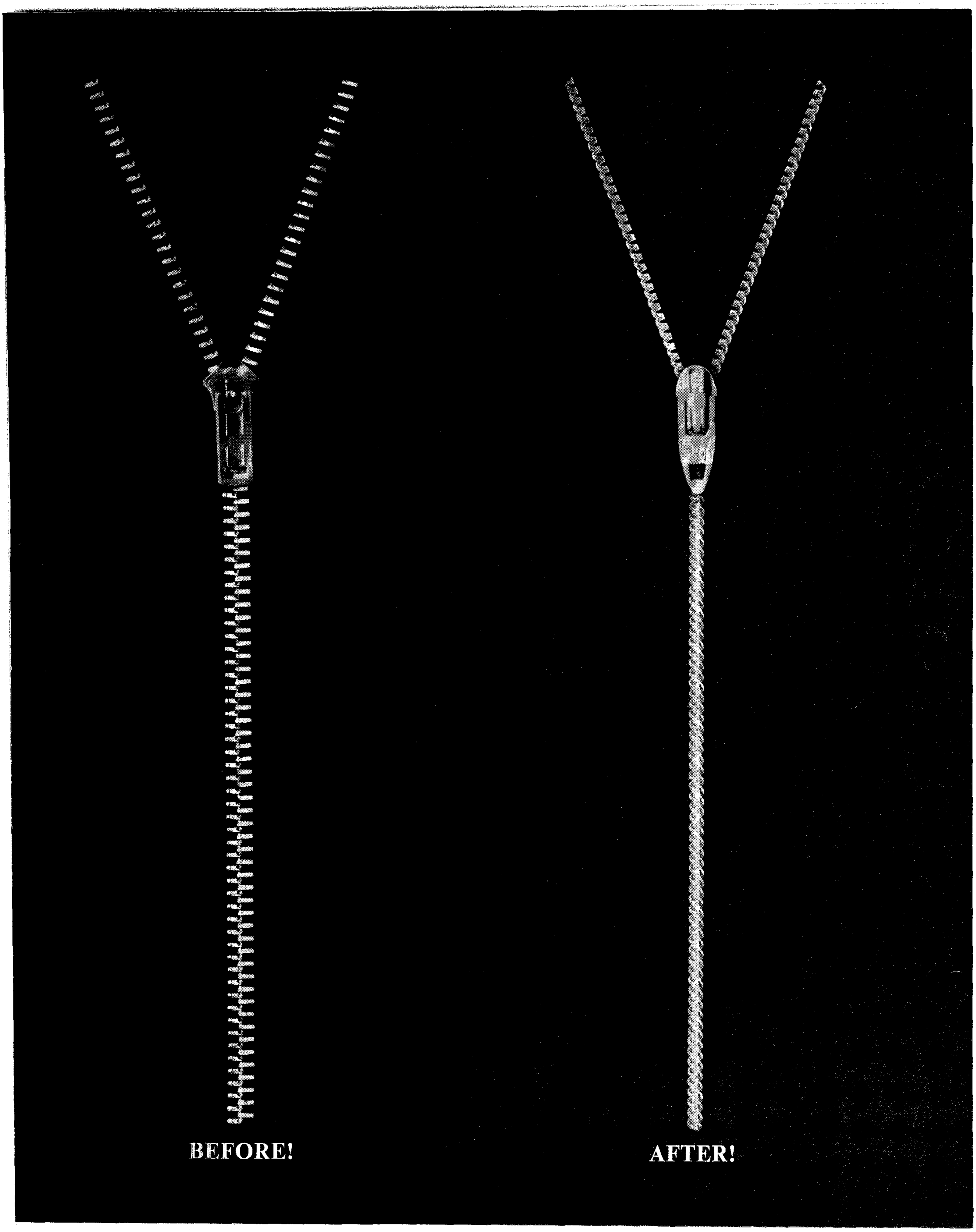
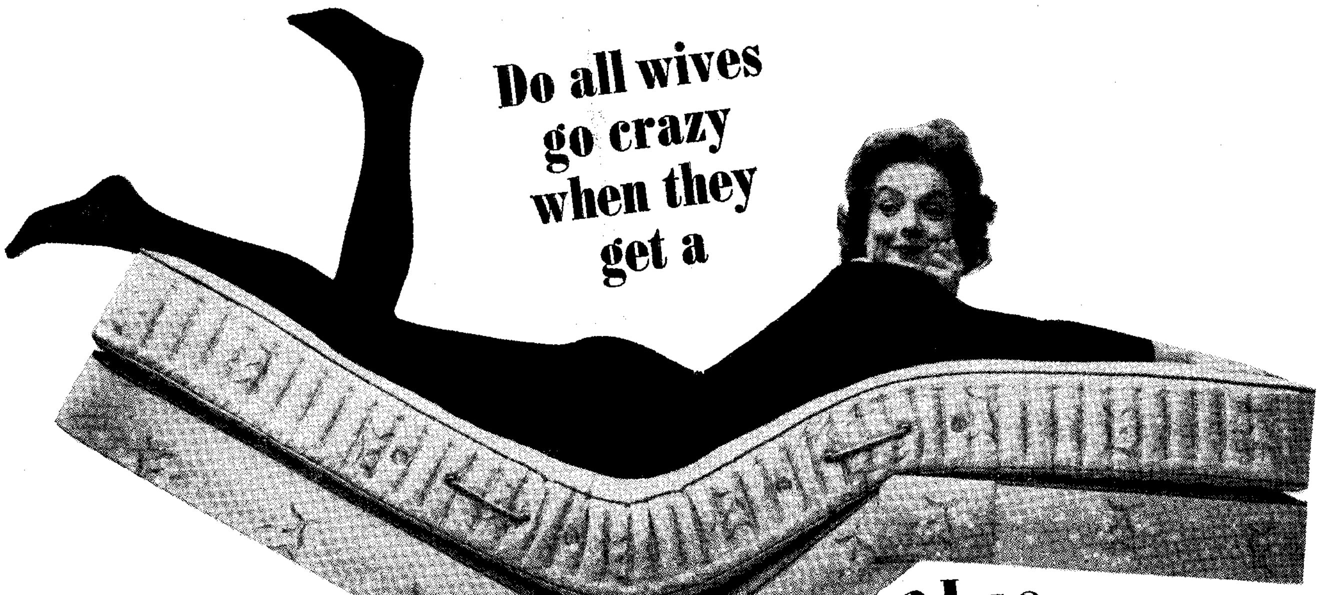


/e put the zipper on a diet and changed its per-
›nality completely. It used to be chunky metal.
'ow it's simply two slim coils of nylon . . . called
ıe Talon Zephyr* zipper. Slenderized, tenderized, humanized with no sharp teeth to pinch, bite, catch, snag. Look for Talon Zephyr in the latest fashions. But look close . . . it's only a mere shadow of what a zipper was before!

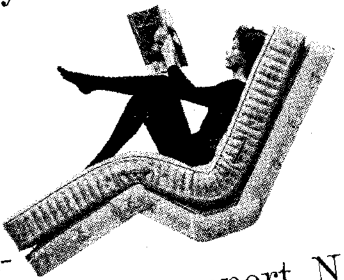
Talon ZEPHYR®
new revolutionary nylon zipper

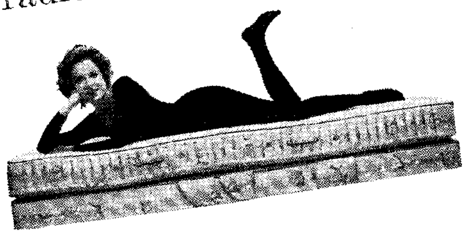
TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA. • IN MEXICO, TALON de MEXICO S.A. de C.V. • IN CANADA, LIGHTNING FASTENER COMPANY, LIMITED *ZEPHYR IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF TALON, INC.

Do all wives go crazy when they get a BEAUTYREST ADJUSTABLE?



Not all of them, says Mr. Simmons. Just the smartest ones. Get a Beautyrest® Adjustable Bed and see. It's no time at all before a wife figures it out: Put your feet up where the head ought to be, and you've got a beauty treatment. Tired feet cool off. Puffy ankles resume their *wolf-whistle-ability*. Pale faces resume better-than-makeup color. *The tricks these women know!* Occasionally, one *does* use Beautyrest Adjustable in orthodox fashion. Punch a button—up go knees. Or shoulders. Or both. Eat breakfast in bed, watch TV, knit, read. Write nasty letters to Editors. Contoured or flat, you're *always* cradled on Beautyrest springs. Each spring lifts individually, so your back, et cetera, get *floating* support. No sags. No lumps. Oh, yes. Sometimes people who are ailing are advised to get an Adjustable Beautyrest, and from then on—*poof*. They're spoiled for life.





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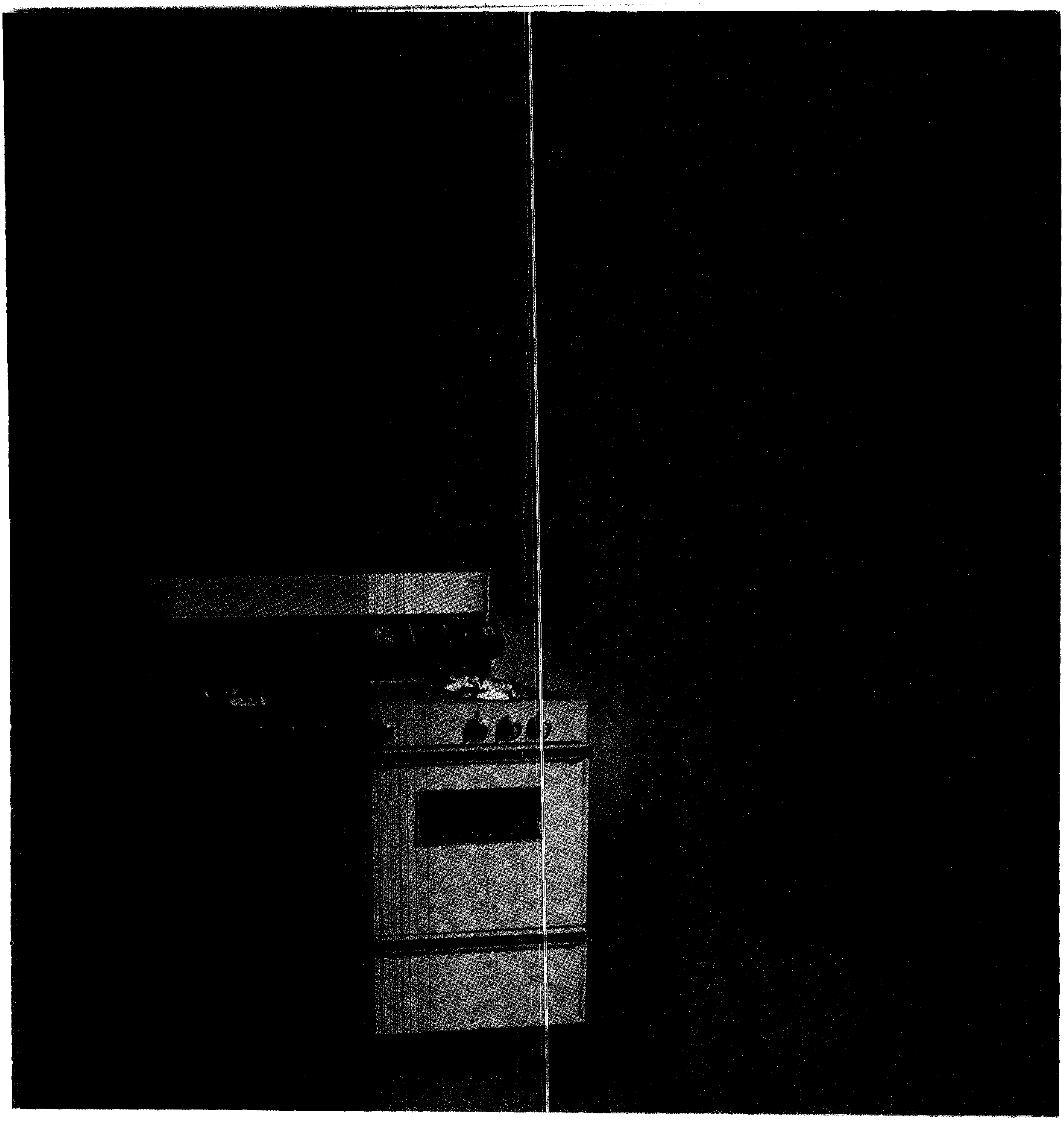

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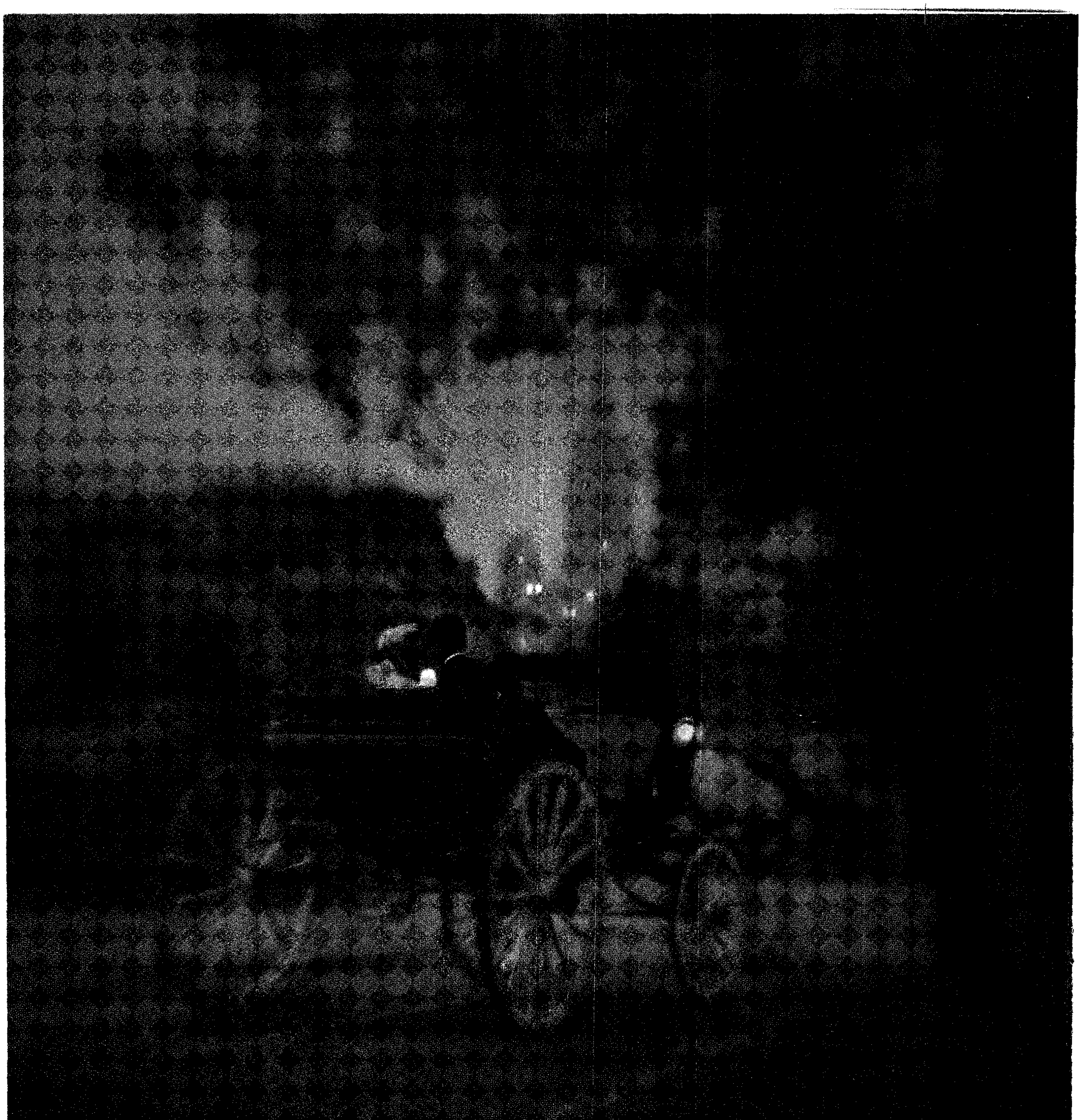

80 PROOF

Evenings that memories are made of—
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After dinner, have a dram of Drambuie,
the cordial with the Scotch whisky base.

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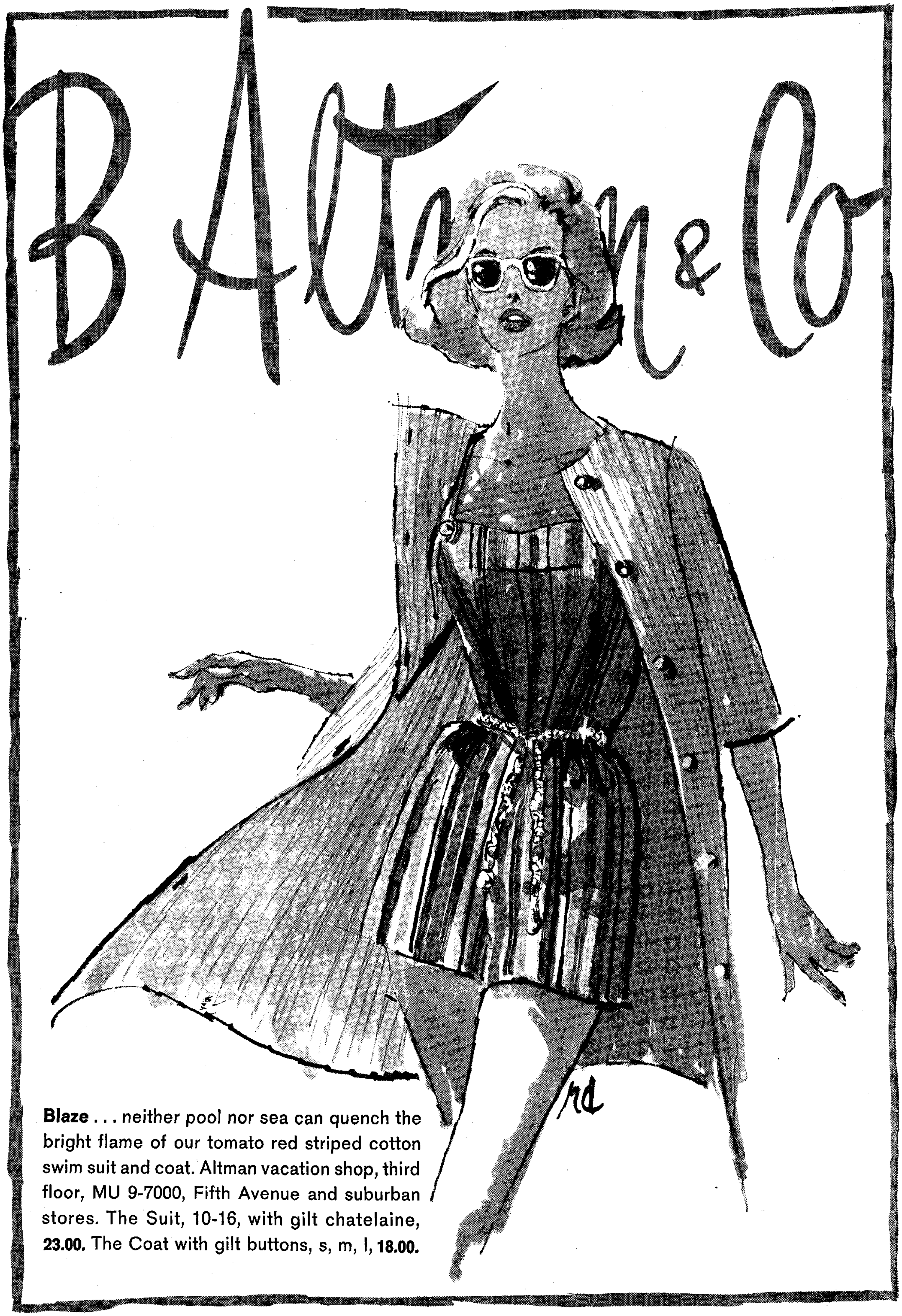


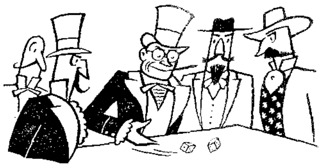
Blaze . . . neither pool nor sea can quench the bright flame of our tomato red striped cotton swim suit and coat. Altman vacation shop, third floor, MU 9-7000, Fifth Avenue and suburban stores. The Suit, 10-16, with gilt chatelaine, **23.00.** The Coat with gilt buttons, s, m, l, **18.00.**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

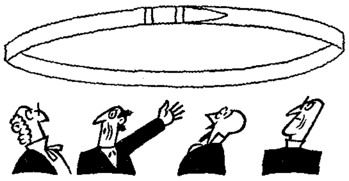
Notes and Comment

THE American Presidency, it occurs to us, is merely a way station en route to the blessed condition of being an ex-President. In office, Herbert Hoover made the nation feel drastically insecure; out of office, he has radiated for thirty years a positively archangelic calm. While Harry Truman was residing in the White House, he gave the impression of being an unnerved riverboat gambler improvising his way through the biggest crap game in Western history; back home in Independence, he gets wiser every year, until in retrospect it seems that we had a combination of von Clausewitz, Macaulay, and Ty Cobb supervising our destinies in that harried era. And now Dwight Eisenhower, who for two terms spoke in long, gray stretches, has become piercingly eloquent. "Only Americans can hurt America," he told a crowd in Abilene, Kansas, according to the paper we read. *Only Americans can hurt America.* We are not quite sure how it fits all the facts, but it has a ring to it that sets the patriotic vertebrae in our spine tingling. It's been a long time since we read a sentence containing the word "America" that made any sense. This sentence seems to us properly proud, taut, mysterious, and true. We propose that it be engraved on a special-issue postage stamp and, in the fullness of time, be allowed to pass into our currency, to keep company with "In God We Trust," "*Annuit Coeptis*," and "This Certificate Is Legal Tender for All Debts Public and Private."



Not content with having delivered himself of a motto, Mr. Eisenhower went on to criticize the Twist. He compared it unfavorably with the minuet. So, no doubt, would Voltaire have done. But the more we think about it, the more likely it seems that the Twist, along with Abstract Expressionism, is here to stay. Both were a long time evolving (through rock 'n' roll and Cubism, respectively), and both have attained a rugged simplicity of attack that will not succumb easily to the next would-be King of the Mountain. What is a dance? A dance, we suggest, is a socially performed parable of sexual relations. The minuet, with its intrigue-like shifts of position and its subtle homage to a Clockwork Universe, offered the Age of Reason a contemporary frame for this perennial parable. Cool fingers touch, eyes glance, lids lower, fans tilt and quiver, and all the while the little buckled feet tidily slither and patter through the pattern of a secure rationale. Whereas in the Twist a man and a woman, isolated not only from everybody else but from each other, eyes closed, teeth clenched, perform one monotonous motion to rigorously monotonous music. It is very beautiful. Across the little space between the man and the woman a call goes forth, but the space remains, and they never touch, poignantly acting out the Breakdown of Communications for which our century is celebrated. We live in the Age of Unconsummation, but we cannot be denied our solipsistic ecstasies. It is interesting to us that the Europeans, in taking to the Twist, have endowed it with soft graces and tender intricacies—made of it, in short, a kind of minuet. No, only Americans can understand America. Only Americans can love America.

THE universe of knowledge is expanding these days at a greater rate than our ability to worry about it. We worry enough, God knows, when the activities of science appear to threaten the oceans, or the air, or the land, but then we have known these things all our life, and have become deeply attached to them. Our capacity for active concern breaks down, however, when the thing threatened by the scientists is itself a recent discovery of science. Consider the Van Allen radiation belt. Until recently, no one had dreamed that any such delicate celestial tissue kept company with our globe. And already there is a plan afoot to blow a hole in it with a hydrogen bomb, as part of the current series of test explosions in the Pacific. This scheme has aroused considerable opposition among English scientists, one of whom—Dr. Martin Ryle, a radio astronomer at Cambridge—has expressed a fear that the radiation belt "may never be quite the same again in my lifetime." It is mere instinct that inclines us to side with Dr. Ryle in this matter; to watch learned men picking on the universe always makes us nervous. As for the radiant girdle itself, we honestly can't much care whether it is disturbed or not, as long as the consequences are not felt closer to home. Our only real lay anxiety, in fact, is that the severing of the Van Allen radiation belt may bring about the falling of the Van Allen radiation pants around our ankles. This one reservation aside, we are heartened by the idea of testing bombs at a good remove from the planet. We hope the scientists will find reason to go farther still. About halfway to the nearest star strikes us as a reasonable distance.



Types

IN a handsome town house at 686 Park Avenue, the Italian government has opened its first overseas Information Center, directed by Minister Plenipotentiary Carlo Gasparini, a career diplomat and a member of the Italian delegation to the United Nations, and staffed by experts in Italian history, art, economics, science, *e così via*. When

"Ask yourself this—would an increase in your allowance be in the national interest?"

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we dropped in for a chat with Signor Gasparini, we found the Center in what seemed to us a characteristically Mediterranean state of pleasantly confused liveliness, with phones ringing, typewriters clacking, and a receptionist deciphering a letter from Italy that a non-Italian-speaking American had just brought in. "She says she really *does* want to come over and see you, but her mother won't let her," we heard the receptionist say as we made our way to the office of Signor Gasparini. A slight man of forty-odd, with brown hair and a mustache that droops, as his spirits do not, he seated us in an antique chair by his desk and begged us to understand that the Center is a pioneer project. "We have been created to serve the entire United States, but that is rather a large order for a staff of twenty-seven," he said. "Since New York is the main center of communications for this country, we do most of our work right here, though certain members of the staff and I venture out on lectures now and then."

The Center has absorbed a tiny Cultural Institute, which was started back in 1958 and now serves as the Center's Cultural Division. It handles a student-exchange program, runs a reference library, provides information on the arts, and keeps in touch with the Italian-language departments of colleges from coast to coast. Balancing it is a Press and Documentation Division, which deals with public affairs. Signor Gasparini confessed that some of the requests for information that come in are not only hard to satisfy but hard to account for. "We're not surprised when somebody wants to know about Italy's role in the Common Market or about the political agitation in the Alto Adige, but what can one make of being asked to supply drawings of all the crowns of the Italian monarchy?" he said. "Many questions come up often enough so that we can anticipate them with pamphlets. Our Istituto Centrale di Statistica, in Rome, has prepared a pamphlet called 'Italy Today,' which contains a lot of up-to-date facts for serious students. We also have *Italian Report*, a monthly summary of political, economic, and cultural events, and pamphlets on somewhat lighter subjects, like one called '21 Wines for You from Italy.' "

Signor Gasparini hopes that the Information Center will serve to correct some ancient misreadings of the Italian character. "Many people believe that we're lazy, inclined to crime, and subsist entirely on food drenched in olive oil and covered with tomato sauce and grated cheese," he said. "The truth is our people occupy a country in which few can afford to be lazy, our proportion of criminals isn't particularly high, and our cooking is usually both light and subtle. But you can hardly blame people for these misconceptions, since within Italy itself there are conventional false notions of what other Italians are like. In Liguria, where I come from, we used to maintain that the inhabitants of southern Italy lacked ambition. A few years ago, we experienced a heavy immigration of these southerners, who, to our astonishment, took over the infertile hillside land long since abandoned by our farmers, dragged stones and earth up the slopes, and, by hand, built terraced plots of farmland, on which they earn a living raising flowers for the cities along the Riviera. What a tour de force of energy and perseverance!"

Skeptical as he is of the practice of affixing labels to people, Signor Gasparini was willing to risk a few generalities for us. "The Romans tend to look down on everyone else," he said. "Like big-city people all over the world, they affect to be terribly blasé, but at the same time they have an extroverted sense of humor and a basic good nature. The Florentines are more sophisticated, with a dry, critical intelligence and little public display of passion. The Bolognese, though they are equally cultured, love the simple pleasures of life and act out their passions; even when they vote, they prefer to go to extremes. The Venetians are witty and understate things, in a fashion more English than Italian, while the Milanese are famous for their open-mindedness and their skill at making money, and the Genoese are famous for simply making money by working hard."

Signor Gasparini himself has enjoyed the best of several worlds and defies stereotyping. He was born in Savona, an industrial city some twenty-five miles from Genoa, but was brought up in Rome, and since entering the diplomatic service he has lived in France, Germany, Albania, Spain, and Israel as well as the United States. His wife was born in Boston; her mother was an American and her father was an Italian diplomat. The Gasparinis have four sons, and at home the family speaks French, Italian, and English. "We are all very much pleased with this assignment," Signor Gasparini said. "I myself have a number of questions that I'm eager to have answered. Is it true, for example, that Italian motor scooters are very popular in Connecticut?"

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (WELCOME SWEET AND CONFUSED SPRINGTIME DIVISION): The Burpee people can now provide you with Dwarf Giant Double Nasturtiums.

Boom

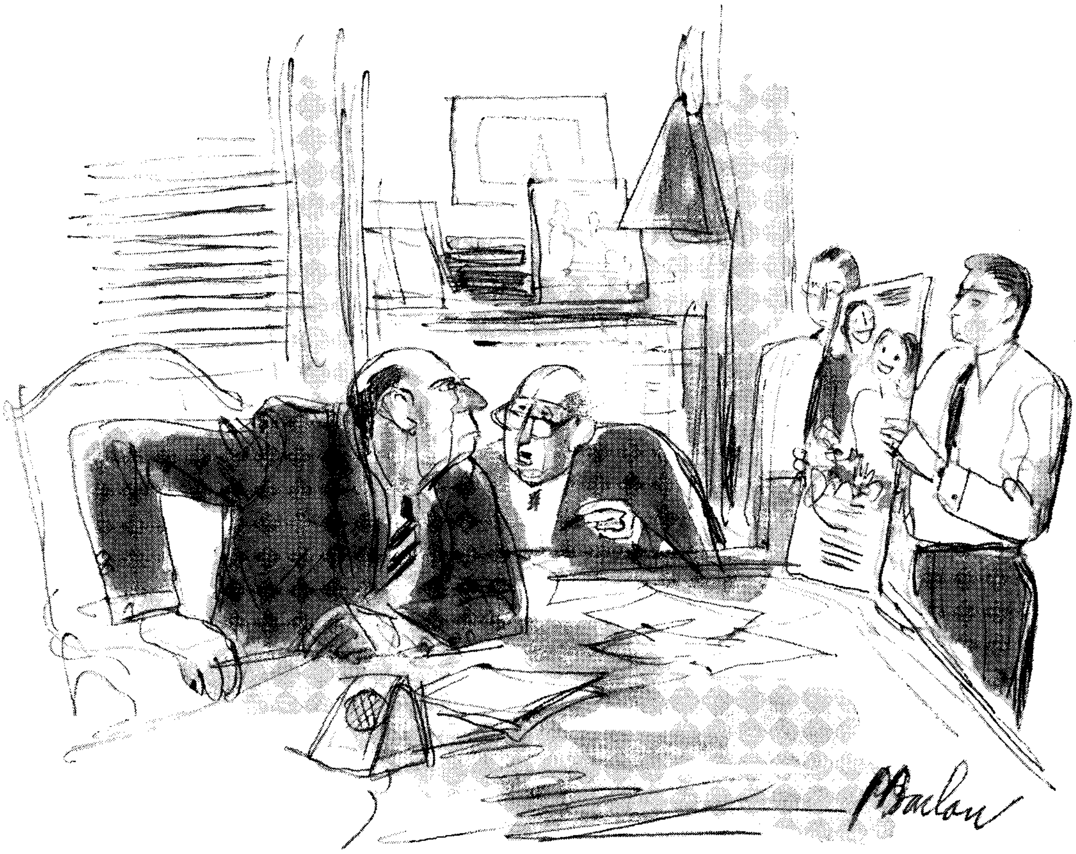
As if the poor Pentagon didn't have enough headaches these days, it is now being assailed by a mounting wave of public indignation over the Jet Age phenomenon known as sonic boom—the thunderous burst of noise produced by aircraft travelling faster than sound. (The boom, of course, is strictly a result of external air pressures against the plane itself and is distinct from any roar created by jet engines.) Although at present only military planes—the Air Force's B-58 bomber, and sundry jet fighters and interceptors—are capable of such speeds (anything in excess of seven hundred and sixty-two miles an hour), sonic boom has already rung up an impressive toll of shattered windowpanes, to say nothing of nerves, across the nation. To appraise the perils of sonic boom, we recently had a chat down at the Pentagon with Major Edward Hillding, a jet pilot who is in the Community Relations Division of the Air Force and is in charge of coping with sonic-boom complaints, on a national basis. We found him frank and knowledgeable.

"Sonic boom's a top-priority public-relations problem," the Major said. "Take that record-breaking flight of the B-58 from Los Angeles to New York that got so much adverse publicity back on March 5th. At the worst, we'd anticipated a few broken windows here and there; the plane was flying at over fifty thousand feet, well above the minimum ceiling prescribed by Air Force regulations, which is thirty thousand feet, and we hoped that at that height the boom would be dissipated by the time it hit the ground. But high altitude alone, although it's the best deterrent we know of, is not dependable. Atmospheric conditions are quite important, too. Weather that's clear, cool, and dry is the most favorable for sonic-boom propagation. That was the general picture on March 5th."

We asked the Major how many damage claims the Air Force had handled to date.

"Since 1957, which was the first statistically significant boom year, we've received some thirty-five hundred claims," he replied. "About half of them were approved, and these amount to over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Single claims have ranged from five dollars to twenty-five hundred dollars, and the average is about a hundred. But the volume is accelerating annually, and 1961 was the peak year, accounting for about a third of the total. This year should set a new record. Of course, our figures don't include the thousands of irate phone calls received by local police stations around the country. Here we only get the written complaints, suing the government for specific property damage."

The majority of the claims, the Major explained, are for shattered windows and cracked wall plaster, although sonic boom has also been blamed, often unjustly, for death or insanity among horses, turkeys, and dogs (one claim involved the psychiatric care of a bloodhound), cannibalism among mink, and impotence in pheasants. "The Air Force conducts a team investigation of every formal claim, no matter how dubious it sounds," he said. "A sonic-boom team consists of a claims officer, an engineer, and a photographer. Each investigation costs us about two hundred dollars—twice the average payment for a claim. But it has to be made, and we have learned from the investigations what



"All right, you think it's crummy and I think it's crummy, but are we *Young Marrieds?"*

sonic boom can and cannot do. Besides the routine damage to glass and plaster, it can shake bric-a-brac off shelves and burst open lightly latched doors. It *cannot,* however, cause structural damage to a building. Out of the question. Even slight structural injury requires at least seventy pounds of sonic pressure per square foot, and the average sonic boom amounts to only two pounds of pressure—roughly four times the impact of a good thunderclap. Animals and birds have been injured, true enough, but not by the sound itself—only because they panicked and ran amuck. Despite irresponsible rumors, there's not a single instance on record of direct human injury from sonic boom—not even a benumbed eardrum."

Major Hillding stressed the fact that the Air Force is eager to clear up other public misconceptions about sonic boom. "One prevalent notion is that boom occurs only at the moment when an accelerating jet breaks the so-called sound barrier," he said. "Nonsense! Sonic boom is a continuous phenomenon that occurs as long as a plane is exceeding the speed of sound. Although altitude decreases the intensity of boom, it increases the ground path of sonic vulnerability. From fifty thousand feet, a B-58 boom can resound over a path fifty miles wide."

The Air Force is particularly chagrined, the Major said, by the public suspicion that sonic booms are the work of aerial hot-rodders. "Supersonic pilots function today under the most stringent regulations," he assured us. "Booms are caused only by air crews who are seriously practicing wartime jobs of bombing and jet interception. Of course, to simulate actual combat conditions the Strategic Air Command's flight corridors must pass over the nation's major cities."

We inquired if artificial targets, rather than actual cities, couldn't be used for practice bombing runs.

"We tried that," the Major replied. "At a cost of fifty thousand dollars each, we built a couple of ghost towns out of sheet metal in uninhabited areas of Montana and South Dakota. But they weren't sophisticated or complex enough to develop and test navigational skills. Reluctantly, we concluded that only real cities satisfy the requirements. So far, we've had it pretty easy in this part of the country. New York and Washington, for instance, have not yet been used as target cities."

We asked if anything hopeful could be said about sonic boom, and the Major replied that the Air Force, the Federal Aviation Agency, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration are working at ways to minimize it. "But we doubt that it can ever be eliminated," he added. "Sooner or later, commercial transports and passenger airliners will all be capable of supersonic speeds. What then? We can only hope that by that time the public may have accepted sonic boom as a normal, reassuring sound."

Summing Up

A CAVALIER young friend of ours (*aetat.* 8) fell off his horse a few weeks ago and broke his leg, and while he was recuperating at home he received the following message of condolence, suitably appended to a crayon drawing of the sun. These few simple lines seem to us the perfect expression of the vast complexity of the female nature, and we sincerely doubt whether we shall ever again see love, pity, anguish, and severity set down on paper so well, so naturally:

DEAR PETER:

I am sorry you broke your leg.

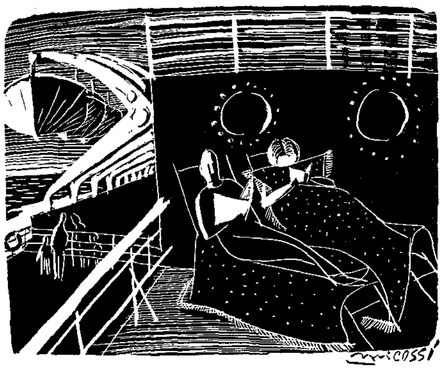
I hope you can come back to school only if you do not pull my hair. If you do, then you can break your leg again.

Love,
MARIANNE

Coming Star

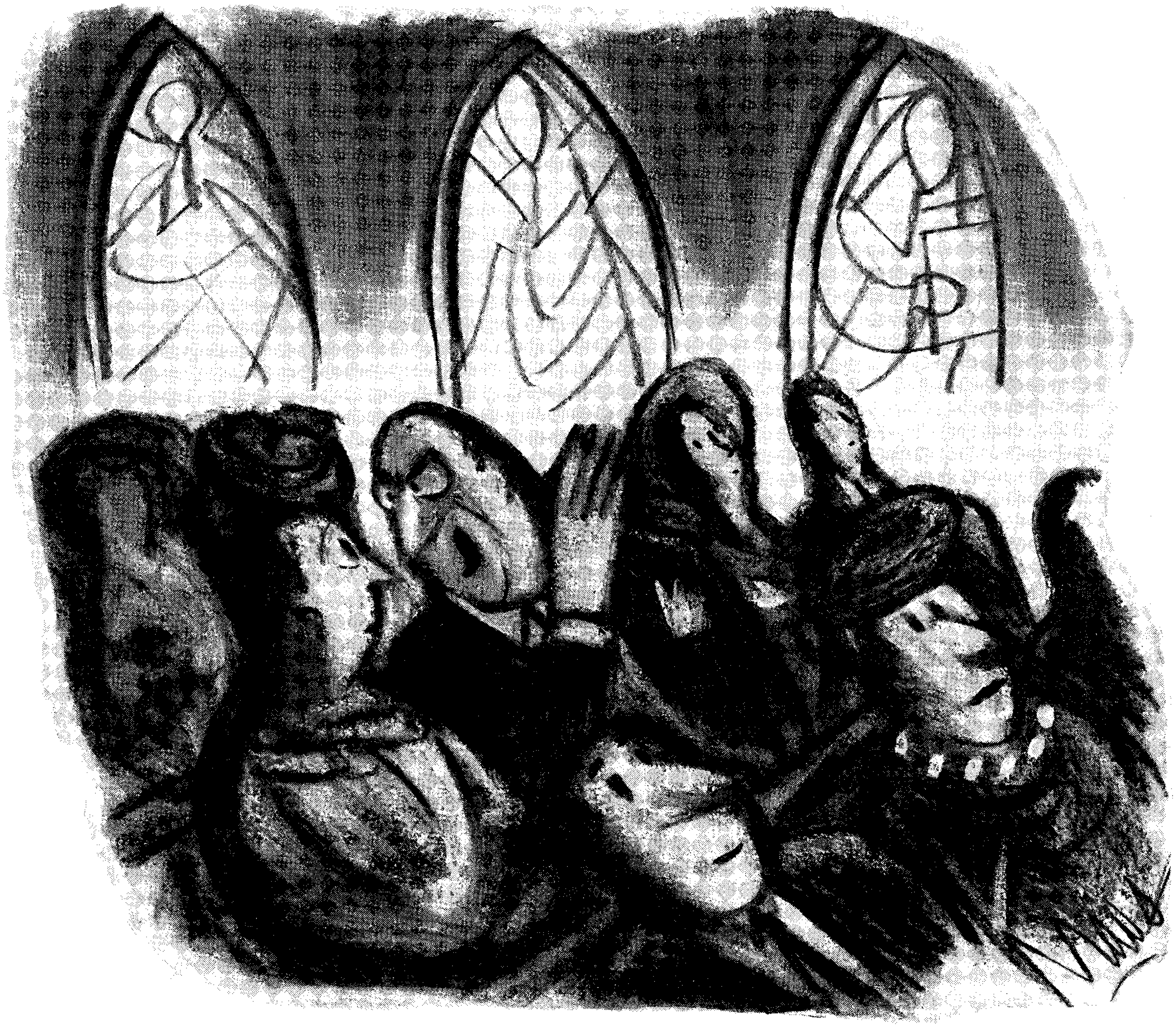
ACCORDING to *Playbill,* Barbra Streisand, who is the harassed secretary, Miss Marmelstein, in "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," and sings a self-exposing, show-stopping song called "Miss Marmelstein," was born in Madagascar, reared in Rangoon, and educated at Erasmus Hall High School, *in* Brooklyn. We asked her about her birthplace in the course of a post-matinée chat we had with her at Sardi's last week.

"What does it matter where you are born?" she said. "Do you think it would be all right for me to wear a long wool dress to a birthday party that the Lichee Tree Restaurant, in Greenwich Village, is giving for me tomorrow night? I got it in Filene's Basement, in Boston, for a hundred dollars reduced to twelve-fifty. I buy most of my clothes in thrift shops. Department stores are too expensive, and the salespeople there are so mean! They're a haughty bunch of people. In thrift shops, they're not mean. My birthday was really a couple of weeks ago; I'm twenty. The owners of the Lichee Tree are old friends of mine. I grew up with Chinese people. I used to baby-sit for a Chinese couple in Brooklyn; they had a restaurant and taught me to enjoy Chinese dishes. I often go to Chinatown to eat late at night. You get wonderful white hot breads with the center filled with shrimp at the little coffee shops there. Only ten cents! I love food. I look forward to it all day. My body responds to it. Everything else seems so nebulous. I love broiled mushrooms and watercress. I began to sing in night clubs when I was eighteen—I was at the Bon Soir and the Blue Angel, and on Tuesday, May 22nd, I'm going back to the Bon Soir for two weeks—and when people offered to buy me a drink I'd ask for potatoes. I never *saw* a night club until I performed in one. The Bon Soir hired me after I'd had a week's engagement in a restaurant in the Village, and I got *that* engagement by winning a talent contest for singing. I was given sort of a good voice. I never was in Manhattan until I was fourteen. I came over to see 'The Diary of Anne Frank.' My father, who was a Ph.D. and taught English literature and psychology in high schools, died when I was fifteen months old, and my mother never liked to leave Brooklyn. She's there now. She did come to the opening night of 'Wholesale,' but I don't think she understood what I was trying to do in it. Why should she? The things that interest her about me are whether I'm eating enough and whether I am warmly enough dressed. She's a very simple, nonintellectual, nontheatrical person who lives and breathes."



Miss Streisand, who in her secretarial role drew such (nonpejorative) adjectives as "oafish," "brash," "plain," and "homely" from the critics, is in private life an animated, poised, and unconventionally beautiful young woman, with an aquiline nose, great big soulful eyes, and great big soulful eyelashes. During our talk, she consumed, soulfully, three buttered rolls, a clam juice, a V-8, a crabmeat with asparagus, and a 7-Up.

"The best fried chicken I know of comes with a TV dinner," she said. "I have a railroad flat in the East Sixties, but it's getting too small. It's getting too small because I just bought two marvellous Victorian cabinets with glass shelves. I got them in a shop



"And I say the meek will not inherit the earth!"

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at Eighty-third Street and Columbus Avenue, called Foyniture Limited. That's how it's spelled. I like to get shawls that I can wear instead of a coat, and that can also serve as bedcovers. I was bald until I was two. I think I'm some sort of Martian. I exist on my will power, being Taurus. My birthday was April 24th. I hate the name Barbara; I dropped the second 'a,' and I think I'll gradually cut the whole thing down to B. That will save exertion in handwriting. I sometimes call myself Angelina Scarangella, which won't. I used to study acting with three different people, and I didn't want any of them to know I was studying with the others, so I took the name Angelina Scarangella part of the time to throw them off the track. I had it printed on match covers. Allan Miller, on West Forty-eighth Street, was my first teacher. He's marvellous. While I was going to him, I worked as a clerk in a printing company downtown. Those terrible train rides commuting from Brooklyn! I've never been to the Statue of Liberty or to the top of the Empire State Building. I'd love to visit the Statue of Liberty, because I like water. I suppose I'm going to be famous."

We asked whether she wasn't busy enough without returning to the Bon Soir.

"I'm doing it because I can sing the way I want to sing there," she said. "I can't do that in the show. I see the part differently now from the way it was written and directed, and I'd like to do it differently, but I can't. It's difficult for me to find songs that I like. I don't like mooshy love songs. 'Sleepin' Bee,' by Harold Arlen, is my favorite. It's about love, in its way. When I get really rich, I'll have tutors come to my house and teach me languages—including Greek and Japanese. I like Greek and Japanese poetry, but poems can't be translated satisfactorily. I'm reading 'The Conformist,' by Moravia, and some old book by Arnold Bennett that has an *art-nouveau* cover. It's magnificent. I hate diamonds. I like garnets, jade, carnelian, and emeralds, and rubies in old settings. I like interviews—they're still a novelty—but by the time they appear they look funny to me, because my attitude changes from week to week."

"Your attitude toward what?" we asked.

"Oh, toward smoked foods, say," she replied, and we rushed to the phone to file our copy.

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OVERHEARD at the Russian Tea Room the other afternoon, one matron to another: "One day he says there's nothing. The next day he thinks maybe there might be something. Right now, he doesn't know."

THE GREAT STARCH DEBATE

(Mr. Nixon Encounters Still Another Crisis)

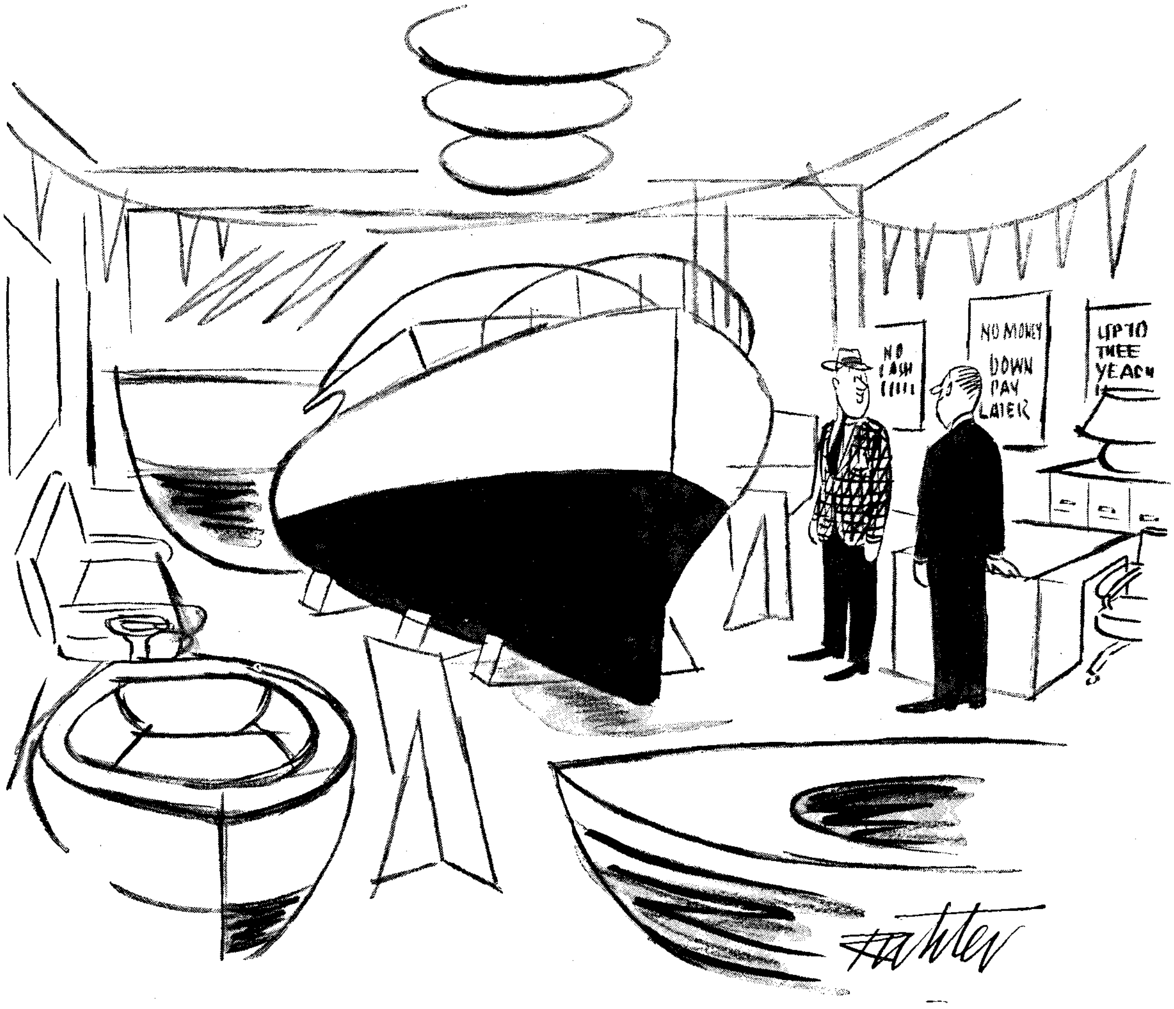
MY experience has taught me that the first step in facing a crisis is the ability to recognize that the crisis does in fact exist. This requires a cool head and considerable personal background in crisis-recognition. Looking back on it now, I am certain that no one in our group but I sensed that a full-scale crisis was in the making on that warm evening, early in my campaign for the governorship of my native state, when we returned to our hotel and I discovered that my shirts had not come back from the laundry. We had enjoyed a busy and deeply satisfying day of campaigning in the upper San Fernando Valley. I had made a number of hard-hitting points in thirteen separate speeches, and from the emotional point of view I had had the always enriching experience of shaking hands with hundreds of folks who seemed decidedly pleased with the principles I had laid before them. It had been another mountaintop experience, and after it was over there was a distinct temptation for my campaign staff and me to relax momentarily and indulge ourselves in the luxury of retrospection and self-congratulation. My discovery, at this juncture, that my shirts had not come up from the laundry was at first only an irritation. I had exhausted my small personal stock of clean white shirts in the previous few days on the road, and the hotel laundry had made a firm commitment to me of delivery by 5 P.M. I had made it entirely clear to them that I required a clean shirt for that evening, when I was scheduled to address a Republican Peach-Pickers' Rally and then to participate in a brass-tacks public debate on the issue of water fluoridation in parochial schools. When a thorough search of my suite turned up no package of clean shirts, I knew I had to take decisive action. I got busy on the telephone, speaking in person first to the front desk, then to the laundry room. Were my shirts ready? If not, would they be ready within the next hour?

Answer: negative. No one appeared to know where my shirts were. I hung up.

My estimate of the situation sharpened. As I sat by the bedroom telephone, engaged in inner debate, Earl Mazo, Bill Key, Alvin Moscow, Don Hughes, Jim Bassett, and several other members of my team came in. They sensed that something was "up." I quickly spelled out the facts for them and asked them for their evaluations. I told them I wanted advice, not sugar-coating.

The gist of their group opinion was at first glance both sensible and attractive. They urged me to take the easy way, to ride with the punch. They pointed out that a search for the shirts and a full disclosure of the reasons for their disappearance could be time-consuming and, in the long run, frustrating. They outlined the potential political dynamite that could be touched off if some member of our press entourage got wind of any "scene" that might ensue if I determined to follow through personally and find my shirts in the hotel. Several opinions pinpointed the fact that I could still in all probability go out and buy a new shirt before the beginning of the evening schedule. At least two of my companions kindly offered to lend me one of their own clean shirts—a warm expression of personal loyalty that I still cherish. As far as content went, their advice was excellent.

Nevertheless, I asked them to leave me alone for a few minutes while I made a deeper evaluation. I explained to them that a leader must do more than count the noses of his advisers. Left alone, I realized that I would be fully pardoned if I came to the conclusion that the situation I faced lay in one of life's gray areas, where the easier decision was called for. But there were principles involved, and I knew that any man who shirked the inner struggle at a time like this was guilty of irresponsibility. I saw at once that this was a crisis of an entirely new kind. This was not simply a case of Nixon being inconvenienced by the carelessness of one hotel or one laundry. If I were to permit myself to be bluffed out at this stage, it would mean that a citizen was acquiescing to the

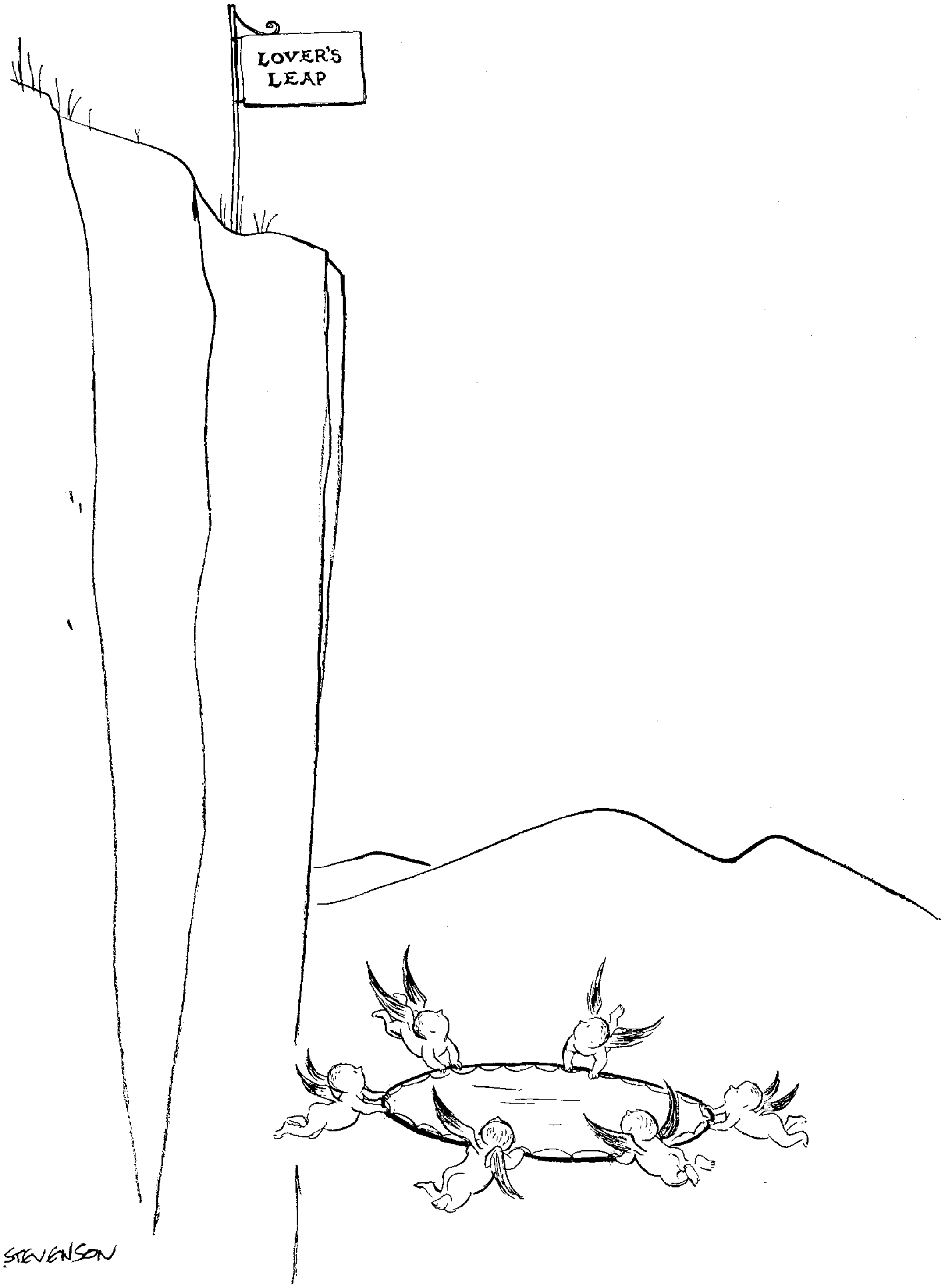


"Will a small deposit hold it, pending the outcome of the next Irish Sweepstakes?"

inefficiencies that woolly-thinking apologists often declare to be an innate part of the American system. It would be a case of Nixon putting his tail between his legs and surrendering to bureaucracy. I could not in conscience take such a course and then go before the people as their candidate. My philosophy has always been to do what is right. My instinct in this case was to act, to find the shirts.

Once I saw the course I had to take, any tension I might have felt disappeared. Courage—that is, the absence of fear—comes from conviction. I had long since learned that the decision-making process—that is, thinking—is the most trying part of any crisis. Now that my mind was made up, I felt cool and ready for battle. But merely to be doubly sure, I put long-distance calls through to Herb Brownell, Tom Dewey, Allen Dulles, and Charlie Halleck. All of them concurred, in broad terms, with the wisdom of my decision, and Charlie added that I had again made him proud to be an American. Tom Dewey was most specific. "This is a matter you must decide for yourself, Dick," he stated.

I summoned my staff back into the room. Quickly, I laid the program before them. We would act, I said, because we were on the right side. But we would act responsibly, after thorough preparation and with proper human respect for the workings of the hotel's administrative apparatus. I asked them to prepare the necessary background material I would require, including data on laundry operations in general in the Free World, average delivery time of shirts by non-private launderers, wages and working conditions enjoyed by union and non-union ironers and folders, and so forth. I asked them to have this material before me in fifteen minutes, which would allow me perhaps another fifteen minutes for a crash briefing and intensive homework before we swung into action. They hurried off eagerly, and then for the first time I allowed myself to relax for a moment and reflect on what curious but perennially stimulating encounters history continued to place before the man who had once, back in a plain boy's bedroom in Yorba Linda, allowed his modest daydreams to encompass only the possibility of one day making the high-school junior-varsity debating team. Now, as far as background was concerned, the stage was set for that encounter that the American press, with more enthusiasm than accuracy, was later to call the Great Starch Debate.



ACCOMPANIED by two of my aides, I stepped into the elevator, turned, and faced the front of the car. "Laundry room, please," I said in a firm voice. The operator stole a puzzled glance at me, but I looked straight ahead. As we went down, I took stock of my physical condition. I was a trifle edgy, my palms were damp, and there was an empty feeling in the pit of my stomach. I suppose some might say that I was "nervous," but by drawing on personal experience I was able to recognize and even welcome these signs for what they were—the symptoms of a normal man in descent in a fast elevator.

We alighted in the sub-basement and I strode directly through the doors of the laundry room. I was at once enveloped in clouds of steam, but my painstaking briefing had prepared me for this eventuality, and I did not hesitate. In spite of the steam and the hiss and roar of washers and pressing machines, I was able to single out my man, the laundry manager, at once. He was behind a counter, wearing a white undershirt and white trousers. I introduced myself, and we shook hands. While our aides grouped themselves around us in the manner prescribed by protocol and roughed out between them the substance of the conversations to come, I took stock of my man. He exuded an unmistakable impression of weariness and ennui. Here, I knew, was a powerful adversary—a hard-core laundry manager, steeled to complaints, magnificently trained in evasion.

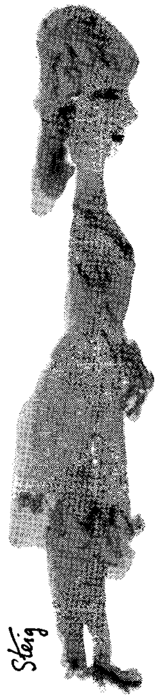
I got off to a particularly good start by pointing out to him that his failure to deliver my shirts constituted a breach of contract. In effect, I told him, he had failed to live up to his end of one of those countless small but vital agreements that permit men of good will to function together in our increasingly complex world.

He feigned bewilderment. The delivery of shirts was not in his province, he stated—only their processing.

Instinctively, I knew I had to press my attack. I asked him if he ever had any difficulty sleeping at night if he knew that even one of his customers felt less than complete satisfaction with the laundry service that day. I roughed out for him a broad panoramic view of the operations of our vast mercantile system and its concomitant and essential service subdivision.

He seemed reluctant to debate the points I had raised. He pounded the counter and, with some vivid and distinctly nondiplomatic peasant adages, stated that I was adding to, rather than clarifying, our differences.

My intensive preparations allowed me to absorb and counter his attack without being thrown off balance. I knew that from the standpoint of temper control this would be the worst possible time for me to blow my stack. I decided to shift tactics. An "end run" was called for. I pointed out that while over fifty-one million American males owned white shirts, the average per-capita ownership (including steelworkers) was still only 2.3 shirts each, a figure that did not allow for any slipups in the laundry-processing industry.



Time magazine later characterized this as "a beefed-up riposte that scored heavily in the drama."

Now it was his turn to change the pace. Forcing a laugh, he asked me if I was not being guilty of obscurantism.

"That's not my way," I retorted. "I shall never be guilty of obscurantism."

He poked a pudgy finger at me. "We are capable of dialectics, too, you know," he said menacingly.

Now we were going at it hammer and tongs. I was vaguely aware that a considerable crowd of laundresses, waiters, bellboys, and house detectives had surrounded us. None of them had ever heard anything like this before behind the doors of their laundry room, and I knew that even if I failed now in my primary mission, my journey would not prove to have been entirely in vain.

At this moment, one of the manager's assistants pressed a note into his hand. We both paused, panting in the steam, while he read its contents. He hesitated. "It seems," he said at last, "that your laundry has been found. It is in this room. Our position has been entirely justified. Your shirts are washed and ironed, but they have been detained here for reprocessing, because by inadvertence the starch was omitted. You will have them tomorrow, starched."

The day was won. Without knowing it, he had played directly into my hands, but years of experience in dealing with success now warned me that this was the time for magnanimity, not crowing. Smiling, I quoted to him Abraham Lincoln's remark, made in reference to one of his generals, that he preferred "starch in the man rather than in his shirt." It was my way of telling him that I never have my own shirts ironed with starch.

The manager shrugged. He turned, received the package of shirts from an assistant, and handed them to me. We shook hands warmly. Although the one-hundred-per-cent-successful outcome of our meeting had been largely unexpected, I was not unprepared even for this eventuality. Still holding his hand, I clapped him on the shoulder and said, "Isn't it fine that two men, each trained to a peak of creative usefulness by our great system of economic and personal incentives, can meet as we have and exchange views openly and without fear, thus adding to man's centuries-long struggle for understanding and freedom?"

He nodded wordlessly, and we parted. I turned and walked toward my elevator, ignoring the confused babble of voices behind me engaged in excited interrogation, recapitulation, and speculation. I pressed the elevator button. As I stood there, it occurred to me that many American men in their middle years might be suddenly depressed to find themselves, immediately after a personal success, standing in a hotel subbasement with a package of laundry in their arms. I knew, however, that the most dangerous part of any crisis is its aftermath, the time of letdown. This is when the human system, wearied by tension and hyperbole, is all too apt to become exhausted and to indulge itself in destructive reflection. This knowledge enabled me to put the thought aside. I watched the needle on the indicator above the elevator door. The car was moving downward, but soon, I knew, it would rise again, taking me with it.

—Roger Angell

YOU AND IT

Think what you like, but
It is really the same. Oh,
You can walk around on it
All right and, watching the speed
With which it falls back, fool
Yourself into thinking it changes,

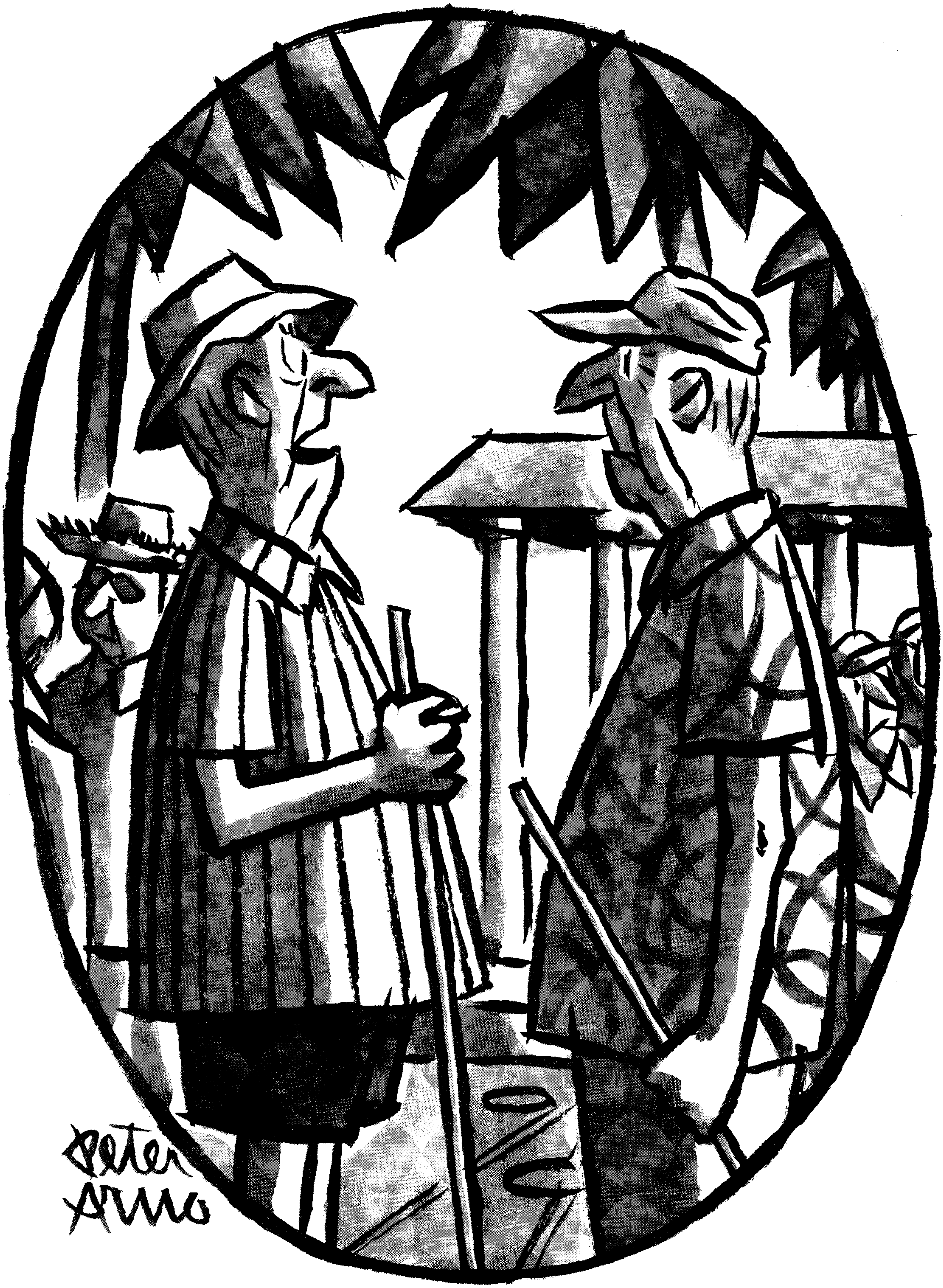
Or, standing with your head
On it, think it above you,
With all the grass of summer
Hanging down, mindless
Birds at your feet, your blood
Rushing up to greet your shadow.

But move, and only the angle
It is regarded from changes.
Turn up the stones, and they
Reveal what has always been
Uppermost. Put them back?
And you are where you started.

You could go on for years
And never get close at all
To the obvious bottom of it.
A slave to a number of fictions,
You would learn of only your own
Deep-seated simplicity.

Perhaps, when you are tired,
You will stretch out on what
Can be thought its own level.
And, closing your eyes at last,
Catching the merest fraction
Of sleep, you will know what I mean.

—Mark Strand



"That's dirty shuffleboard, Judson!"

FAÇADE COLLAPSING

THE imitation suède jacket came by the post at breakfast time, and the girl, with strength from impatience, broke the string with her hands and tore open the parcel. For a moment, she was disappointed. From the time when she had seen the advertisement in a newspaper and had sent off her money, the coat had become real leather in her mind and not this rather creased, ginger-colored cloth.

"Rita, will you take your granny's tea up?" her mother said. "It's been poured out this last five minutes."

Rita put the jacket on and buttoned it up. She went on tiptoe to get what view of herself she could in the little piece of looking glass on the dresser.

"Yes, it's very nice," her mother said, sighing. "But did you hear what I said?"

The sleeves were too long, Rita thought. She took the cup of tea and went upstairs to her grandmother's room. She hated going into it, for it was stuffed with furniture and cardboard boxes and smelled old and fusty. As a very small child, she had played there happily for hours, with her grandmother's sentimental treasures—scrapbooks and albums and seaside souvenirs. She felt debased by the memory. By now, she had shed her family. Her grandmother had been the first to go.

"There you are," she said, putting the cup of tea down and standing back, as far away as she could from the old woman in the bed.

"What you all dressed up for?" her grandmother asked. "Why can't you carry a cup of tea without slopping it?" She spoke in a slurred, cracked voice, her lips unmanageable without her false teeth, which—Rita knew, but withheld her glance—lay at the bottom of a glass of water on the other side of the bed.

"It's my new jacket," she said sulkily. The cuffs hung over the backs of her hands; but otherwise it fitted, she thought.

"You only come up here when you want to show yourself off."

Her grandmother began to drink the tea with an ugly sucking sound; above the rim of the cup, her eyes looked peevish, taking in the new jacket, the bouncy, red-haired girl standing away from the bed, who now said, "Well, I can't stand here all day. I've got to go to work."

"How's your father this morning?"

"All right, as far as I know."

" 'All right'!" her grandmother repeated scornfully.

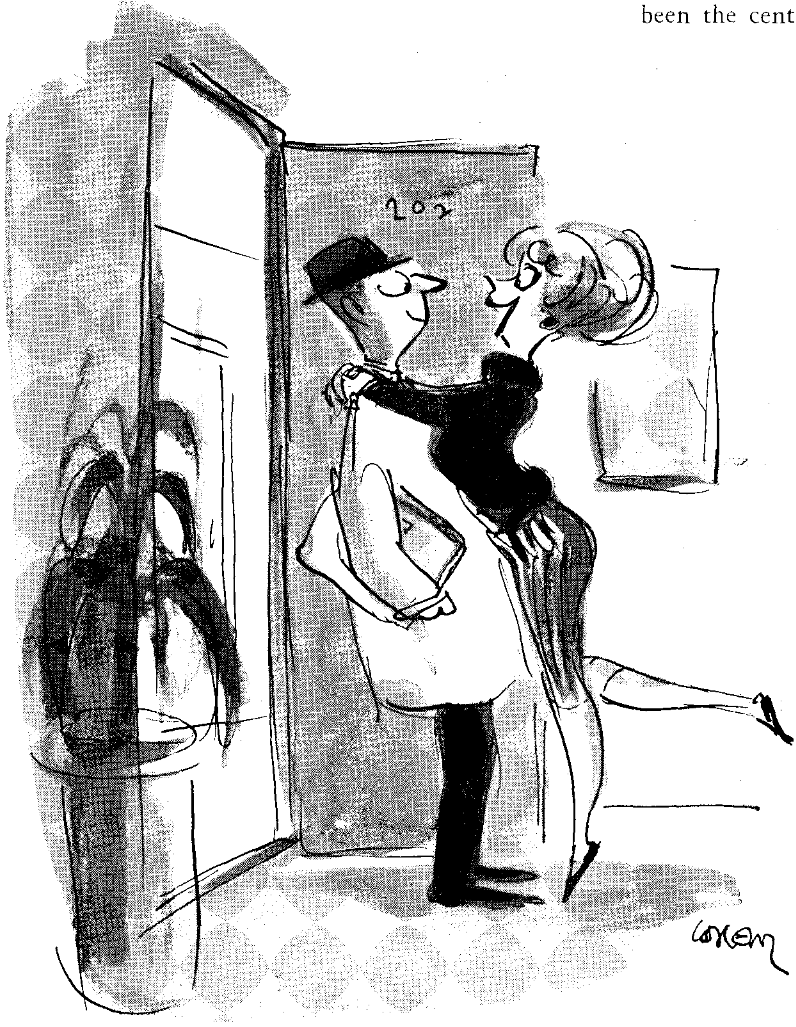
On her way out of the room, Rita managed to take a glance at herself in the mirrored panel of the wardrobe—the only big looking glass in the house. As she slammed the door, her grandmother was beginning to say something in a sarcastic voice. She could imagine one of her usual uncouth sayings, such as "You're getting a bit too big for your boots, my girl." She had no wish to stay to hear.

Her father was coughing weakly in the front bedroom, and she put her head round the door with a false smile for him. "Just off," she said cheerily—as if there were nothing at all wrong with him. He nodded gently and rearranged his hands on the bedclothes. "Be seeing you," she added uneasily.

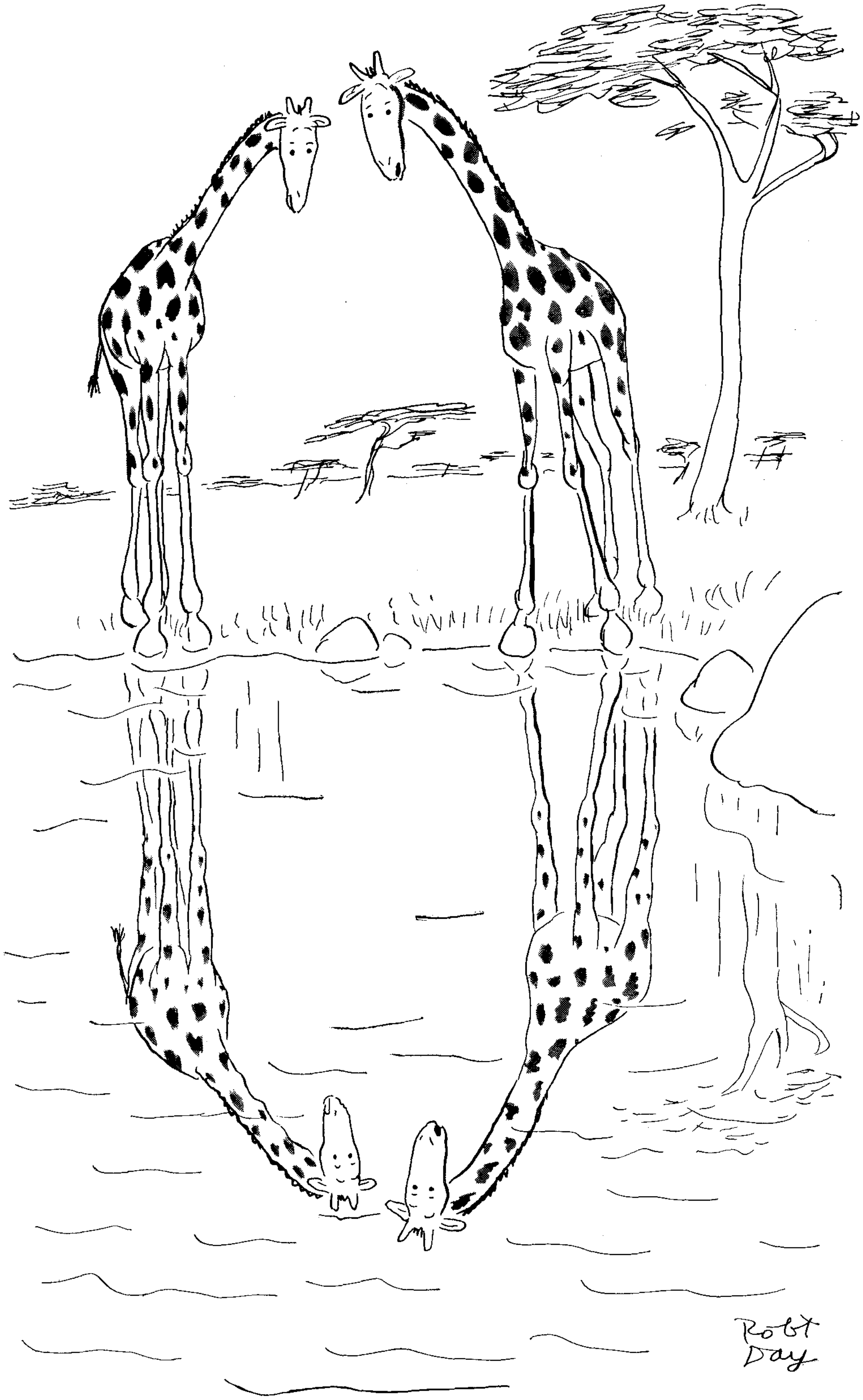
"You aren't wearing that new coat to work," her mother said, when Rita went into the kitchen to fetch her sandwiches, but her voice was neither questioning nor forbidding, simply a meaningless phrase—for, of course, the girl was wearing it and would wear it. She always wore things straightway—another phrase—to get the glory of them new.

Going out, Rita slammed the front door, forgetting her father in the room directly above, and crossed the cobbled road to the edge of the canal. The damp, misty air, the bubbles and the leaves on the slow-moving water seemed not at all melancholy to her; the scene, from the one advantage of being out-of-doors, uplifted her. She was away from the dark house, and the old and the sick and the dejected. Even to go to work was a relief.

The shop at the corner of the terrace was empty, boarded up. It had once been the center of her life, a meeting place for all the children of the neighborhood, who were sent there on errands and lingered to play games on the chalked pavement or to skip, chanting strange rhymes, with one end of a rope tied to a lamppost. It was there, while she was bouncing a ball high up on the brick wall, that her world had broken. "My auntie told me," shouted her informant, backing away half fearfully from Rita's blazing anger. "She knows it's true." Suddenly Rita, too, knew that it was true. "So what's the odds?" she shouted back. She turned her attention to the wall, threw the ball viciously against it, caught it, threw it, her wrist twisting smartly, the color whipped up in her cheeks. If these too-old parents were not her own, she was glad, she thought. To be a hushed-up threat of



"Darling, guess what! I've just enrolled in a prenatal-orientation course!"



"*Let's face it. Mother Nature goofed.*"

• •

scandal from a young sister's misdemeanor suited her every bit as well. When she was alone, when the backing-away, excited gossip had turned the corner, Rita had begun to walk alongside the canal, bouncing her ball before her every three or four paces. She wandered on and leaned for a long time on the parapet of a bridge, watching a string of barges going slowly underneath it.

But I didn't want to find out that way, she thought. The shock had been great, and she had been scored off while she suffered it, had been made to look ridiculous. In such a neighborhood, the truth must have been known by some people from the time of its occurring, and she wondered if they had smiled knowingly at one another when she had spoken of her parents with innocent possessiveness.

After that lingering walk by the canal, she returned home, inimical, her love dead and inhumed, the face of her world altered beyond all recognizing; her own face altered, too. She was eleven years old and began to go through a difficult phase, in the words of her schoolteachers. She went through it alone, without a word to anyone of her discovery. That was five years ago. Her informant had gone to live in one of the large blocks of flats on the town's outskirts. Most of the young ones had moved away. The seedy and sickly and aged remained. Soon the crumbling terrace would be pulled down and only they would care. Rita knew that she would watch the demolition exultingly. She imagined the façade collapsing and the poky rooms exposed, with their faded, varnished wallpapers and their grimy ceilings, and the smell of the canal surging into the ruins.

She was always glad, on her way to work, to cross the iron bridge to the other side of the water. There were buses and shops there, children going to school, the pavements full of hurrying people—not an invalid in sight. Anyone incapable of moving at a brisk pace very sensibly stayed at home until after the rush hour. She felt exhilarated by the bustle of the world going to work, and her new jacket made it a different morning. She looked for her reflection in shop-windows. The shops were opening, but it was still too early for customers. They would come later, at what Rita thought of as a less vital time of day.

This less vital time of day began for her soon after she had entered the shabby hairdresser's where she worked, when she had hung her new jacket in the dark cupboard at the back of the shop and put on her smock. As it was Friday, this was dirty.

Her first customer was an elderly woman. Shampooing the yellow-gray hair, Rita gazed at herself in the looking glass and made plans with less hope than she would have had an hour earlier.

"Your nails are too long," the woman complained, flinching.

"Sorry, dear," Rita said, winking at her friend Diane, who raised shoulders and eyebrows, as if to say, "The old ones in their dotage; bear with them if you can."

The shampooed head was knobbly and poorly off for hair. "Has it been coming out very much?" Rita asked punishingly.

"I hadn't noticed. Do you?"

Rita, in the ascendancy now, made

a towel deftly into a turban and said, "Well, I'm sure it might be worse." The words, after all, sounded as if they were meant to encourage, but if they failed to do so she was perfectly satisfied.

For the next ten minutes, she stood deferentially beside her senior, handing pins. This young woman, Miss Edmead, was popular with her customers, had soothing ways with them, but the moment Rita relaxed or let her dreamy gaze wander to the street beyond the shop door, Miss Edmead would click her fingers frenziedly, kept waiting one second for a pin.

The day fell into its usual pattern. The air outside thinned, the mistiness drifted away, traffic increased, and passersby walked more slowly, looking in shop-windows, carrying heavy baskets, stopping to chat. In the shop, customers came and went every half hour, and when she was not handing pins and shampooing, Rita swept up hair from the floor or ran to the baker's nearby for sticky buns. The girls ate these and, later, their lunchtime sandwiches in a small storeroom at the back of the shop. Today the sky darkened early and rain spattered upon the skylight. As soon as she had eaten her sandwiches, Rita's thoughts went forward toward the evening. The day had reached a turning point and the rest of it was fit only for wishing away. I shall get my jacket wet, she thought, listening to the rain coming in gusts on the skylight.

The girls, over cups of tea, discussed their customers, who were either "sweet" or "catty." The business was old-fashioned, its clientele those mostly elderly women who felt that they had wasted their money if, when they left, their hair was not arranged in deep waves and confusions of tight curls. Rita often daydreamed of laying hands on someone's head of thick, straight, brilliant hair—imagined the weight of it and the way in which it would fan out in the water as she washed it; young hair, with no scalp showing through.

The afternoon went slowly. Every time the shop door opened, a bell rang, and she always looked up. Only the expected came. They struggled out of wet raincoats and were full of rueful remarks about the weather. Beyond them, in the street, the umbrellas went by. Rita tried not to listen to Miss Edmead's small talk: the same soothing, automatic remarks to one customer after another—"It's always the same, isn't it?," "What a day to choose!," "Let's hope it clears up for the weekend." . . . "*Thank you*, Rita." Rita started, and passed a hair net. Diane, idle for a while, yawned and yawned. Women sitting under the dryers sleepily turned the pages of magazines, the rain drummed down, the shop-bell occasionally rang, and Diane went on yawning. There was a humming sound and a sense of suspension. The falling rain lulled them, and Miss Edmead, twisting up hair, thrusting in pins, talked as if she could not stop. "You can't really expect any*thing* else." . . . She gave Rita a sharp look, for now she, too, was yawning. "That's what *I* always say." . . . Rita, patting her mouth with her fist, blinking her watering eyes, thought, I couldn't stand too much of this, year in, year out. It would be some time before she could expect to get married and solve the problem of her employment by having none; nor had she anyone in mind for such a future. Her friend Derek would not do. He was too poor and too short.

THE MARROW

I

The wind from off the sea says nothing new.
The mist above me sings with its small flies.
From a burnt pine the sharp speech of a crow
Tells me my drinking breeds a will to die.
What's the worst portion in this mortal life?
A pensive mistress and a yelping wife.

II

One white face shimmers brighter than the sun
When contemplation dazzles all I see;
One look too close can take my soul away.
Brooding on God, I may become a man.
Pain wanders through my bones like a lost fire;
What burns me now? Desire, desire, desire.

III

Godhead above my God, are you there still?
To sleep is all my life. In sleep's half-death,
My body alters, altering the soul
That once could melt the dark with its small breath.
Lord, hear me out, and hear me out this day:
From me to Thee's a long and terrible way.

IV

I was flung back from suffering and love
When light divided on a storm-tossed tree;
Yea, I have slain my will, and still I live;
I would be near; I shut my eyes to see;
I bleed my bones, their marrow to bestow
Upon that God who knows what I would know.

—Theodore Roethke

• •

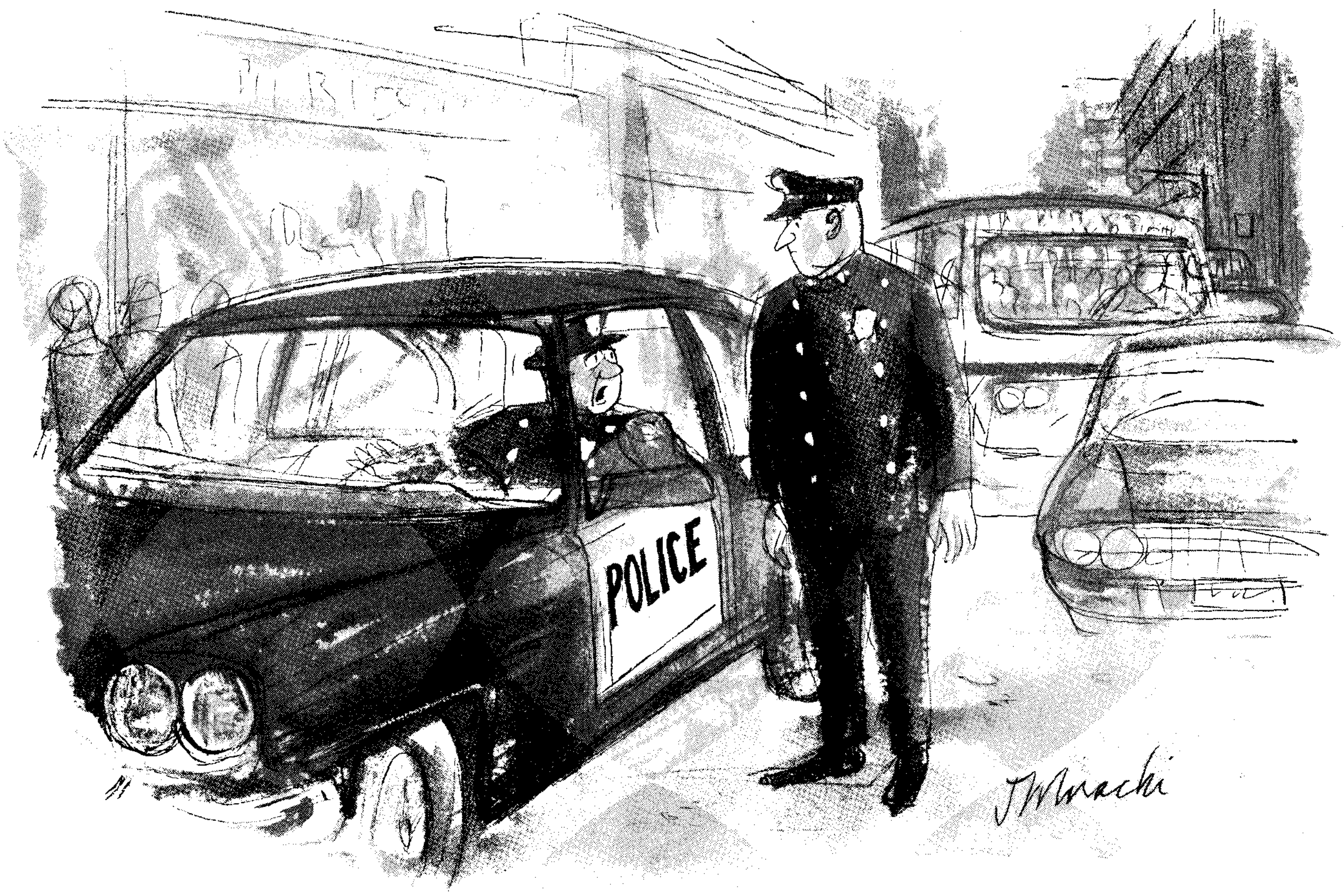
At last it was closing time, and she put on her suède jacket, was again admired in it, and, feeling herself the object of envy—which was like wine to her—said goodbye.

Miraculously, it had stopped raining. It was quite dark, and blurred, shaggy lights were reflected in the wet road and pavement. She walked along close to the shop-windows, sauntering, waiting for Derek, who was already three minutes late. Not once, all day, had she given a thought to what might be happening at home.

RETURNING late, as she crossed the canal bridge she could see the lighted upstairs window, and it was then—as it was every night—that her thoughts for the first time turned homeward, and it was as if a blind were drawn over her gaiety.

Her mother greeted her with some more of the accustomed phrases—"This is a fine time . . . while you're under my roof . . . piece of my mind . . . a sight too big for your boots."

Rita unhooked a cup from the dresser and poured out some milk. Standing sipping it, still wearing her jacket, she appeared preoccupied, obviously not listening. This, as was intended, angered



“Ever have one of those days when everybody talks you out of everything?”

• •

her mother more. The phrases tumbled over one another and were forlornly reiterated. Her voice rose until, remembering her husband lying upstairs, she hesitated and turned away. In a despairing way, she began to lay the table ready for the morning.

“What's the use of coming home?” asked Rita. “You only go for me the minute I put my nose round the door.”

Now her mother took her turn at remaining silent, moving about the room, her lips pressed together. Rita would rather have had the familiar spate of words, and her mother realized it.

“How's Dad?” Rita asked, after a while, her voice gruff and uneasy.

“Much the same.” As if you care, the wounded expression said.

I wish I were on the top of a mountain, Rita thought. I would take deep breaths, feel clean and light again. She pictured her real mother like that, living a wild and carefree life among the mountains, in Canada, to which she had emigrated.

“Well, I'm going up,” her mother said. “And so will you, if you've any sense. I don't know how you expect to do a proper day's work. . . .” The phrases were a dire temptation to her. “Say good night nicely to your father, won't you?” she asked, turning at the door with an appealing look.

Grandmother had always been against the adoption. “You can't know what you're taking on,” she had told her daughter-in-law. “Impossible to tell.” Now they knew. “Like mother, like daughter,” the old woman would say, taking her hot drink up to bed night after night and Rita still not home. “You've spoiled that girl. Nothing to be done now, bar wait for the consequences. Letting her have those dancing lessons. That began it. That made her wilful.”

Everything went back to the dancing lessons, years ago, when Rita had been a lively little girl with disarming manners. The lessons had been the subject of argument at the time—first, because of the expense, and later for the fact that, after a while, the child had changed. She had lost the wheedling, simpering ways they had found so endearing and scowled at them instead.

It was after one of the early dancing lessons that she had learned of her origins. Unsure of her position after that, she had ceased to boast to her friends about her lessons or anything else; no longer, tossing her curls, swinging her ballet shoes by the ribbons, went out of her way to be seen on Saturday mornings to be able to say, “I'm just going to Dancing,” enjoying reactions of envy. And Grandmother's plaint became built into the domestic fabric—“It started with those dancing lessons.”

When the world was broken apart, it was her grandmother who seemed to Rita to become her first enemy. At the earliest signs of rebellion—the scowling silences, the ducking when her curls were stroked—the old lady saw signs of bad blood, as she had long expected to. There is no relationship between us, both she and the child thought, though they held their secret. Mother humbly bore the brunt of their differences, and hid them from her husband.

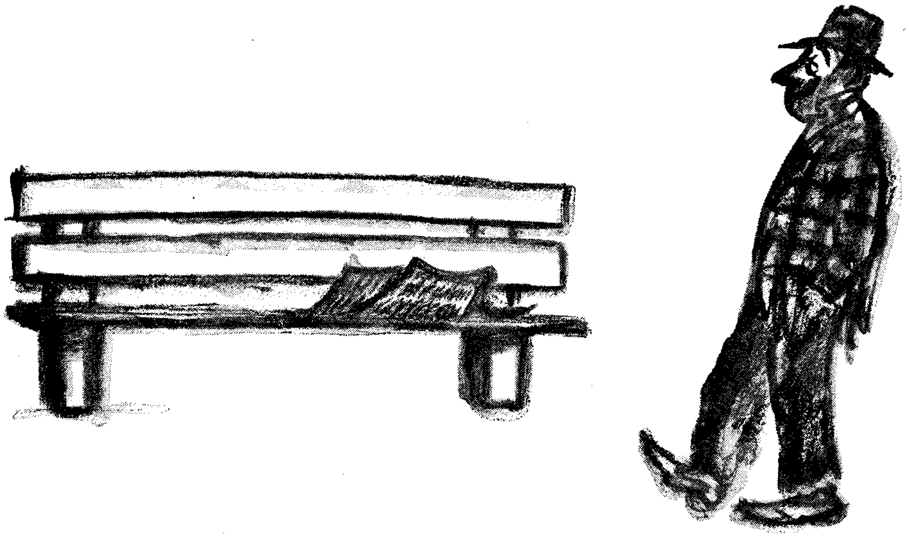
“IT'S a good thing your granny's gone up to bed. I can smell drink.”

It was this beginning, as soon as Rita opened the kitchen door, that gave rise to an evil dialogue. She had taken off her jacket and thrown it over a chair, and she began to comb her hair.

“You haven't had it but a couple of days and look at the way you're treating it . . . all over the breakfast table . . . combing your hair. I don't know what's come over you. . . .”

Imitation is the sincerest and the most

infuriating form of flattery, and Diane's having bought a jacket so much like her own had clouded the day, spoiled the evening. Moments of pleasure there had been, dancing under the arched, smoke-wreathed roof, where balloons hung in a net. It was the place where she was always happiest, and she found beauty in it which stirred her in the same way as the look of the canal sometimes did, when the lighted street lamps were reflected in it. The dance hall had a livelier beauty—the girls with their full skirts, their quickly turning profiles as they spun round, their hair flicking from side to side, their lips parted. While she was dancing, she forgot her annoyance, but as soon as she sat down at one of the orange-painted tables with Derek or any of what she called "the Crowd," crossness returned. She scarcely listened to them; she smoked and wagged her head to the music and wondered what she could do—not to get even but to raise herself far above Diane, right out of her reach, where she would know she could not hope to follow. The balloons had been released and there was the usual horseplay, but Rita sat still, not turning her head. It was frustrating that whatever was beyond Diane's reach should also be beyond her own.



"I don't know what's come over you," her mother said again; but she did know. Her real mother had come over her.

Another step was taken toward the evil outcome of their conversation—Rita said, "I shall please myself, you know."

"Not under my roof, you won't." Her mother gripped the edge of the table and leaned forward to spit out the words. She dared not raise her voice because of her husband upstairs; instead, she gave a venomous clarity to what she said.

Rita rasped her thumb along the teeth of her comb, looking patiently down.

"You've got to be a better girl," her mother said, raising her voice just a little, altering her tone. "You'll only worry your father."

"It'll be you who'll be worrying him, if you want to make any fuss. I shall still do as I like."

"All I've got to do, looking after *them,* and you never so much as wash up a cup. What sort of a daughter do you think you are?"

"You know what sort of a daughter I am." Rita lifted her eyes for a second.

"What do you mean?"

There was a fearful silence. It's a relief she's not really my mother, Rita thought. No risk of growing up to be like her—dowdy, gray-faced. (There was a photograph upstairs of her own mother, the younger sister, a bold, laughing girl.) My mother and me, we're not a bit like you, she thought, staring across the table, meeting those anxious eyes. "What do you ever do for me?" she asked. "To make up for all this. It's not much for anyone young to come back to—it's depressing. As soon as I put the wireless on, you tell me to turn it down. This house! I've never been happy here."

"You ungrateful girl." Her mother hadn't the words to express grief and bitter disappointment, only the old and worn-out phrases of blame. "All we've done for you . . . It would break your father's heart if he could hear. . . ."

"There are other things you don't want him to hear, aren't there? Such as what *I* heard the doctor tell *you* when he came back from the hospital." The dialogue ahead of her lay in darkness, but each line she spoke revealed another in its time.

Her mother stared at her in a dazed way, then sank down into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"There's nothing to cry about," Rita said. "There's no need to make such a fuss. I shan't go running upstairs to him with the bad news."

Her mother dabbed her eyes.

"Not so long as I get my way about things," Rita added.

Her mother struggled to control herself, remembering that she must not cry—especially as it was time for her to go upstairs and that she must do so without tears in her eyes. She breathed deeply to steady herself, then rose and walked past Rita without a word.

She climbed the stairs slowly, and Rita listened to the dragging steps. I hate slow-moving people, she thought. My real mother and me, we walk fast. She pictured her clicking along a Canadian pavement on high, thin heels.

She lingered in the kitchen, pondering the new relationship she had made with the woman she could hear creaking about upstairs, and she put off looking in to say good night to her father. She cut a slice of bread, spread it with butter, sprinkled sugar over it, and, eating it slowly and with great enjoyment, wandered about the kitchen, making her plans.

THE dancing lessons were quite forgotten when Rita brought home the real suède coat. For kindling caustic comment, it bettered any other fuel. The dancing was regarded as the starting point of the girl's evil ways; but the suède coat was proof of how far gone she was in them.

"I bought it in a sale," she said, avoiding her mother's eyes, as she had begun to do. Sometimes it was a strain keeping her gaze constantly lowered, and she was relieved when she was outside the house and could raise her head and look at the sky and the tall buildings on the other side of the canal.

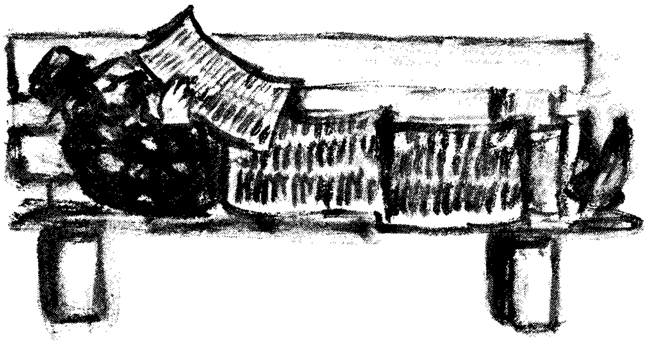
" 'Bought it in a sale,' " her grandmother repeated. She repeated nearly everything that Rita said, giving her words an extra exposure to ridicule. "And what with, we should like to know."

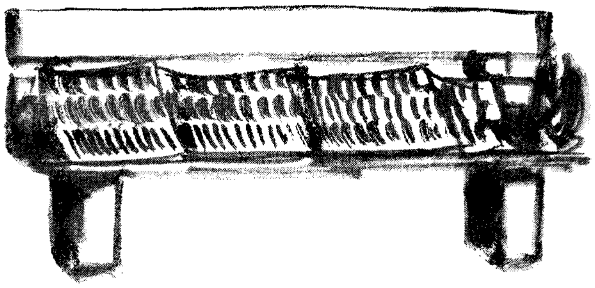
"What do you think? Money."

"Oh, money, of *course*. I didn't think you'd got it for a handful of glass marbles. We're just interested in where the money came from in the first place."

"Mother! Leave the girl alone, for pity's sake. It's her business."

"It's *your* business where she picks her money up, or so I should think. . . . Out till all hours of the night. I can see





the end of this as plain as I can see this cup in my hand. Well, we've seen it before, haven't we?"

"That will be enough." It won't be long, Rita's mother thought. This can't go on for very long. Her spirit bruised from blackmail, she could only go automatically about her long day's work. She was like a watchdog whose power of protection was running out.

Rita felt uplifted when, wearing her new coat, she walked to work in the mornings. She liked to hang it beside Diane's if she could, and cared not at all that the girls made the same insinuations as her grandmother. She wished to be envied, not liked.

She spent her mother's savings quickly. Toward the end of them, she had to put up a fight for what she wanted—going threateningly to the door at the foot of the staircase, knowing that she would soon be called back. She was always relieved when her mother gave in. I wouldn't really tell him, she would think, picking up the money that had been thrown from trembling hands upon the table. "Not unless she really made me mad."

"Who rules this house?" her grandmother once asked, unnerved by the calm power her granddaughter now exerted. "Who rules this house, I'd like to know."

"I do," Rita said, and went from the room, leaving her mother to smooth out the matter.

She was happier at work. A little money and her mother's nagging tongue stilled made a world of difference to the day, and the envious hostility of the other girls was much to be desired; but she had lost her ascendancy with the Crowd and was under suspicion. Once or twice there had been quarrels, which made the boys wary, quarrels especially with Diane—rather one-sided quarrels, for Rita for the most part ignored the inquiries about where she had left her mink coat and why she was slumming at the Majestic Dance Hall or the Piazza Coffee Bar. She simply smiled and turned her head, basking in jealousy. "Oh, pardon me for living," Diane would shout, deliciously losing her temper.

Derek was puzzled. Rita's money worried him. She bought him cigarettes and gave them patronizingly, and when at last he refused to take any more she threw the packet into the canal, along which they were walking.

It was a Sunday afternoon and very cold. Through the knotted branches, the sky looked scratched and bleeding, and there was a pinkish reflection on the water ahead of them.

"I don't smoke that kind myself," she said, in reply to his amazed reproach.

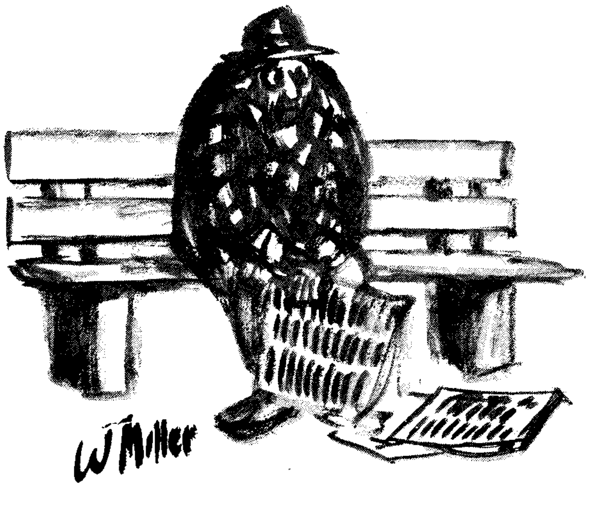
She flung her arms out, walked forward airily, fancily, as if on a tightrope. "The sky's pretty," she said. Then her moment of exuberance passed; her arms dropped and she put her hands in her pockets.

"Better turn back?" he suggested. "It'll get dark soon." And she wore him out with her changing moods.

"*You* can," she said.

They plodded on. The towing path ran under an old iron bridge, across whose parapet she had once walked, balancing precariously in her stocking feet. Someone—she had forgotten who—had dared her to.

Shapes—of the arthritic-looking trees, of the iron girders of the bridge—had become menacing, and the sky was now colorless behind them. The dark indeed came quickly. It piled up behind them and they fled before it, like refugees. Death was behind her, too, and it was from this that she was really fleeing, taking the unwilling Derek along with her. I'm no good at anything like that, she told herself. Don't know what to do when people are sick. All day, neighbors had been in and out of the house, trying to comfort and



support her mother and giving Rita black looks. I can't do anything right, she thought defensively.

Her mother was grim and brusque; she seemed no longer to fear her daughter, paid no heed to her, was engrossed, dedicated. Her grandmother, however, made up for her with phrases—"at a time like this . . . your poor mother . . . never so much as lift a finger."

"I think I'd like to go to Canada," Rita said suddenly to Derek.

He walked along, hunched up, his hands in his pockets. He had no warm coat, like Rita's.

"Oh, all right then; we'll turn back," she said.

They faced round and saw all the lights of the town against the darkness.

"Why Canada?" he asked at last.

"It sounds nice and lively. Big and clean, and everything new. Not like this dirty old place."

"Well, why not go, then? You seem to be all right for money," he said angrily.

She walked on in silence, thinking, I shan't have a penny.

They came to the terrace of houses alongside the canal. There was a light in her father's room and a car outside the front door.

"I'll have to go in, I suppose," she said. She crossed the road, away from him, reluctantly. "See you!" she turned and shouted, her hand on the doorknob.

"Hush, girl," said the doctor, opening the door suddenly to come out. "Better go in to your mother."

"Why, has something happened?"

"You'd better run along in. See what you can do for your mother." Even he seemed to have a poor opinion of her.

I can't face it, Rita thought, but she went in, closed the door after her, and leaned back against it, trying to summon her courage.

Her grandmother sat by the kitchen fire, her screwed-up handkerchief held to her mouth. She stared at Rita, but for once no phrases came to her lips. Then she was suddenly overcome by grief, got up stiffly, and went from the room.

Oh, Lord, how long does this *last*? Rita wondered. She filled the kettle at the tap in the scullery and was bringing it in to set it on the kitchen range when her mother came downstairs.

"What are you doing?"

"Was going to make a cup of tea," Rita replied.

"Don't overstrain yourself."

Rita set down the kettle and looked at her mother, who stood very straight on the other side of the table, a letter in her hand.

"All these weeks," she began, "you know how wicked you have been. I wouldn't like anyone else in the world to know the wicked things you've done. That was money your father and I scraped and saved . . ." Her voice trembled, and she paused for a moment, looking down at the table, and then at the letter in her hand. "He knew all the time, poor man. He just thought it would be easier for us to carry on as if he didn't . . . so good always. . . ." She read the few lines of the letter again with her tear-blurred eyes. "He put this in his drawer all that time ago, when he came back from the hospital . . . all that time ago, the poor man. Where are you going now?" she asked sharply, her voice changing.

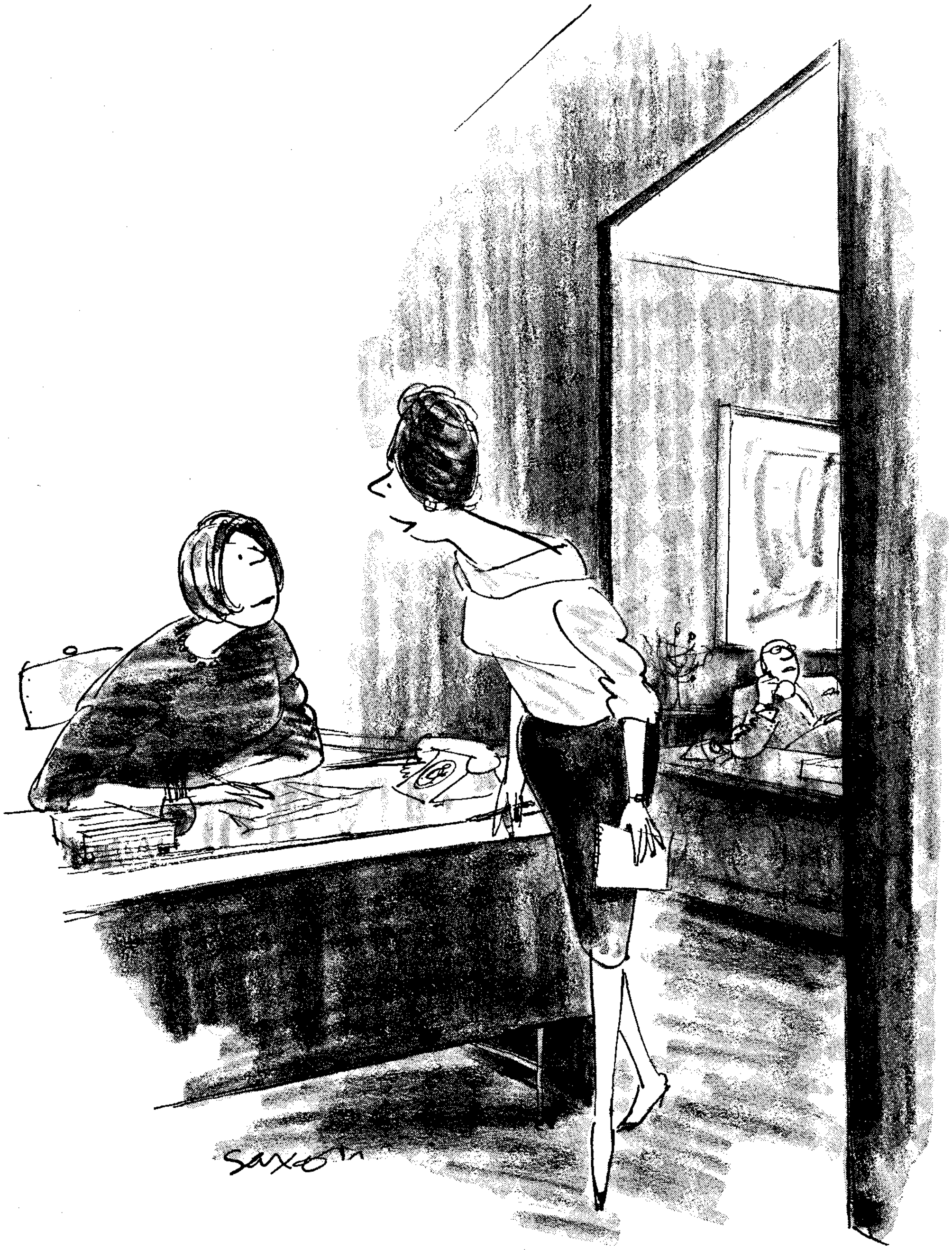
"Nowhere. Just to put out some cups and saucers."

"You can stay where you are for the time being. I've got something to tell you about yourself that it's about time you knew. There's a shock coming to you, my girl, and you've been deserving it for long enough."

Rita shrugged her shoulders and sat down on the arm of the chair, staring at the fire glowing between the bars of the grate and listening to the gently humming kettle, hardly at all to what her mother had to say.

As if I care, she thought.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR



"I found out what he keeps locked in that bottom drawer. Butterscotch Metrecal."

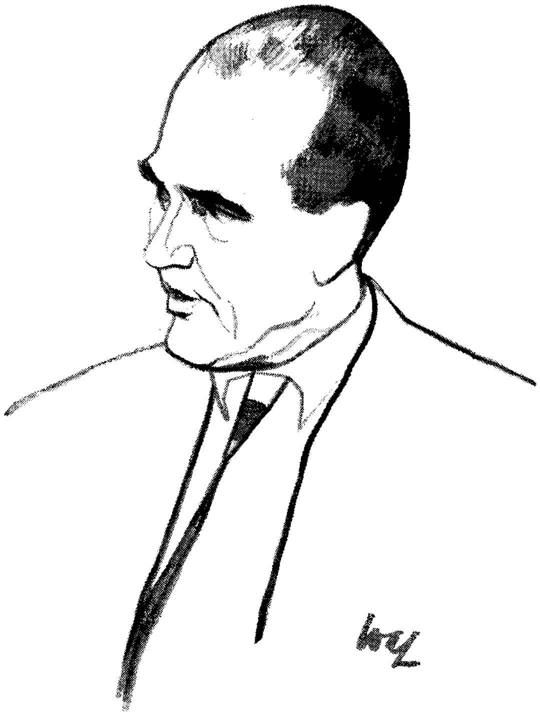
•

United States railroads employ 236 million.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Noted.

PROFILES

MIDDLE-AGED MAN WITHOUT A HORN



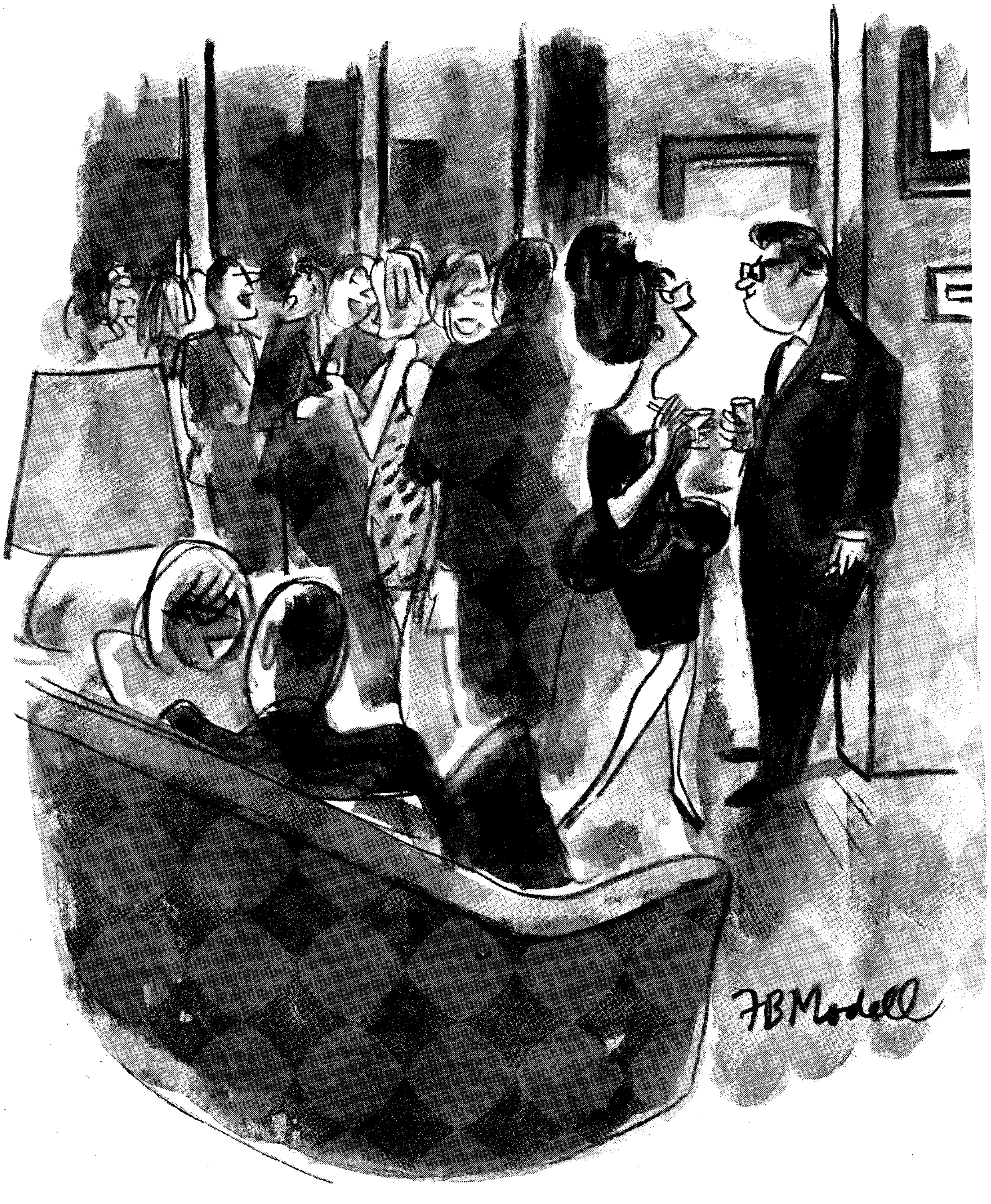
Artie Shaw

ARTIE SHAW, who for twenty years was the *enfant terrible* of the jazz world and of the Hollywood matrimonial market, is rapidly emerging as a force in another, essentially unmelodic endeavor—the competitive shooting of high-powered target rifles. Some aficionados in the New York area give him an inside chance eventually to acquire a national "bench-rest" title, honoring a specialized niche of the sport in which the practitioner steadies his gun on an article of furniture. Shaw is happier with guns than he was with music. He is also happier going fishing (he is an expert with the dry fly), chopping wood, driving sports cars, farming, or even shopping in his local hardware store than he was during his bandmaster phase. It is possible that, as a clarinet player, Shaw was the most miserable professional musician on record; that is, although he greatly enjoyed the music, he was brimming with rancor over booking problems, one-night stands, hotel rooms, loneliness, temperamental performers, agents, managers, critics, press agents, lawyers, and jitterbugs, whom he once indelicately classified as morons, causing a national furor. Today, with his eighth wife, the former movie star Evelyn Keyes, Shaw lives in Lakeville, Connecticut, the center of a rich and social region peppered with horse riders and prep schools. There, for the past two years, he has owned a twenty-two-room mansion, with a boathouse-lodge, on the shore of Lake Wononscopomuc, a broad and beautiful sheet of water that is ringed by estates planted thickly with evergreens and white birch trees, and that borders, at one end, the bustling Hotchkiss School. Although the Shaws make a fetish of privacy, they enter into the social life of Lakeville and its neighboring towns, Salisbury and Sharon. They attend a few of the large parties, at which Shaw promptly stations himself as far as possible from whatever music may be going. Actually, he does not mind music if it is played very softly. Nearly always, though, the sound of an old Artie Shaw record rises at some point above the shrill, tinkling babble of celebration, and then his face takes on a strained, unhappy look. He gives every evidence of being about to bolt, but he stands fast, slipping gradually into the familiar stance he once assumed on countless bandstands—feet spread apart, head lowered slightly, arms held forward and bent at the elbows—while he improves on the job in his mind, redoing each phrase, finding fault at every turn.

In 1938, the magazine *Down Beat*, after a nationwide poll, declared Shaw the "King of Swing," thus relieving Benny Goodman of the honorific. From that general period until 1954, Shaw sifted in and out of music like a reprise. He worked up a number of fine bands, but scuttled them quickly when they grew popular; he felt crushed by success and was angered by adulation. Between musical interludes, he enjoyed a number of vigorous phases. These included a writing phase, when he produced a startling autobiography that the *Times* called "splendidly honest;" a professional wood-chopping phase, which has not been critically evaluated; a multi-year span in which, with rod and creel, he stalked the elusive trout, bass, and salmon over two continents; a lengthy stint as a remarkably prosperous farmer; a military phase, during which he produced music of every sort for the Navy; a joining phase, which saw his name linked to almost all the Left Wing and liberal causes dreamed up by some very thoughtful men (and which provoked a dramatic appearance before the House Committee on Un-American Activities); and, sprinkled through the idle times, his several marital phases, in which the names of Lana Turner (1940; seven months), Elizabeth Kern (1942; three years), Ava Gardner (1945; one year), and Kathleen Winsor (1946; two years) stand out. As for his present gun phase, it seems likely to endure. Together with a group of neighbors, he is building several gun ranges and an equipment center—the whole to be known as Shooters Service—in Clinton Corners, New York, about twenty miles from Lakeville. Now fifty-one, Shaw has not touched his clarinet in about eight years; the last occasion was in 1954, when he took the road with a small modern-jazz group that he called the Gramercy Five. He says that in order to play again he would have to spend six months reëstablishing his embouchure—a term meaning a condition of the lips, mouth, and facial muscles that is sufficiently rigid and strong to give a wind instrumentalist tone and control. According to Shaw, the chance that he will ever again spend six lonely months building up an embouchure is more than remote. Another point is that his temperamental embouchure is somewhat in need of repairs. The Gramercy Five fell flat on its collective face for a variety of reasons, the majority of them having to do with its leader's intransigent outlook. *Time*, in a spirit of critical levity, reported on the Five's début, in part, as follows: "After four years of retirement and reflection, Clarinetist Artie Shaw was back in the music business last week, at 43. He mounted the bandstand at Manhattan's jazz-bent Embers, looked unsmilingly over the jabbering crowd, and spoke into the microphone: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to remind you that it's almost axiomatic that music sounds better against silence. Not dead silence, just enough so that we can hear ourselves play.' "

A LEADING British physician once propounded the theory that a baby receives at birth a certain "life impetus" that establishes the force of its personality. Shaw takes exception to this notion. He claims, in fact, that the greater part of his life has been a farcical pose, in direct contradiction to his basic nature, and he points out that as far as life impetus is concerned, music is conspicuously lacking in his family background. When he began his first childish grapple with the muse, he tried to teach his mother "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" on the piano; she has only recently got the hang of it. As for his father, Shaw's principal aim in his dealings with him was to keep enough daylight between them for running room. The elder Shaw was a man of irascible disposition, and until the time of his death, some years ago, he never became reconciled to his son's decision to wrap an entire career around what he called a "blower." Both of Shaw's parents were Jewish immigrants—the mother, Sarah Strauss, from a village in Austria, and the father, Harry Arshawsky, from Russia. They met in New York, married, and on May 23, 1910, presented to the world a son, Arthur. In a very small way, they were in the dressmaking business, doing the work on sewing machines in their basement apartment on Second Street, on New York's lower East Side. This was before the era of factory-made dresses, and on occasion the parents hit peaks of modest prosperity. But the dress business, like hemlines, tends to fluctuate, and when Arthur was seven, the Arshawskys went bankrupt. The family had friends in New Haven, so they moved there, to a house on York Street, where they again sewed dresses for a living. (Many years later, Shaw played a Hindemith sonata with a chamber-music group in a Yale building that stood on the exact site of that York Street house.) In the new locale, Shaw joined the Boy Scouts and, in a desultory way, attended the Dwight Street School. But it was uphill sledding for both him and his teachers; in the course of recorded history there are few examples of men less amenable to discipline than Shaw. (Churchill may be a notable exception.) Shaw's voluntary entry into the Navy after Pearl Harbor is a sample of his attitude toward the chain of command. Given a few weeks after his induction to put his affairs in order, he paid a visit to Washington, to call on Under-Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal, whom he had met once or twice. An outraged aide finally relayed the news to Mr. Forrestal that Seaman Second Class Artie Shaw awaited his convenience; Shaw then had a chat with the Under-Secretary. He announced that he had joined up, and said, "I just wanted you to know that I'm prepared to do anything. Don't worry about it. I'm with you all the way."

At Dwight, despite his intransigent conduct, Shaw skipped a grade, probably because of his outside reading. An uncle turned up one day with a barrelful of books, including "Kidnapped" and "Huckleberry Finn," and Shaw's literary period began. The confessions of movie stars, as set forth in the sob-sister press, emphasize that they all spent much of their youth reading Shakespeare and helping their mothers make tapioca pudding. It has been suggested that from ninety to a hundred per cent of this is public-relations guff. The truth about Shaw, however, is that he is authentically a passionate reader of books. Wherever he travels, he prowls the bookshops—Foyle's in London, the stalls along the Seine, out-of-the-way stores in New York and Los Angeles. Books line three broad walls and spill over onto the tables of his Lakeville living room. This quirk, seemingly harmless, has won him little sympathy. Over the years, reporters have struggled to keep a sneer out of



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their pieces dealing with the clarinettist's enigmatic devotion to belles-lettres. Alton Cook, of the *World-Telegram*, once wrote, "His reading often went off on queer tangents. Admiration for Lafcadio Hearn reached such proportions that at one time he decided to read every work that obscure essayist had ever mentioned." Shaw is moved by such musings in much the same way that Mount Everest is disturbed by the occasional assaults on its summit. He goes right on reading, usually until one or two o'clock in the morning, and continues to discuss books with friends who are not ashamed to admit openly that they read.

In New Haven, Shaw's parents once again fell on hard times and, in 1920, had to move to Grand Avenue, a lesser neighborhood, much frequented by gangs of boys itching to start a rumble. Shaw is certain, now, that the advent of music in his life saved him from becoming a juvenile delinquent. In the Boy Scouts, besides tying running bowlines and sheepshanks, he had taken up the ukulele, acquiring a dilapidated instrument from a pawnshop, and now he settled in to learn the chords well. Shaw has never been able to approach a hobby lightly. "I like to learn *all* about it," he says of any enterprise in which he interests himself. His next period of learning centered on a cheap piano that his mother had bought, and then came a saxophone. For some months, Shaw had been a regular client of Poli's Palace Theatre, on Church Street, each time entering modestly by a side door as someone opened it to leave. The house featured vaudeville, and during one performance that Shaw watched, a youth in a vivid blue-and-white striped blazer walked out onto the stage, held up an object that Shaw later described as "a glistening, golden gadget with mother-of-pearl keys stuck all over it," and played a song called "Dreamy Melody." Openmouthed, the boy viewed this apotheosis of glamour, and was irrevocably hooked. He had arrived at the crossroads of his life. The actual mechanics of getting a saxophone Shaw found unexpectedly difficult. His mother, a piano buff, if not herself a player, took weeks to persuade, and his father blew sky-high. "Who needs it?" was his most frequently repeated query. In the end, Shaw, now thirteen, got a summer-vacation job at Gorn's Delicatessen, at a salary of four dollars a week, and saved forty dollars. For this sum he was handed, at Wrozina's Music Shop, a C-melody saxophone, plus a case, cleaners, and a small can of oil with which to keep the keys

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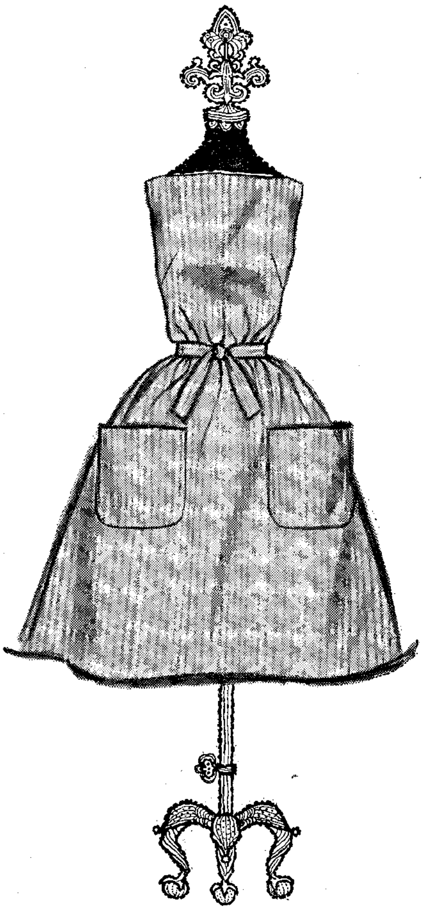

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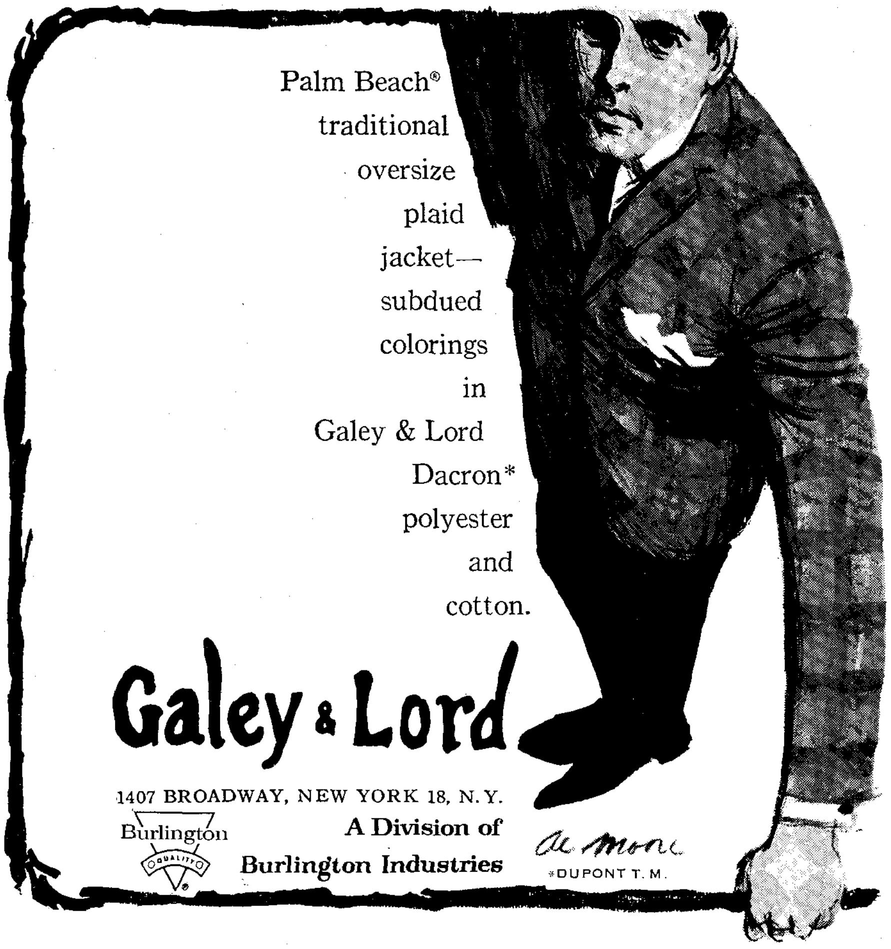

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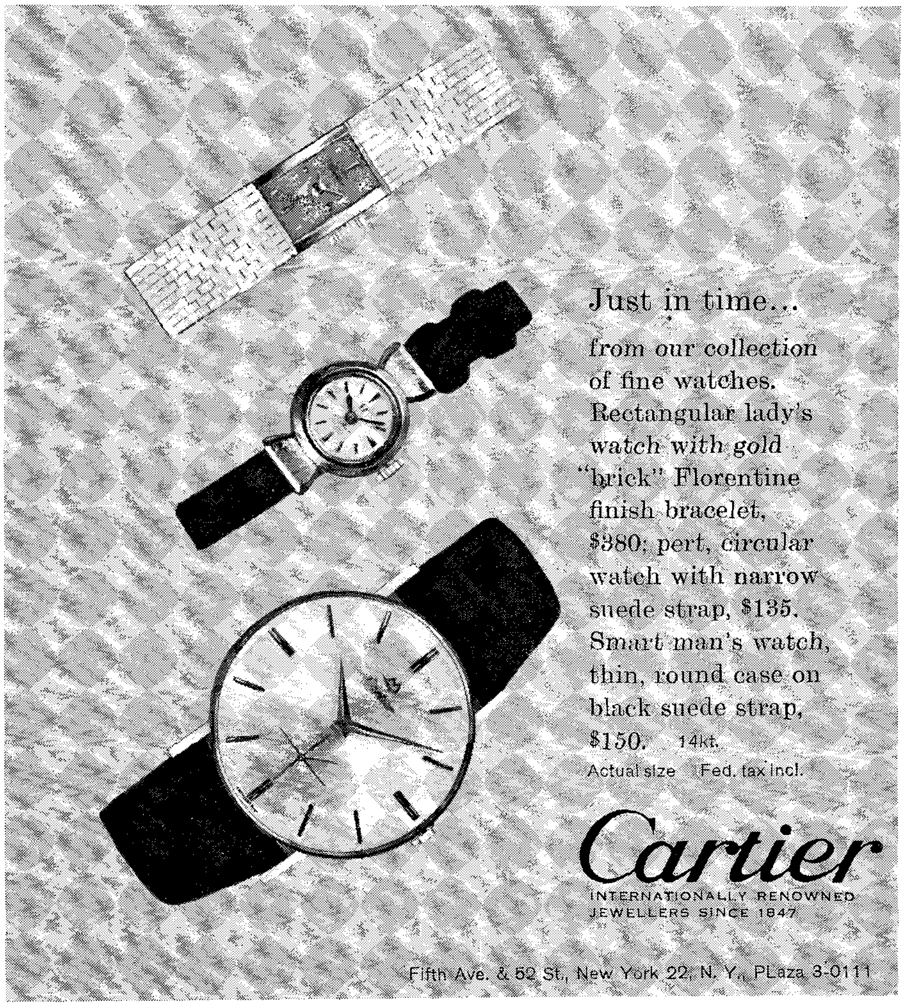

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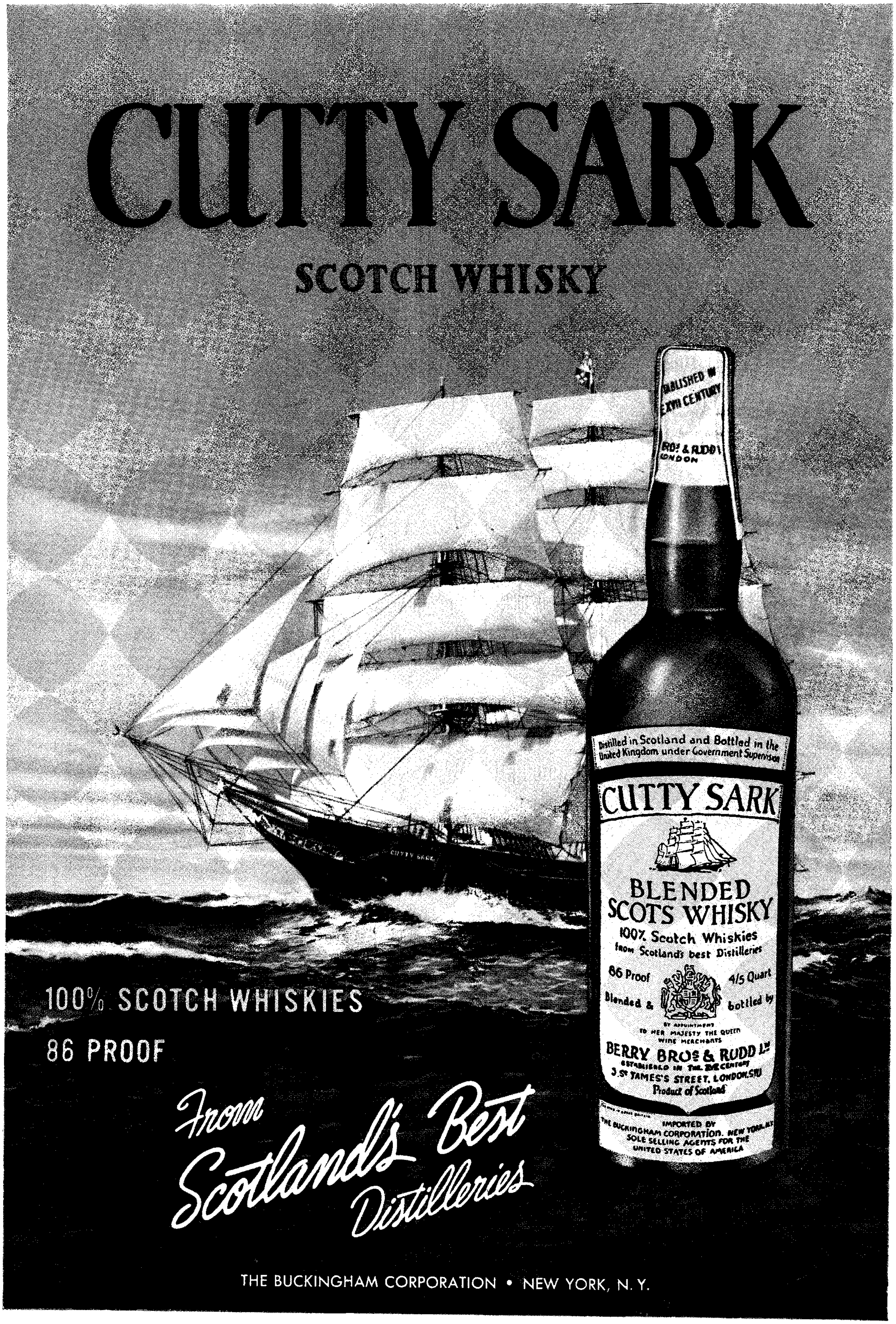
fluent. The only item missing was a book of directions. He sprinted back to Wrozina's and prevailed upon the salesman to show him how to work the keys; then he dug in for some exceedingly squawky practice sessions. At the height of these, Mr. Arshawsky, looking dishevelled, stated that he was leaving for California. "So I'll send for you," he said irritably to the relict. Somehow, he never did. Shaw now says that he understands his father's frustrations, but at the time both mother and son felt that the domestic air had been cleared by the evasion. Mrs. Arshawsky was able to get on with her sewing, and Shaw buckled down to his horn. "Hey, Mom, listen to *this!*" was the conversational staple in the house for several months.

The first piece ever played in public on a reed instrument by Arthur Arshawsky was "Charlie My Boy," and it was done without recourse to the chromatic scale. The occasion came perilously close to being a fiasco. A neighborhood theatre had a custom of presenting its patrons with a weekly Amateur Night, and at one of these, late in 1924, Shaw turned up as a contestant, dressed in a knickerbocker suit that he loathed, and carrying his blower. A large and rather raucous crowd of his friends and schoolmates was in attendance. Onstage, Shaw advised the pianist of his selection, then took off on the count of four—or shortly after her start on the count of three. Equally painful, they were working in different keys. He recalls that he was drenched in sweat and rickety in the knees; still, he apparently offset the frail anatomy of his technique with a kind of bull-like gusto, and he won the five-dollar first prize. "I suddenly saw a way I could become a big man," Shaw says. "I figured out what I wanted from life." With part of the money, he bought a record called "Saxophobia," featuring the acrobatic saxophonist Rudy Wiedoeft, and there now began a period that clearly brought out the principal ingredient of Shaw's disposition—a deadly, dogged, skull-cracking determination. His singleness of purpose during any given phase of learning is frightening—verging, indeed, on the suicidal. He practiced on his saxophone seven hours every day, until his lower lip was bleeding, his front teeth were sore, and his neck was stiff with fatigue. On a reed instrument, a good tone, as well as an especially high or low note, is produced partly by hard pressure of the mouth; Shaw, striving for effect, pressed down until his face was numbed into immobility. Eventually, when he felt that he had learned enough to keep a melody going, he teamed up with a friend, Gene Beecher, Jr., who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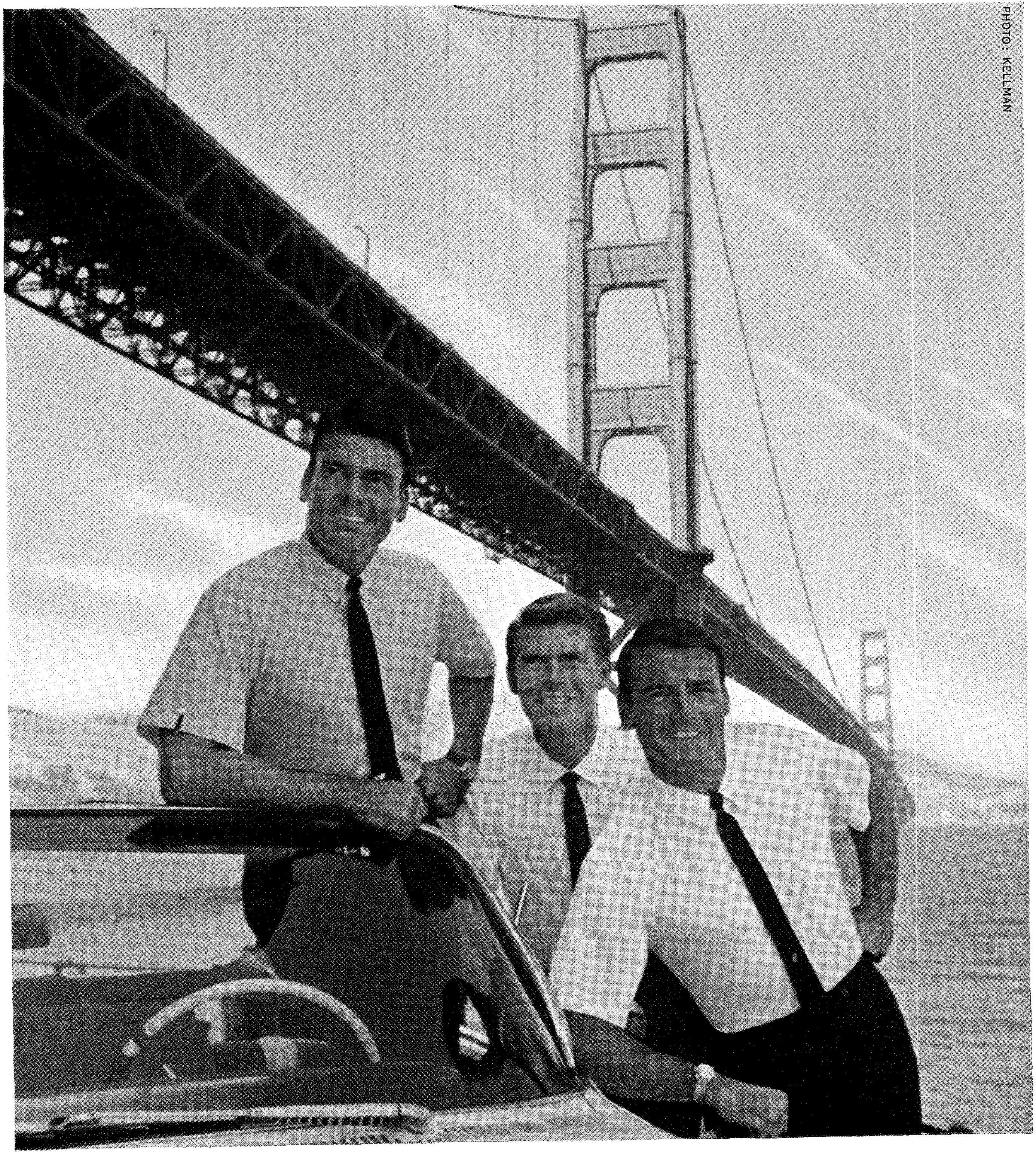
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played the banjo, and the two of them began appearing, for perhaps five dollars a performance, on various local Amateur Nights; they had discovered that these events were, in actuality, a semipro league, because the level of performance was so low that, to protect the theatre from physical violence by the fans, a few paid acts were thrown in each evening. (Shaw has not seen Beecher in years, but, as it happens, he now often sees his old partner's father, Gene Beecher, Sr., who, at seventy-six, is one of the best-known men in bench-rest rifle competition.) After the banjo-sax combination had become so familiar in amateur circles that its status was suspect, Shaw joined three other youths to form a group known as the Peter Pan Novelty Orchestra. It included (besides Shaw) a piano, a fiddle, and drums; the players took turns acting as leader, depending on who had secured the engagement, and everybody concentrated on the melody. The quartet appeared at weddings and similar family fiestas, and Shaw believes that many jobs were snagged by the expedient of wheedling relatives into exhausted acquiescence. By playing two or three times a week, he was able to contribute to the domestic budget, but his mother still carried the main load by sewing. One reason for this was that Shaw laid out much of his income for recordings and second-hand tuxedos. He says, with Bernard Shaw, "I did not throw myself into the struggle for life: I threw my mother into it."

The boy's first important musical berth was with Johnny Cavallaro's orchestra, a New Haven outfit that included several highly skilled men, among them Charlie Spivak on trumpet. A member of the band heard Shaw during a date of the Peter Pan Novelty Orchestra and excitedly took him, late in the evening, to the Cinderella Ballroom, the band's headquarters. There Shaw confidently sailed off, by himself, on a tune called "Red Hot Henrietta Brown."

Cavallaro's face remained impassive throughout. "Can you read?" he asked at the end.

"Yes, sir," Shaw told him eagerly. "I've read 'Kidnapped,' 'Huckleberry Finn'—"

"Sight-read," said Cavallaro.

"You mean music?" Shaw asked. "I can make out the spots on sheet music, but it takes a little time."

When Cavallaro stated that he couldn't use a man unable to sight-read, Shaw said, with aplomb, "I'll be able to sight-read perfectly within a month." A month later, to the day, he was back, as

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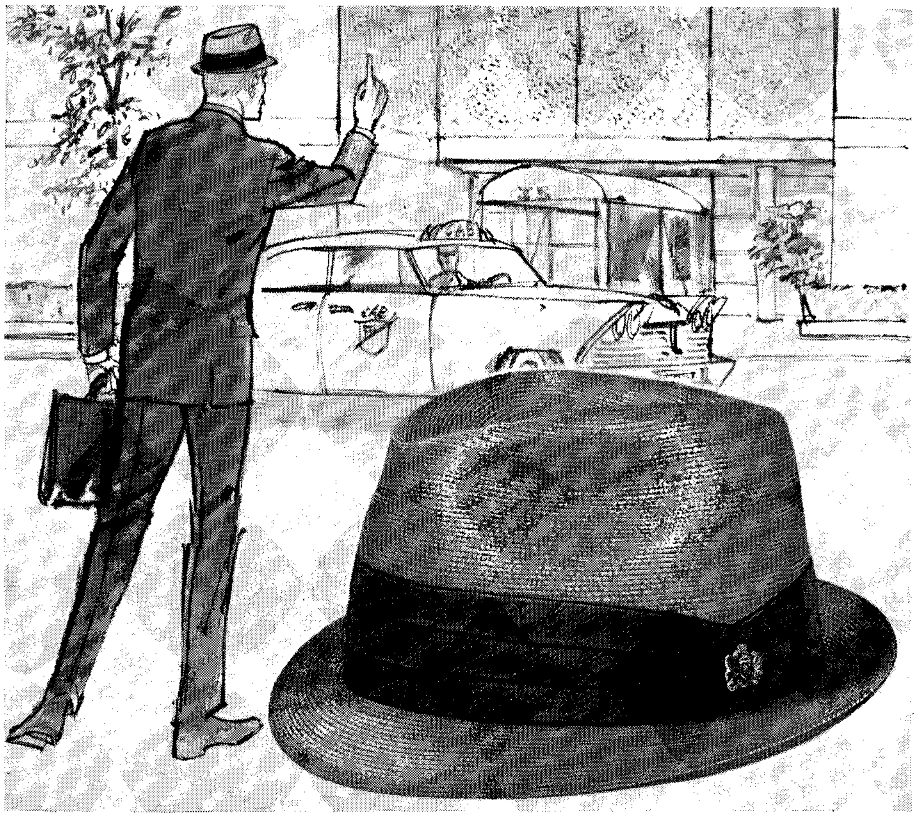

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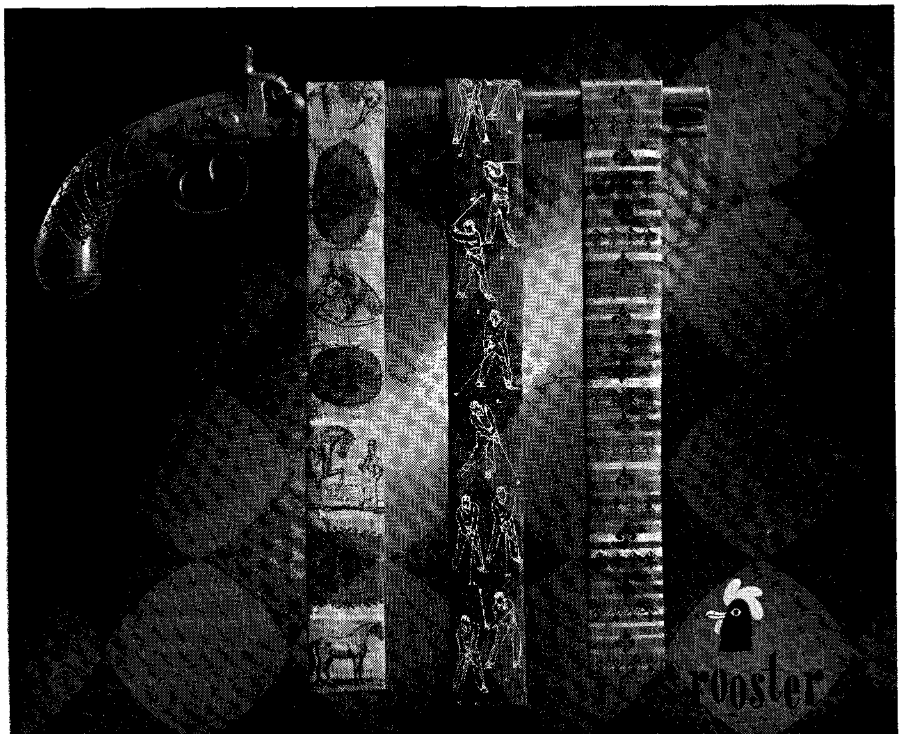

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sharply versed in sight-reading as any member of the band.

There now began an era for Shaw that is all but incomprehensible to people not dedicated to some particular line. The year was 1924, Shaw was fourteen, and his formal education had terminated, by mutual consent, in his sophomore year in high school. With his inimitable zeal, he had been practicing the sax and studying the styles of the best current jazz artists—notably Frankie Trumbauer and Bix Beiderbecke ("Trumbauer for dexterity, Bix musically"). In effect, he did nothing but play the saxophone. Besides holding forth at the Cinderella Ballroom, Cavallaro also "gigged around," or took occasional one-night jobs nearby, such as engagements at the fraternity houses of Wesleyan University. On Cavallaro's nights off, Shaw found work with other local bands—Eddie Wittstein's Society Orchestra and Les Laden's band, which had a saxophone player, Rudy Vallée, who was trying to develop a popular nasal style of singing. While Shaw was with the Cavallaro band, he officially changed his name from Arshawsky. His mother at first entered objections, then underwent a novel transformation. Observing that her son was acquiring a fine reputation, she, too, changed her name, and began to smoke cigarettes and to read jazz periodicals. "All of a sudden, she saw herself as Mrs. Artie Shaw," he says. Mrs. Shaw now lives on West Seventy-ninth Street; Shaw dropped in on her recently and found her propped up comfortably on a sofa, smoking a cigarette in a holder and going through some back copies of *Down Beat.*

Shaw, though only fifteen, was now living in a man's world, and this chronological imbalance soon caught up with him. In the summer, the Cavallaro band got a job for the season at Bantam Lake, a Connecticut resort. One Sunday afternoon, Shaw put on a bathing suit—a bright-red one—and was just about to leave the band's quarters for a dip in the lake when several of his colleagues called him back. They had laid in a few bottles of prohibition rye and a case of home-brew, and they thought it was time for Shaw to acquaint himself with the "boilermaker." "I decided to prove that I could drink as well as the next fellow," Shaw says, "and since the next fellow was drunk, I proved it easily." Specifically, he fell sound asleep in a corner. Eventually, the other members of the band shook themselves together and assembled in the resort's recreation hall to play background music for the customary Sunday-night silent film. Two hours later, Shaw woke up, totally be-

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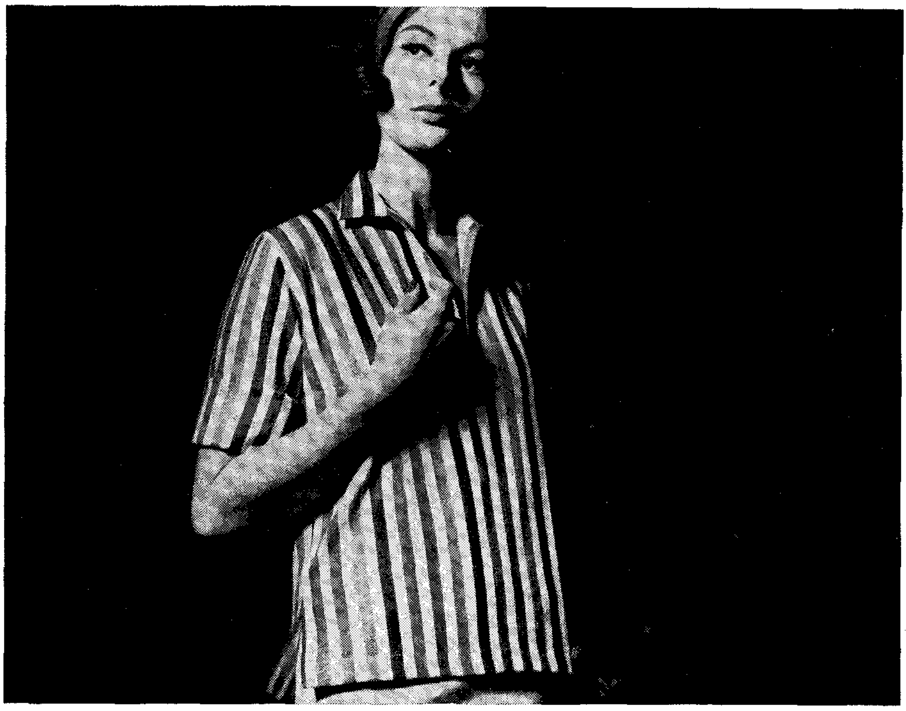

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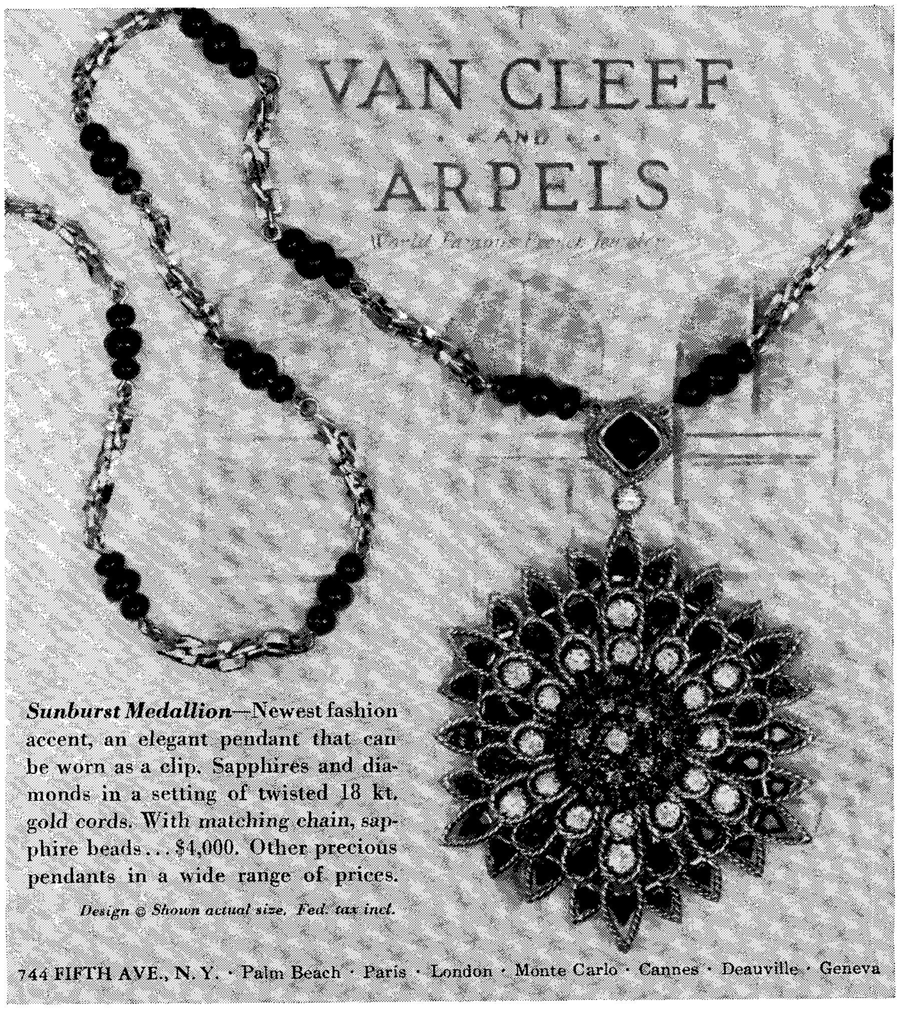

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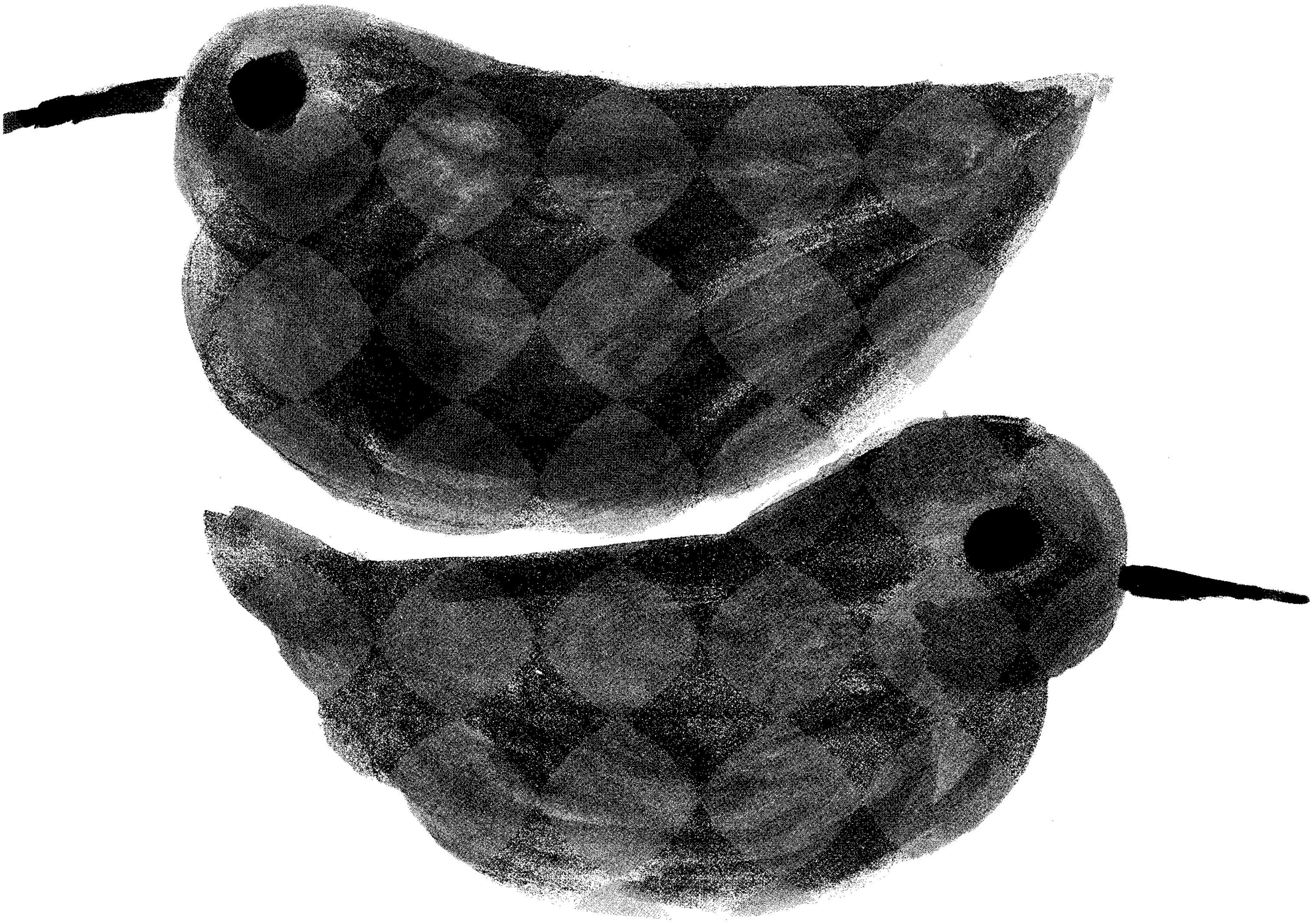
fuddled and animated by a single idea—to get to his post with the band as fast as he could. Grabbing his horn, he hotfooted it to the hall and tiptoed through the dark to his seat, getting there just in time for the film to end, the lights to come on, and a general gasp of dismay to arise at the sight of his costume. Within a very few minutes, he was an unemployed fifteen-year-old musician.

Back in New Haven, Shaw joined a pickup band that described itself as The Kentuckians—he's forgotten why—and presently went to Kentucky because the band was stuck with the name. The members left in two rattletrap cars obtained from a second-hand-car lot, and, by refilling both radiators and changing the tires every few miles, ultimately arrived in Lexington. Here they got a job at the Joyland Casino, which folded on the fifth night of their engagement. When the band broke up, Shaw left his rooming house and took to sleeping in the parks. This would have been a bleak period for a career bindle stiff; for a lad of Shaw's age it was desperate. He ran entirely out of money and had to hock his instruments. When he had gnawed through the small sum thus acquired, he was face to face with starvation. It is well established that the higher vertebrate, back to the wall, is capable of incredible audacity; Shaw turned his shirt inside out for cleanliness, combed his hair at a public lavatory, did his nails, and walked into the smartest restaurant in town. He was fresh from his headquarters in the city's finest park, and his manner was superficially jaunty. With a manorial air, he ordered and put away two veal cutlets, mashed potatoes and brown gravy, asparagus with Hollandaise sauce, rice pudding, and coffee. Then he summoned the proprietor and announced that he was stony. For a few minutes, it was touch and go whether he would lodge in jail; then he tackled the traditional chore of dishwashing, and, characteristically, did a thorough job. Practicing his system of deferred payment on every restaurant in town, Shaw soon became the best-known and worst-hated moocher in Lexington café circles. Then, providentially, a travelling band came through, and he talked himself into a tryout. In appearance, he might have been an underfed juvenile tramp—that is, except for one marked difference. His face, though haunted by penury, had a firm, positive look. Like Dorothy Baker's trumpeter in "Young Man with a Horn," he had "the tight, nervous face of a man who knows something," and the bandleader recognized it. He handed over a saxophone and sig-



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nalled to his piano man, and Shaw swung softly into "Sweet Georgia Brown." The music burst out like a spring freshet, so clearly unusual that the band members stared in amazement. Without devising ornate elaborations on the theme, Shaw drove along gently, throwing away a difficult, unexpected chorus now and then, and finished in a mood of seeming abstraction. Quite obviously, he had little real interest in whether anybody liked it or not. He himself liked it, and he was the one who knew. The job, needless to say, was his, and he soon had acquired the necessary funds to get himself back to New Haven.

Cavallaro, meanwhile, had managed to stifle his indignation over the red-bathing-suit episode. He had lined up some engagements in Florida that required the addition of a clarinet to the band, and because Shaw was the only man, or boy, he had ever seen learn to sight-read perfectly in a month, he took the problem to him. Reluctantly, Shaw bought a B-flat clarinet for thirty dollars and got down to some practicing at home. He had no intimation that the instrument was to carry him to the top of the jazz business, provide him with a half-million-dollar-a-year income, and make his name as well known as that of any movie star. On the contrary, he considered the instrument a crusher to master, and he almost gave it up. To begin with, the fingering was far different from that of a saxophone, and anything but a direct hit meant a nerve-jangling squeak. Another thing was that while the octave shift in the saxophone involves a single key, every change of octave on the clarinet requires entirely different fingering. Even Shaw's incomparable doggedness was challenged. By the time the band left for New York to catch a ship for Jacksonville, he was still not past the honk-and-squeak stage; by the time the ship docked in Florida, he had managed only to assemble his honks and squeaks into a reasonable approximation of a straight line. This was not enough, as he discovered when he launched into his first clarinet part on a bandstand. Cavallaro's explosion over the bathing suit was a mild ripple compared to what he produced over Shaw's noise. Only the fact that he would have had to pay two railroad fares—one to send Shaw home and another to bring his replacement down—kept him from firing Shaw all over again.

In the spring, when the band returned to New Haven, Shaw, though now certainly competent on the clarinet, was dropped from the ranks. Then, to his immense surprise (and, presumably, to Cavallaro's), he nailed down a stun-

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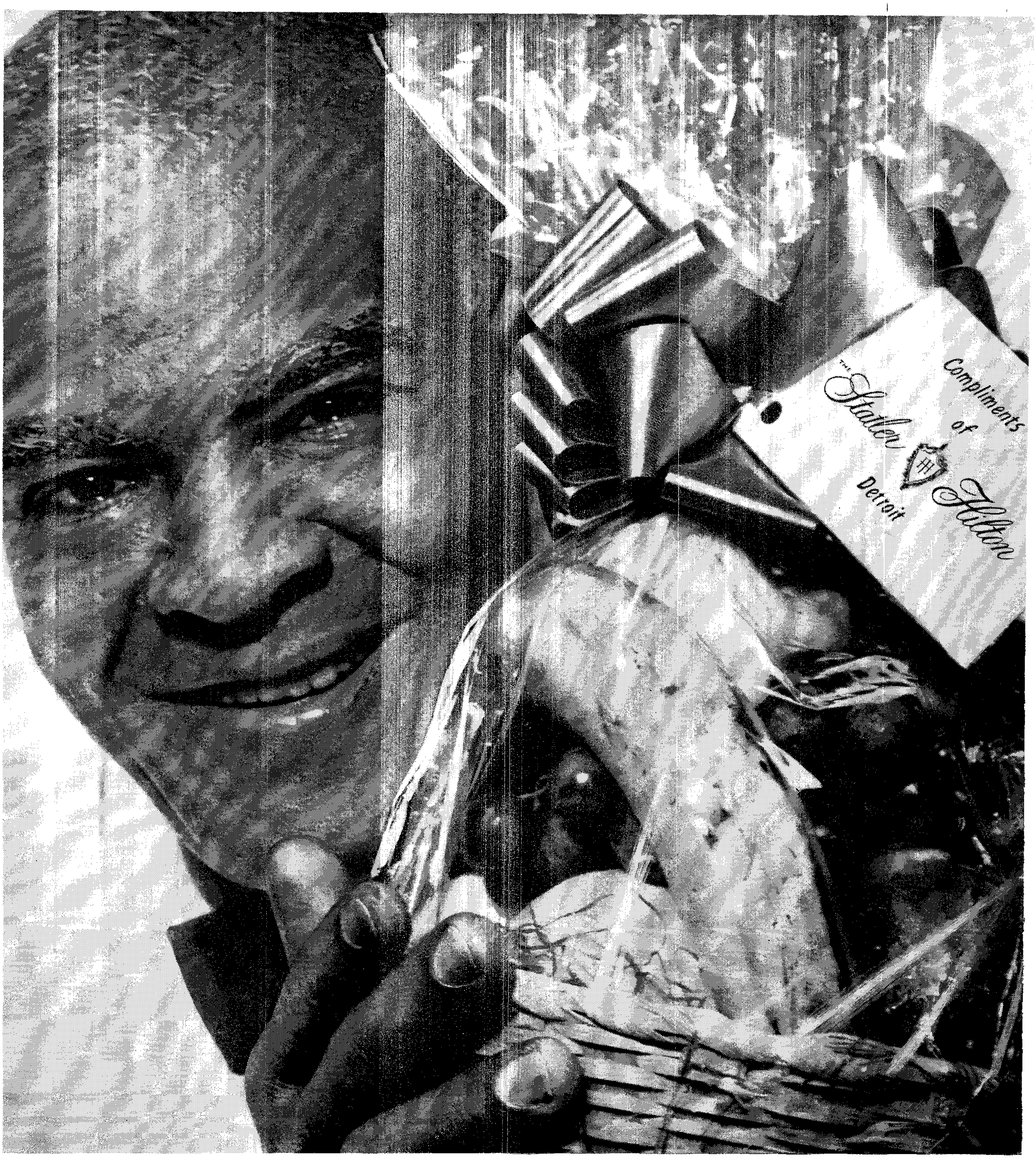
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ner of a job—first alto saxophone at New Haven's Olympia (now Paramount) Theatre. It was a job that taught him a great deal musically, and the pay was more than adequate (a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week is not bad for a fifteen-year-old boy), but the work was dull and confining, and he was delighted one evening to run across some acquaintances of his Florida days—Chuck Cantor and Willis Kelly. As with most musicians, to meet was to play together. The three of them repaired to the visitors' Hudson sedan and drove to a parking lot near the Yale Bowl, and there Shaw blew choruses for three hours. "I'd play a tune and do something to it," he says.

"Man!" said Chuck Cantor, at last. "My brother Joe can use you in his band at the Far East Restaurant in Cleveland."

Shaw's reply, predictable with him in those years, was "I don't doubt it. What does he pay?"

In 1926, Cleveland was in the full flower of its Chinese period; Chinese dine-and-dance restaurants were everywhere, and they hired good bands. Shaw and his mother moved there and took an apartment, which she decorated with devotion. "I had a regular show-biz mother, like Milton Berle's," he says. "If I started off for work on an overcast afternoon, she'd make me wear galoshes. They looked uncommonly odd with a tuxedo." The band played a gruelling schedule at the Far East, but Shaw has, as stated, extraordinary drive, and to take up some of the slack, he introduced himself to the separate musical world of arranging and orchestrating. His first arrangement, which Cantor obligingly played, was so raw and bumpy that Shaw was appalled. Previously, he had thought that arrangements appeared, like genii, in response to the uncomplicated act of rubbing a pencil idly over a staff; now, having failed (and having earned some very dirty looks from Cantor, from the Chinese waiters, and from the patrons), he determined to become proficient at the unfamiliar art. He began to sit up late into the mornings, studying the work of other arrangers and trying new combinations of his own. One penalty of his new application was insomnia. After the jangling sessions on the stand and the additional work on arrangements, he simply couldn't get to sleep. He tried everything, including pills; then, in the main, he gave up. One night, in desperation, he drove to Akron, thirty miles distant, where he sat in the lobby of a hotel until dawn. He became so haggard that his colleagues nicknamed him Owl

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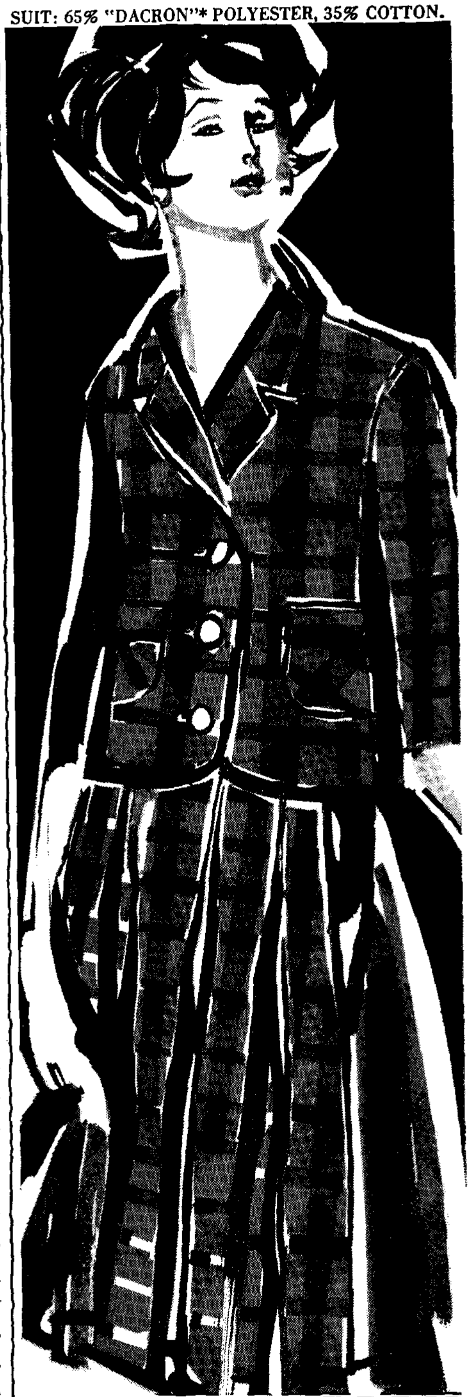

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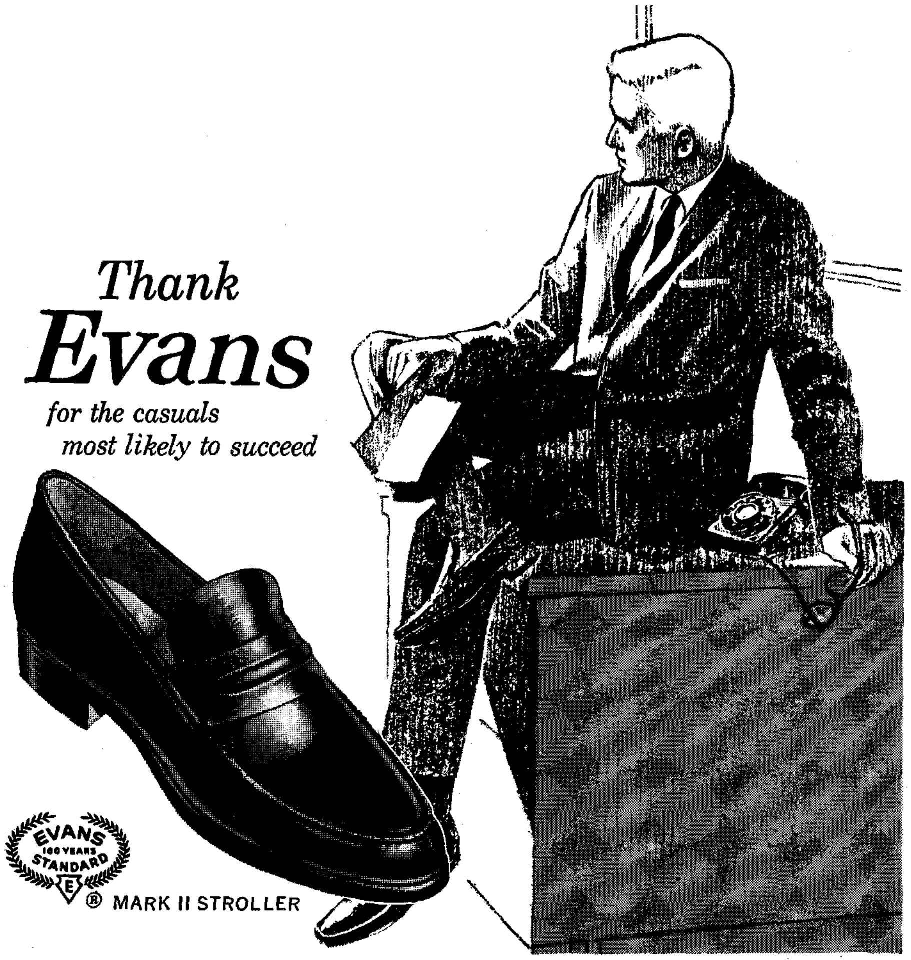
Eyes, and even a transfer to another band—Austin Wylie's, at the nearby Golden Pheasant Chinese Restaurant—brought little improvement. It was years afterward, in analysis, that Shaw came to recognize the principal source of his trouble in Cleveland: he was desperately lonely. The Chinese cafés required three sessions of music a day. The first was at lunch, and was attended largely by office girls who downed chow mein and danced with each other. For the musicians, the session was one of grinding ennui. From six-thirty to eight-thirty, the band played for dinner, and then it reassembled for a session of dancing from nine-thirty until one. Except for the omission of Sunday's lunch, this schedule went on seven days a week. Now, almost thirty-five years later, Shaw has no memory of how he amused himself in the empty afternoons. He believes that he walked the streets of Cleveland, window-shopping in a species of daze. It was, he thinks, a terrible life for a boy not yet twenty, and its only relief was a friendship he formed with Claude Thornhill, a young pianist with another Cleveland band, whom Shaw brought into the Wylie group by the easy expedient of writing several arrangements that required two pianos. Soon Shaw's mother returned to New York, for which she was homesick, and then he and Thornhill roomed together. The long pent-up dam of Shaw's yearning to communicate burst, and he has never properly slowed down since. On many occasions, he and Thornhill conversed the night through, covering all the subjects they knew, and many of the other kind, and Shaw found himself able to sleep again.

A CASE might be made for the proposition that Shaw entered the big-time dance-band world through literary, rather than musical, portals. After three years in Cleveland, still fighting boredom, he entered a newspaper contest designed to stir up interest in the 1929 National Air Races, which were to be held in the city. The entrant was supposed to set forth, in a hundred and fifty words, "How the National Air Races Would Benefit Cleveland," and then supply a thematic song title for the event. Shaw tossed off his title, "Song of the Skies," in approximately three seconds and then challenged the writing task. His first draft was around seven hundred words, but he kept pruning until he finally got it down to a hundred and thirty-five. Though it looked thin, he absently stuck it in the mail and forgot it. When he was declared the winner, in a week or so, he was stunned. The first



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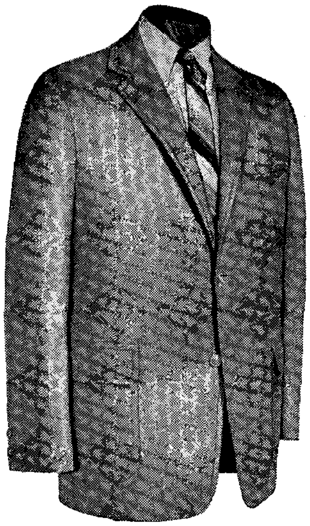

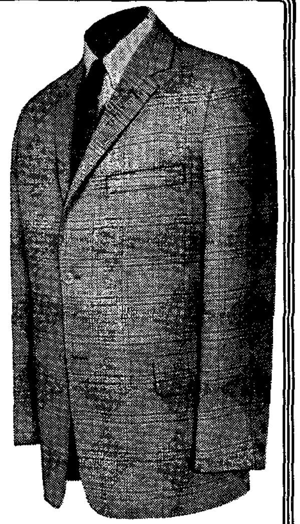

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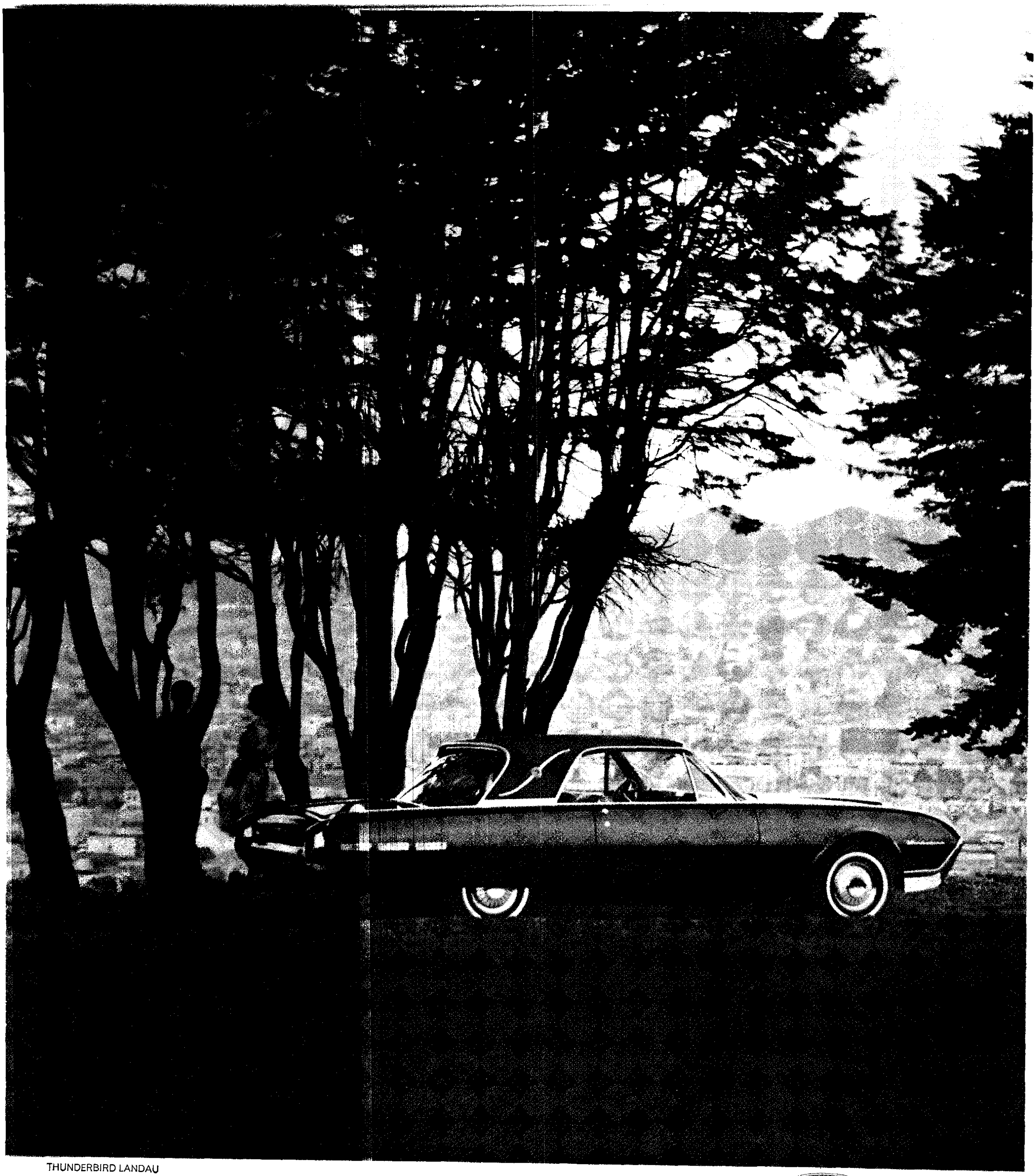
prize being a trip to Hollywood, he arranged for an exit visa from China in the form of a vacation and visited the film capital, ready to be fêted. He was shown a number of movie stars, fairly close up, and then, as usual, he ran into some musician pals—Charlie Trotta and Tony Pestritto. (Pestritto later changed his name to Pastor and became a well-known figure in Shaw's bands and then a leader of his own band.) They were playing with Irving Aaronson's Commanders, a big, nationally known hotel band of the day. Trotta and Pestritto insisted that Shaw join Aaronson's band, but nothing came of it for six months; both principals needed time to think things over. Shaw was finally lured away from Wylie by wire, without rancor on either side. Long afterward, Wylie was to function as road manager for a large band that Shaw took on tour.

Greatly set up, Shaw left Cleveland with his pockets full of cash. He had been making a hundred and seventy-five dollars a week with Wylie for work that involved, besides playing, the steady production of new arrangements. (Ten years later, he was offered a flat fifty thousand dollars for a two-week date in the city; tired out, he turned it down and went fishing in Maine, bagging one lonely trout. "It may well have been the most expensive fish ever caught," he says.) In Hollywood with Aaronson, his troubles started immediately. The Commanders, in the style of that period's big bands, were required to be showmen as well as musicians. They put on funny hats, flapped their arms, crowed, shuffled dance steps, told jokes, impersonated females, and did other things that caused Shaw agony. It was not until Aaronson took a road tour and stopped for six weeks in Chicago that Shaw mastered his musical frustration. The trip opened up a new world for a boy whose previous experience had been very limited. It was 1929, and the big wave of the new music was coming on; jazz—good jazz—had moved up the Mississippi River from New Orleans and made Chicago its town. Louis Armstrong was setting the pace at the Sunset Café; Earl Hines was playing piano at the Grand Terrace; Jimmy Noone played the clarinet to standing room only at the Apex Club; and others—Beiderbecke, Bud Freeman, Muggsy Spanier, Red McKenzie, Jimmy McPartland, Gene Krupa, Jess Stacy, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, Bunny Berigan—floated from one joint to another, playing, listening, talking. Another boy of Shaw's age, Benny Goodman, had taken a long virtuoso jump in clarinet playing and was a



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member of Ben Pollack's band, which often came to town. The Chicago scene in its entirety represented a jazz addict's dream of heaven, and Shaw went slightly mad. Aaronson's band worked until 3 A.M. at the Granada Café; then Shaw headed for the Negro district. Often he sat in with Earl Hines until dawn, but at one time or another he played with everybody, concentrating on the clarinet. He still had his saxophones, but he had, he says, begun to "think clarinet" even when playing the sax, and he gradually laid the hybrid brass-and-reed instruments aside. A wonderful paradox of this Chicago revel was that much of the best music that the jazz world will ever hear was all but thrown away. It was the heyday of the dance marathons. These sapping manifestations of national hysteria used pickup bands during the late hours, and it was on such occasions that Shaw and company often held jam sessions. The sad spectacle of listless, drooping sufferers, clinging to each other for support and pushing themselves morosely over the floor, oblivious of anything but their anguish, is something that Shaw has not erased from his memory. "They were hearing good music, all right," he says, "but not one of those poor damn dancers paid the slightest attention."

When Aaronson's band reached New York, Shaw ran into a stretch of exceedingly hard luck. A man stepped off a curb in front of his car and was instantly killed. The accident was wholly unavoidable by Shaw, and, after slow, careful inquiries, police charges of manslaughter were dropped, but in the interim Aaronson's band had resumed its tour without him. Further, because of local union rules, Shaw had to wait six months before he could take another job. Adding to the coup de disgrâce, lawsuits filed by the victim's relatives siphoned off both his and his mother's ready cash. Shaw was temporarily without sustenance or employment. He recalls the period with pain, not only because of his unwarranted guilt feelings but out of dismay at his idleness. Still, there was music to listen to, and Harlem was the place for it. At Pod's and Jerry's cellar joint, he made friends with Willie the Lion Smith, of whose musicianship Shaw says, "I had never heard any piano playing like that before in my life." Most of the Chicago crowd were turning up in New York, along with the Dorsey brothers, Dave Tough, Max Kaminsky, Wingy Manone, Eddie Condon, Joe Bushkin, and others; all of them gyrated between Harlem and a music hangout on Fifty-third Street, in the shadow of the Sixth Avenue "L,"

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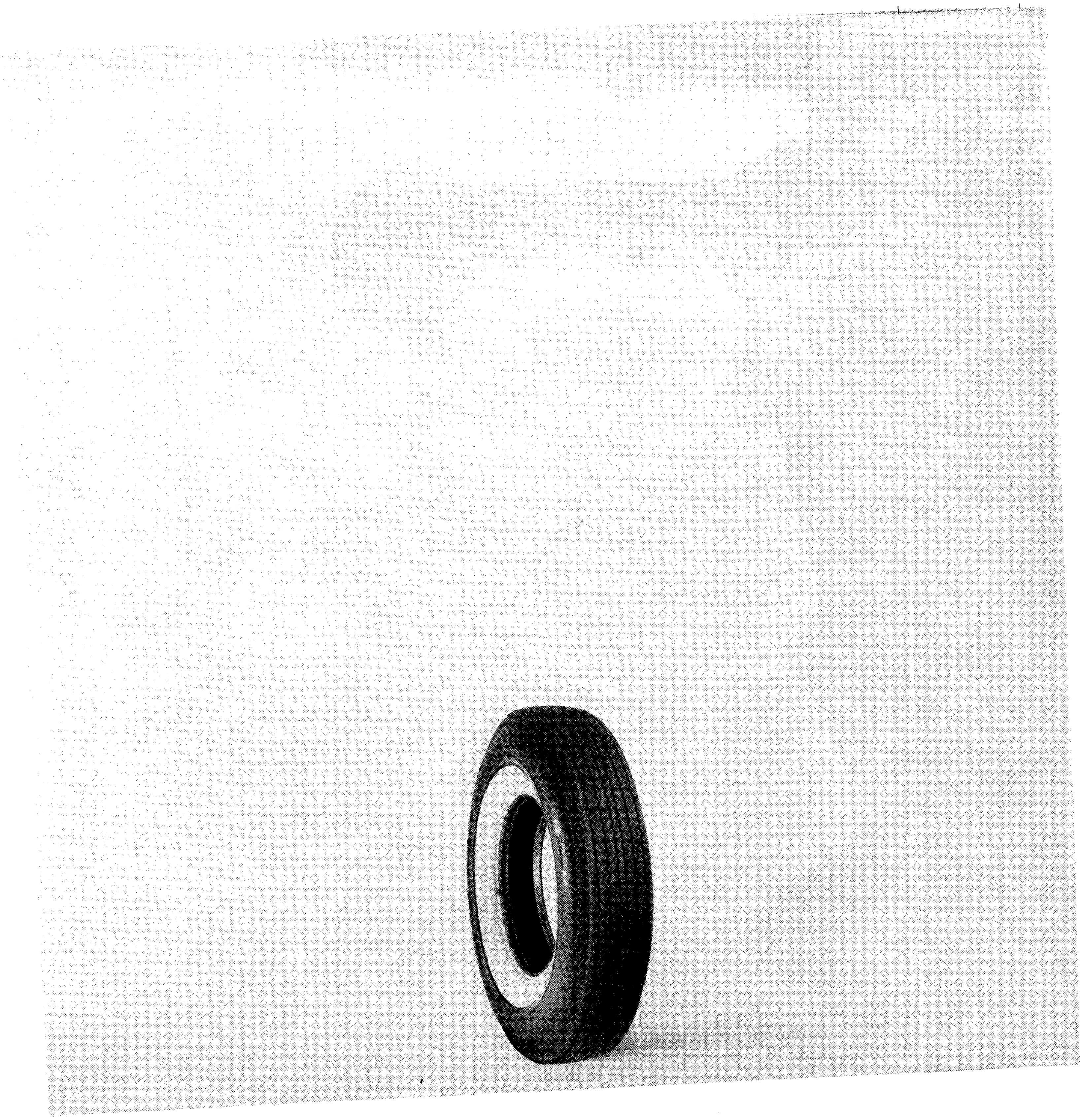

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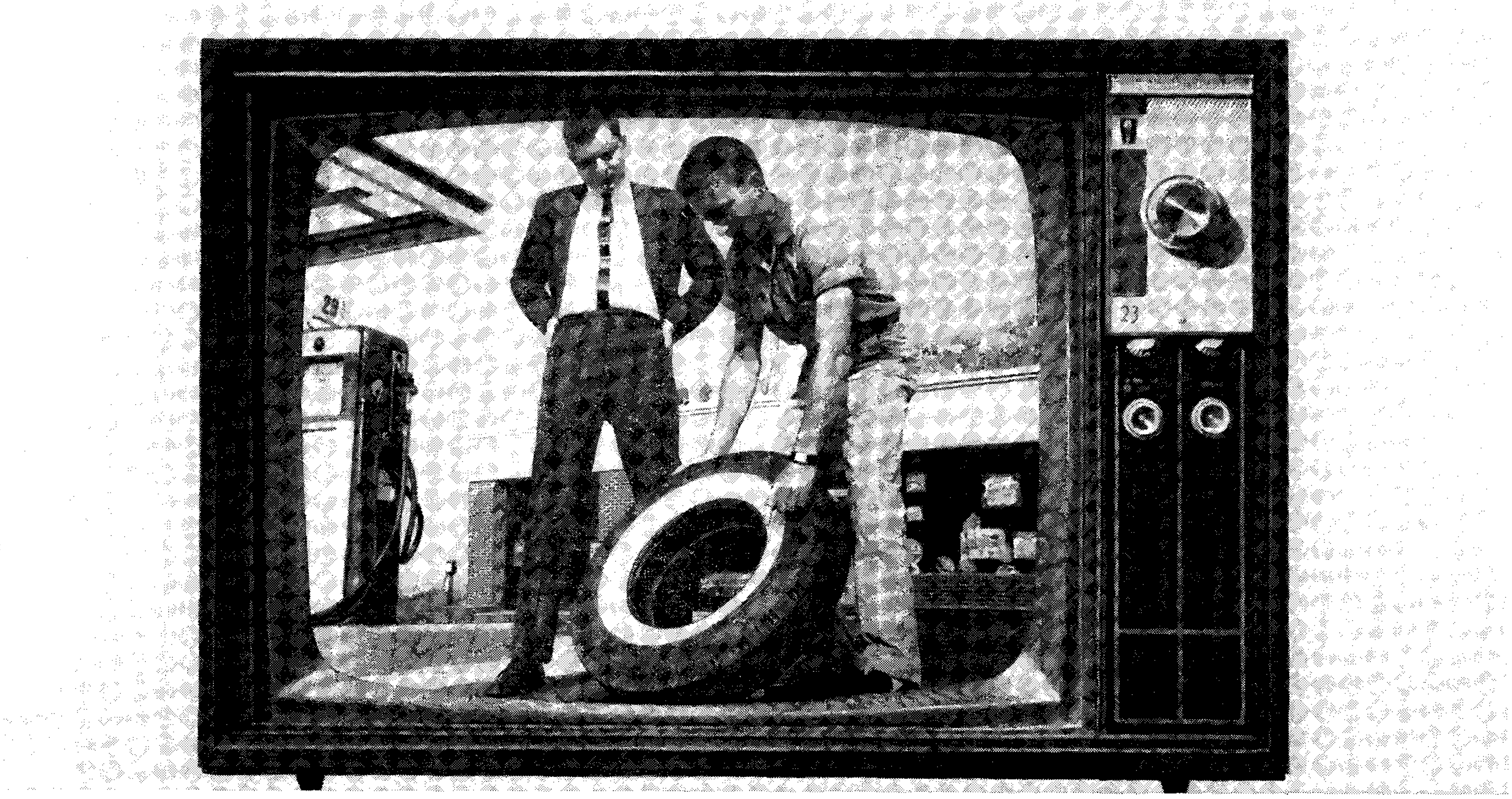

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run by a man named Jimmy Plunkett. It was a kind of jazz men's club-cum-speakeasy, and had a huge bulletin board on which job openings and miscellaneous messages were posted. From his connections here, once his six months' union probation was over, Shaw got a job with Red Nichols' band, which was playing at the Park Central Roof. Because of his long period without work, plus the added burden of litigation, he badly needed money, and he soon switched to Freddy Rich's big and highly paid house orchestra for the Columbia Broadcasting System. Very shortly, Shaw was making more money—upward of four hundred dollars a week—than even a twenty-year-old youth could get rid of. Yet there were handicaps. Rich was indeed the band's leader, but production men and sponsors sat by attentively in a control booth, eager to leap forward with the final say about musical interpretation. On one occasion, for instance, Shaw was contriving what seemed to him a pretty good sixteen-bar clarinet solo when the control booth leaped in.

"How *many men playing in that* spot?" the conductor was asked.

"Solo and rhythm section—five men in all," he answered.

"No good," said the production people. "The sponsor's paying for thirty-five men, and thirty-five's what he wants to hear."

Crushed, Rich put the band back at full gallop, the thirty-five playing *tout ensemble.*

Upsets of this kind at last persuaded Shaw that he was off on the wrong foot. He was making piles of money, he had become well known to the men in the trade who counted, his future looked bright, and he was wretched. There was a good chance, he saw, that he might compound his woes by becoming famous. Clearly, the only thing to do was to quit his job. He did so, bought a small farm in Bucks County, and moved there. For the immediate purpose of survival, he acquired a partner and cut firewood professionally, trucking it to Greenwich Village and hawking it door to door. His cheery cry of "Firewood! Get your nice fireplace logs!" became a melodious staple of the area, but, like most men of genius, he grew restive at work in an unsuitable line. He resumed practice on his clarinet and, in May of 1935, turned up for a then novel jazz concert, held at the old Imperial Theatre and sponsored by Joe Helbock, proprietor of the Onyx Club, on West Fifty-second Street, which had assumed importance as an after-hours hangout for musicians seeking jam sessions. For the concert, Shaw wrote (in about an hour's time,

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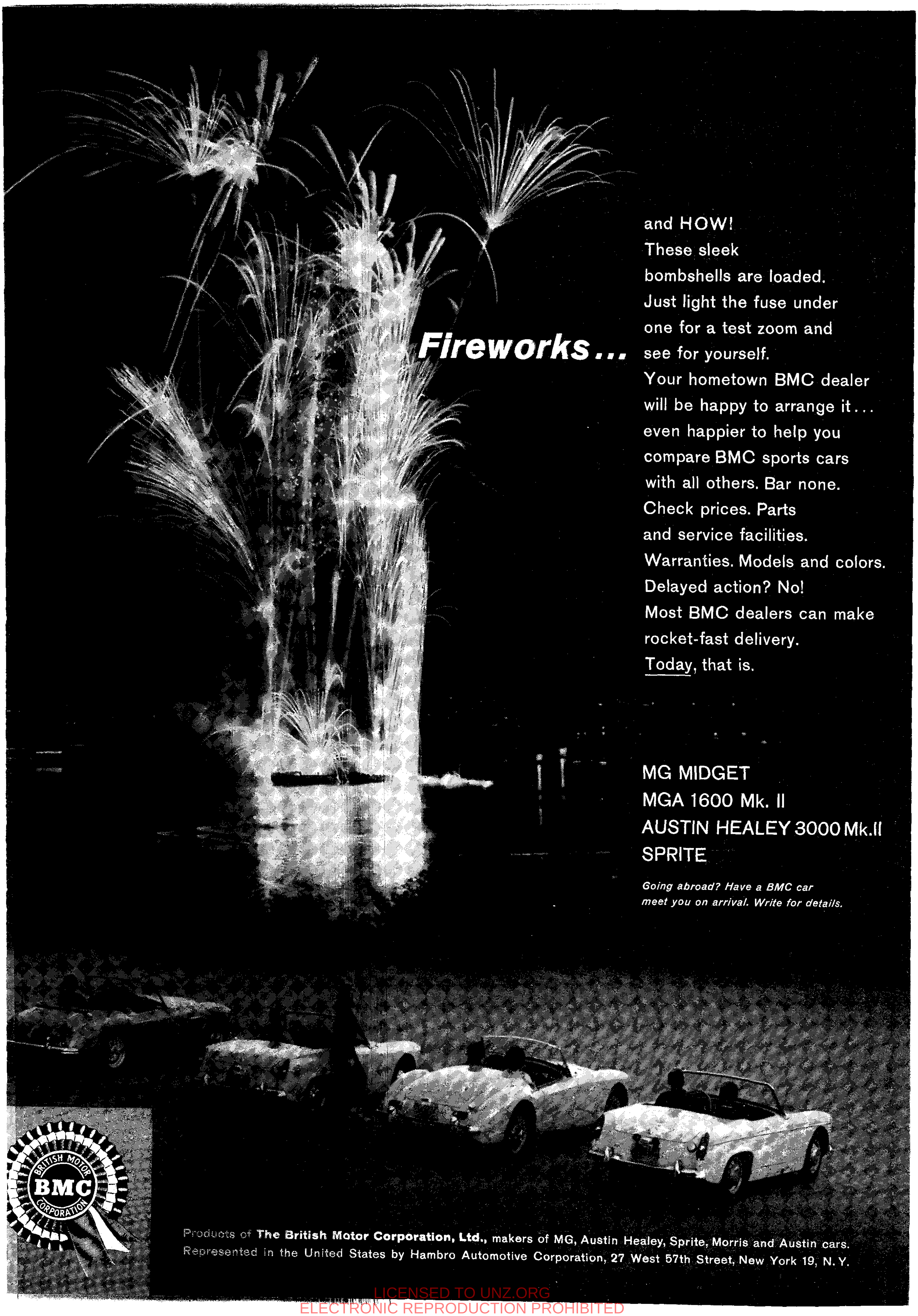

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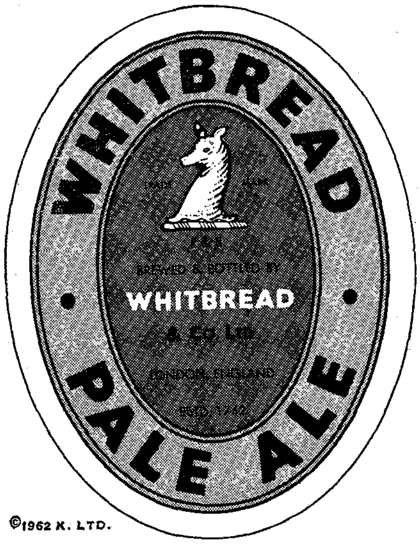

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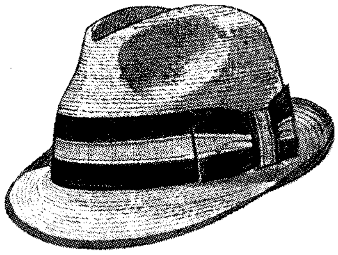
as he recalls) a piece for clarinet and strings, entitled "Interlude in B Flat." Then he rounded up a viola, a cello, a guitar, and a string bass. As a sop to Helbock, who had recklessly used the word "jazz" in connection with his concert, he added drums. Nearly all the big-name bands were on hand, but it was Shaw, a comparative unknown, who stopped the proceedings cold. After the oven blasts of hot brass, his fragile offering came as a sweet breeze, and the audience all but tore out the theatre's seats in its pleasure. The jazz critic Leonard Feather wrote, "Artie's one number, 'Interlude in B Flat,' broke up the show." In a way, it was the beginning of the end for Shaw; retiring and introspective, he was committed to a life of fame and command.

At the age of twenty-five, a veteran of ten years' standing, Shaw found himself off and running in the music business. It is conceivable that nobody has ever felt worse about tackling the burden of notoriety. He looked on himself as an old-timer, practically a has-been. At heart, he considered himself ready for the pasture, peace, and a sequestered trade in which to spend the declining years of his twenties. However, he yielded to the inevitable and, in the summer of 1935, he set about assembling a road band to be handled by one of the big agencies. It is characteristic of Shaw that he should have refused to organize the era's standard fourteen-piece group of three trumpets, three trombones, four saxophones and clarinets, drums, guitar, bass, and piano; instead, he merely added a few kindred instruments to his Helbock string ensemble. The result was not an overwhelming success. In the hinterland, people found the music elusive and undanceable. Peeved, Shaw scrapped his unit after its death throes at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook and began putting together a conventional outfit, which he hoped to make into "the loudest band in the whole goddam world." Hampered by limited funds, he had a problem getting good men at the start. He believes that he must have tested musicians by the hundred, usually at the Nola Studios, over Lindy's, which he rented for the purpose. He spent lots of time listening to rival bands at such places as the Roseland Ballroom and Coney Island, preparatory to making raids on their personnel. Sometimes he could lure a second trumpet, say, from a big-name band with the promise of a chance to play the kind of jazz that dance musicians favor. Eventually, he filled out his roster and took to the road. "The big thing is that, with time, the band began to pull together," Shaw



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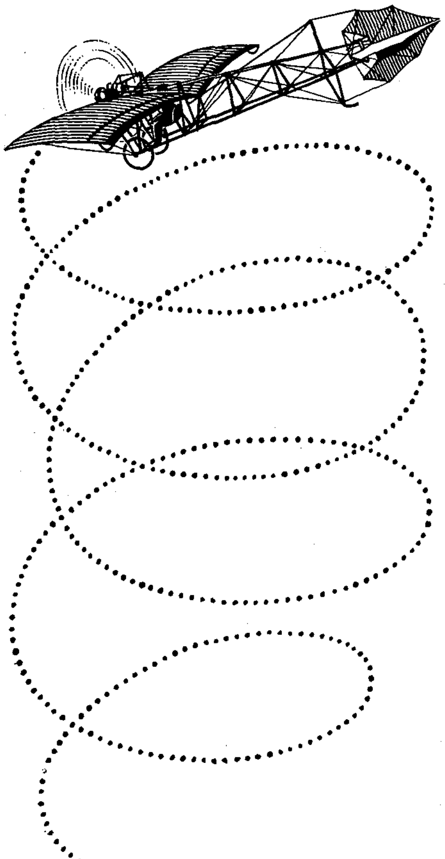

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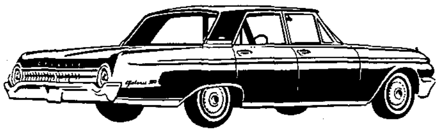

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says. "Quite often we were 'the other band'—the second band at college dances, for instance—and we'd play for two hundred and fifty dollars a night. That was all right. College kids are a grateful audience; they respond to the music, and even know a little something about it. One night at a Green Key hop—Dartmouth?—we were backing up Tommy Dorsey, and after our first number some Dorsey men rushed up to the stand and said, 'Man, you scared us. These guys of yours come on like savages.' Well, it was true. We were getting pretty good, sounding like a unit, like a band that thought as one man, not like a string of soloists. All along, that was what I aimed at, always."

HISTORIANS have agreed that the careers of successful men turn on largely unpremeditated incidents. In Shaw's case, his entire life was changed overnight, and forever, in 1938, when he was asked to record for Victor. Previously, on some relatively unsuccessful records he made with his string outfit for Brunswick, he had used the name "Art Shaw and His New Music;" the Victor officials, with their finely attuned ears, decided that the name sounded like a sneeze, so they changed it to "Artie Shaw." By this time, he had upward of two hundred arrangements, the opening statements of each section written by him and the details handled by an assistant, so he could offer extraordinary variety. For his first record, he settled on what he called a "slam-bang" version of Rudolf Friml's old moon-struck stage ditty "Indian Love Call," with Tony Pastor singing a slam-bang chorus. On the reverse, or throwaway, side of this maiden venture, Shaw elected to record a Cole Porter song called "Begin the Beguine." Around the Victor studio, everyone agreed that Shaw had a likely winner in "Love Call;" what they did not foresee was that "Begin the Beguine" would zoom up to become one of the biggest single hit records ever made, an evergreen of American popular music.

Suddenly a celebrity, Shaw now headed into what he looks back on as his nightmare period. His band became so greatly in demand that he was unable to accept more than a fraction of the engagements offered. His prices, of course, rose with his new status; there were many weeks when he *netted* thirty thousand dollars. He took on a manager (the first of a series), an attorney, singers (who were expected by his new public), orchestrators, and band boys. Fan letters began to pour in, reaching a peak of twenty thousand a week. For a while, he

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These are members of the Jantzen International Sports Club on an expedition to the Hanalei Plantation on Kauai.

Bob Cousy (upper left) wears sportswear appropriate to the office of Director General: a terry-lined jacket (12.95) and boxers (5.95).

Frank Gifford (lower left) wears the same trunks as Bob, in another color combination, with a matching shirt (6.95).

Ken Venturi (right) has solid walkers (7.95) that go with his shirt.

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l. to r.: Bob Cousy, Boston Celtics; Frank Gifford; sports announcer; Ken Venturi, golf pro.
Photo by Tom Kelley
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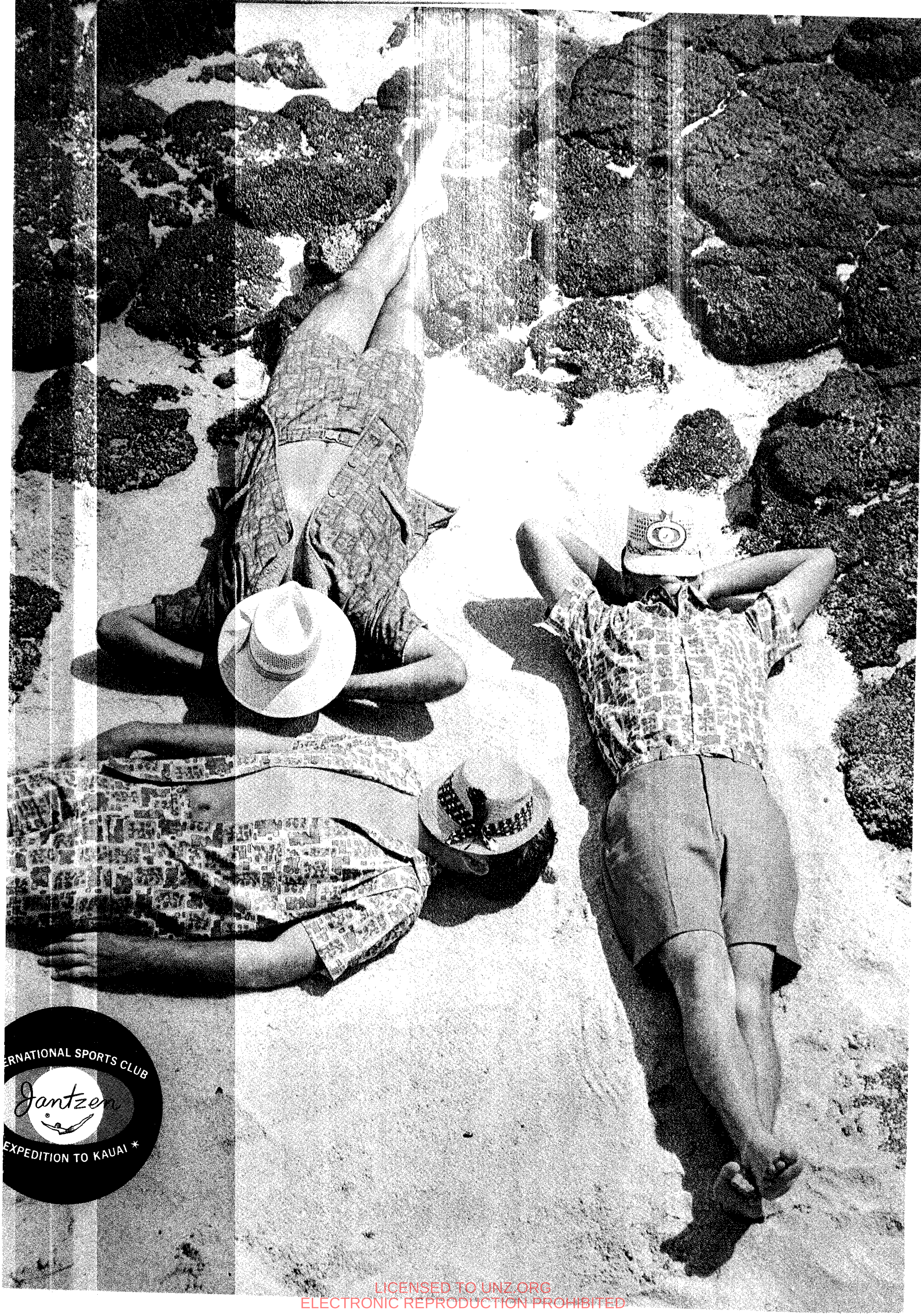
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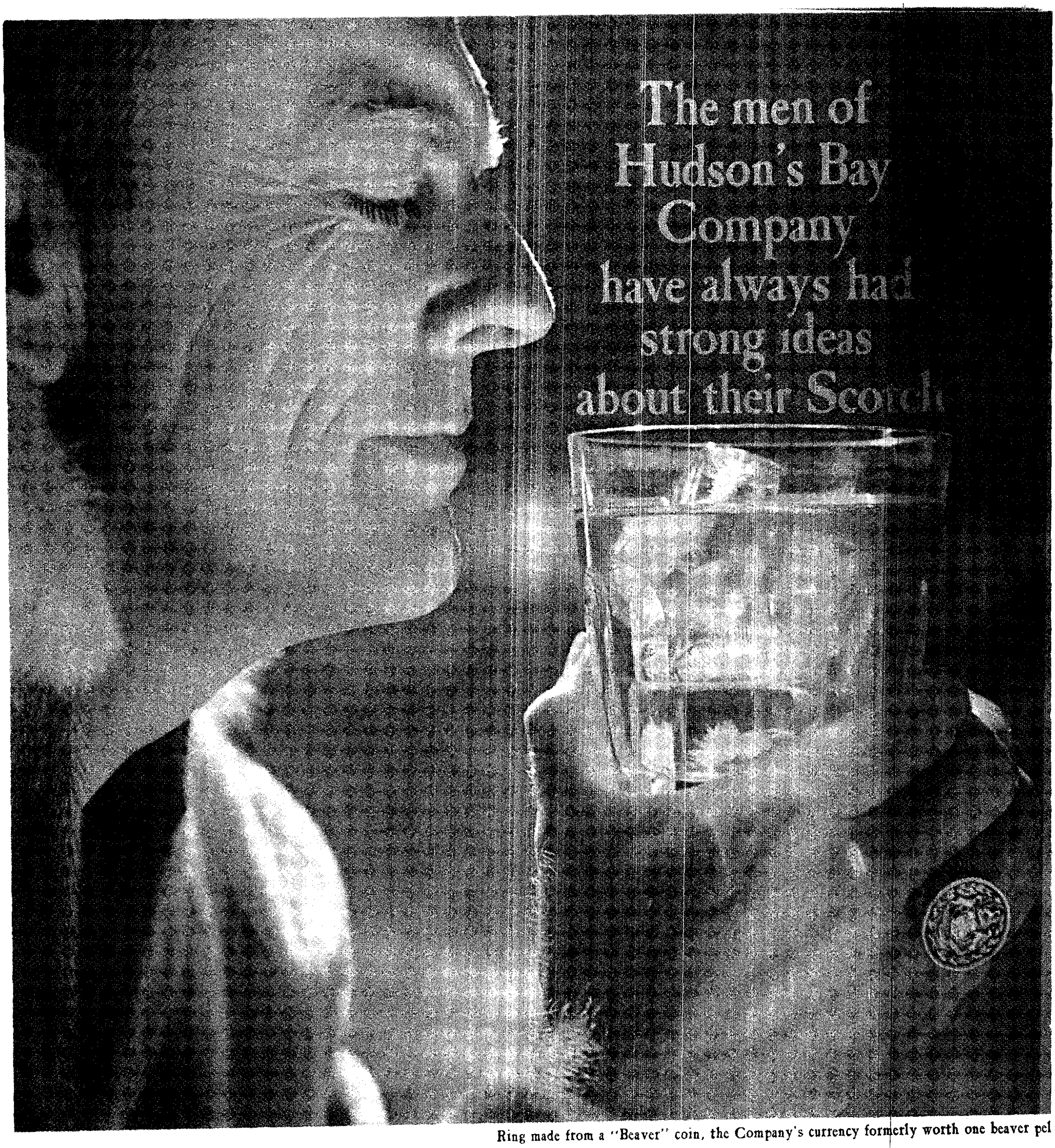

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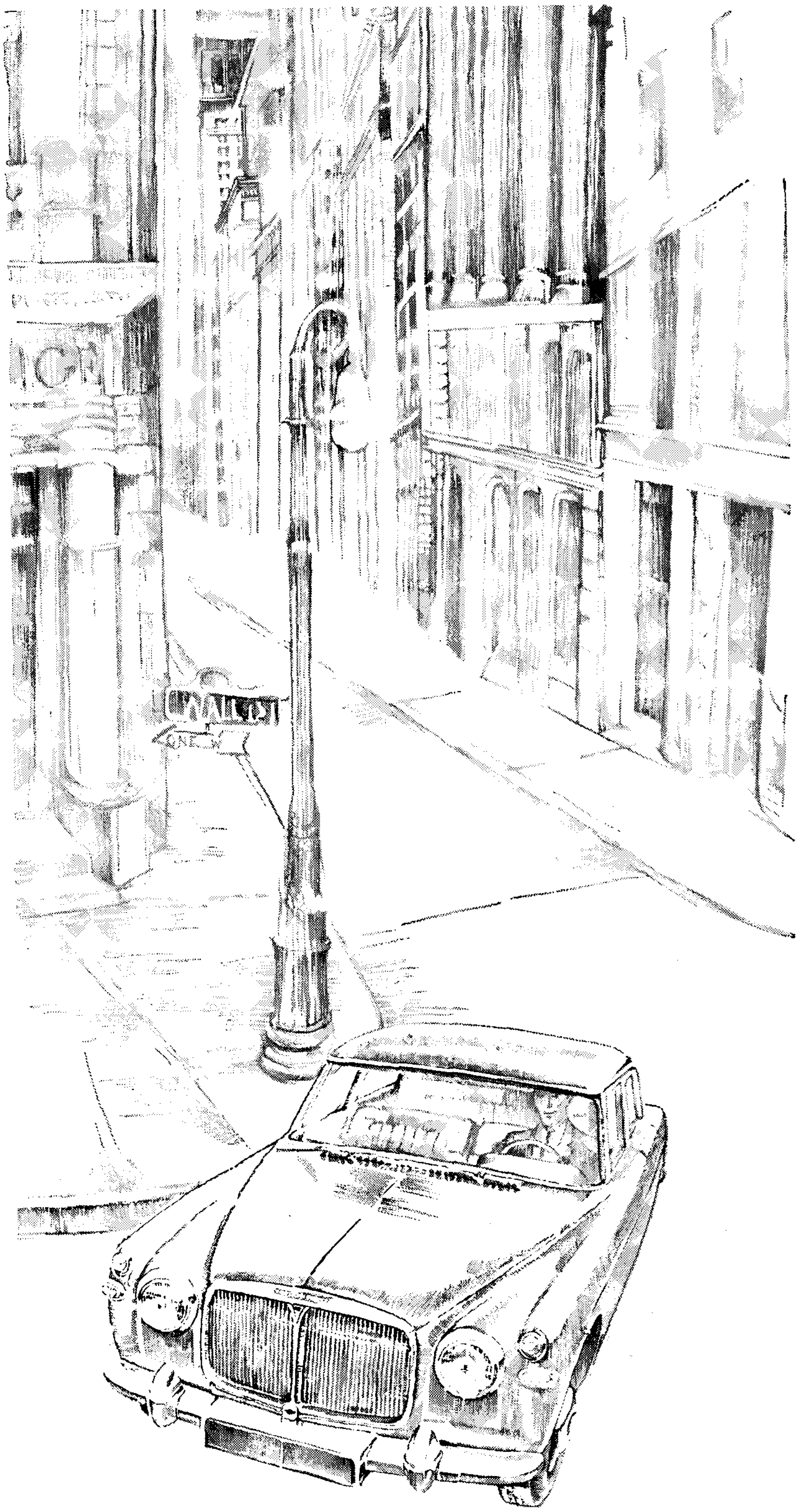
In this full blossom of public life, Shaw's actions in many ways grew singular. On the streets, he began to think that people were following him, and they were, mostly carrying autograph pads. "I began to develop a near paranoiac kind of behavior," he has written, with perfect candor. "When my band and I appeared out of town, there were times when I had to be escorted by policemen who formed a square and acted as a buffer between me and the mob of milling youngsters who wanted nothing more than to pull out my hair for a souvenir." It was in Boston in the late spring of 1938 that Shaw had his first intimations of eventual hermitry. He had been bedfast with a strep throat, and, on improving, had opened at the Ritz-Carlton ballroom. The next day, the ballroom manager stopped in for breakfast. With suspicious bonhomie, he said, "Laddie, I've committed you to something fine. Tomorrow afternoon, you'll play *a concert on Boston Common!*" Shaw arose, threw aside his dressing gown, and outlined his plans for retiring on the spot. The manager at length soothed him and talked him around. At the appointed hour, ten thousand shoving, jostling fans showed up on the Common, and their humor was prankish. With great difficulty, Shaw played the concert; then he climbed into a limousine with the Mayor. But the crowd, despite forty policemen in attendance, declined to open a way. Chanting, it took to rocking the car, which finally turned turtle, with a crash of glass. When Shaw had regained a measure of composure and mobility, he fought a retreating action on foot, fending off grasping hands all the way back to the



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Ritz. His lapels were ripped off, his jacket was split down the middle, his face was badly scratched, his hair was askew, his tie had been squeezed to a string, and his trousers were limp bags. It required three hours of steady persuasion by the manager to coax him down to the ballroom that night.

Those were the dark days, Shaw remembers, to be set in contrast to the times when the band burst into rich life and made all its members happy to be in the music business. At one time or another, he had any number of first-rate men in his band—men like Dave Tough, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, Barney Kessel, Sid Weiss, Jack Jenney, Ray Conniff, Roy Eldridge, Georgie Auld, and Hot Lips Page—and they all left a strong imprint on the still memorable music of his heyday. "When we were going, along in there—'38, '39—we had a band that could *blow*," he says. "I remember a night someplace in Pennsylvania—everybody tired, hungry, beat after a long jump on the road—and suddenly it happened. It was the best jazz night of my life. Don't ask me how. Most nights, I halfway hoped for rain, so nobody'd turn up. That way we could play without interference—the crowd almost always got between me and the music. But on this night everything worked. It was a *big* crowd, too, as I remember. I had a red-hot first trumpet—maybe it was Billy—and when that first phrase ripped out, I said to myself, 'Oh, boy, this is going to be *some* night!' Your first trumpet is the sound of your band, so to speak, and if he's off, you're off. But this time he ripped out strong and clean, and then our tenor sax leaped in and took the tune over, but with *authority*. Maybe I ought to tell a little anecdote right here. I once had a first trumpet, wonderful jazz man—well, his name was Charlie, that's enough—and he was giving me some trouble. I took him aside and said, 'Charlie, you're throwing us out with this marijuana you're smoking. You're not blowing good at all.' He said, 'Look here, Artie, I blow *better* being a little on pot. It comes out cleaner.' 'All right,' I said, 'we'll make a deal. Give me the sticks you'd use tonight, and *I'll* smoke 'em. Then *you* be the judge.' Well, I smoked one, and, do you know, I began to rock; I'd never felt better about how I was playing. At intermission, I said, 'I'll take it back, Charlie, I'm loose tonight, really swinging.' He looked me over sadly and said, 'Don't say it again, Artie. Man, you're *awful*.' That was the end of marijuana for Charlie; he really hated that sound. As a rule, I had one drink of bourbon at intermission, but

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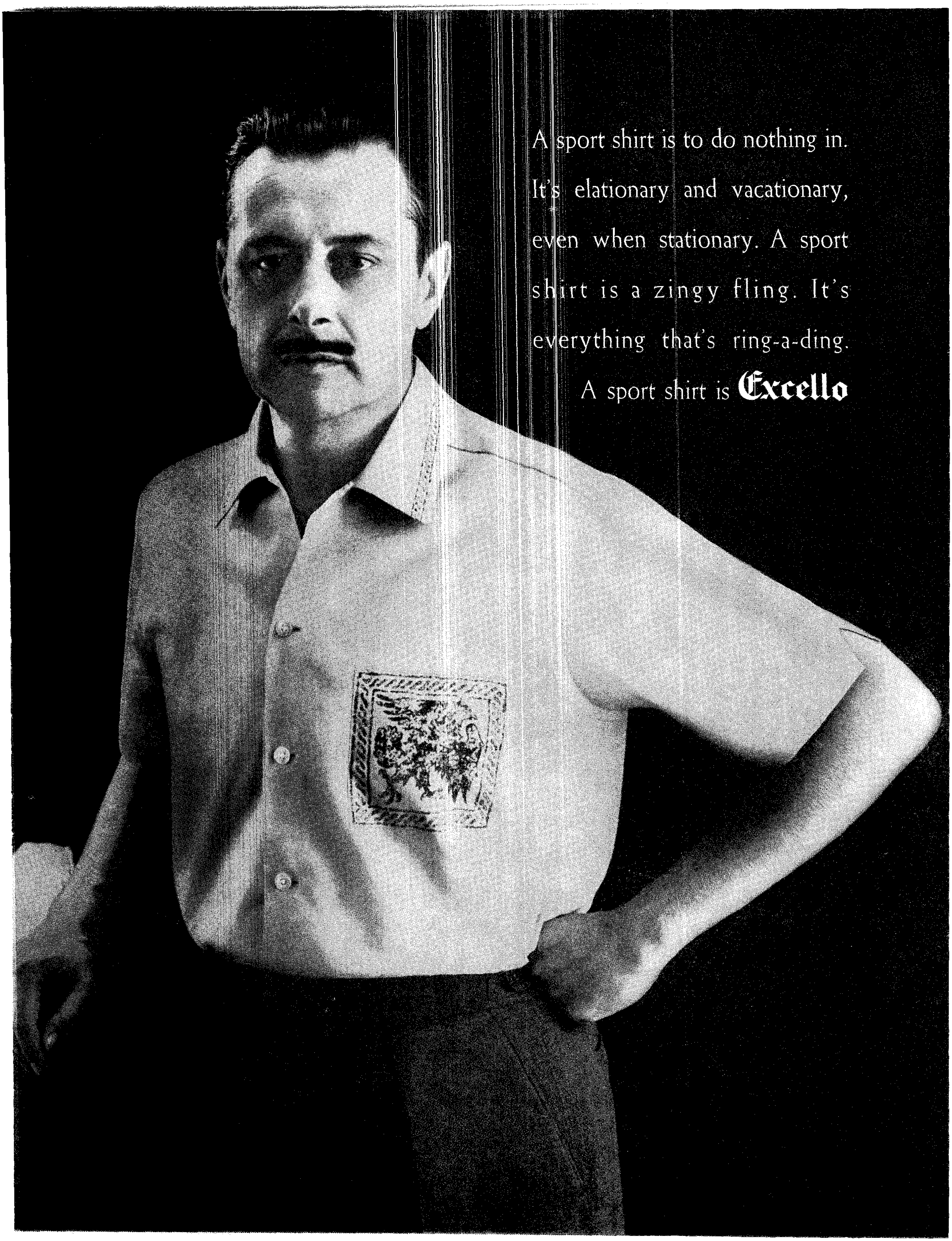
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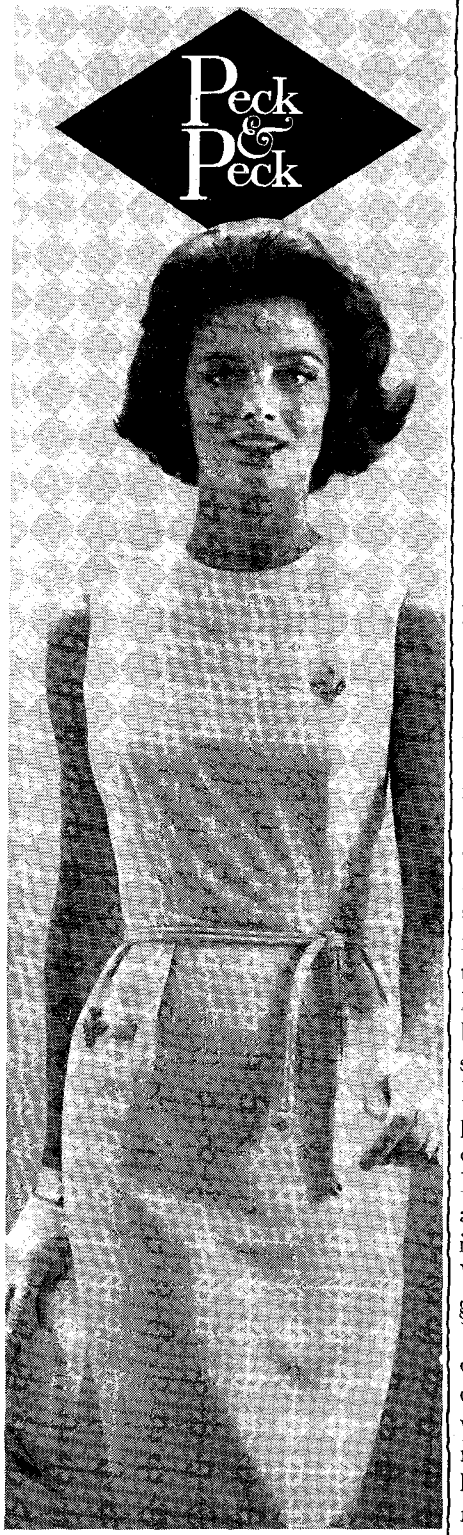

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for a while I felt shaky even about *that*. Anyhow, to get back, we were there in Pennsylvania, and on this first phrase I knew we were in. Everything swung. I was at the point where I didn't want to hear the rhythm section. I wanted to do it without leaning on anybody else's beat. Most people who can tap out a beat think they can play the drum or guitar or something. Well, I can tell you there's a big, big difference between hitting a beat and *making* a beat. I've heard people say, 'That Eddie Condon, he just sits there and doesn't play.' Oh, no! He's playing, all right; he's laying down a beat that a mummy could follow. Me, that night, I didn't try to respond to the beat. We did what I used to tell the men in rehearsal: 'If you swing in spite of my not wanting you to, you're *swinging*.' If somebody—me, too—made a little mistake, trying for a hard one, why, he *used* it, and maybe did it again, to show he was boss; he'd *use* it. The band just took over; suddenly it had a life of its own. We—maybe me particularly—were always known for *bending* notes, sort of, and once in a while we overdid it, but on this night I never had to say a word to a soul. You take a guy like Billy Butterfield, you *never* had to tell him anything, never had to make a suggestion to him the whole time we were together, but this night in Pennsylvania, this fine, short night, *nobody* needed leading. Man, we nearly tore the roof off of that place. I could see people looking up out of the sea below, mouths wide open. Funny thing was, later, when the men and I talked it over, nobody had any idea why *then*. What had happened? What combination of forces—fatigue, general misery, wanting out, all-round *Weltschmerz*, crowd feeling—brought on that wildness? I don't know to this day. Next night, we tried again the same way, and—gone. Oh, we blew, all right, but the wildness, that savage stuff, had packed up for a while. Funny, funny—maybe a little sad, too."

Despite the good nights, Shaw's irritation with the band business—with the unruly crowds, with temperamental musicians, with all the diffuse problems of management—grew no better, he was almost pleased to note, and in that year of 1939 things came to a head. In Hollywood, his strep throat recurred, and one evening at the Palomar Ballroom he fainted in full view of the crowd; he had come down with agranulocytopenia, a usually fatal blood disease. For several weeks he lay in a hospital, convalescing, and then came to New York for an extended date at the Pennsylvania Hotel. It was here, final-

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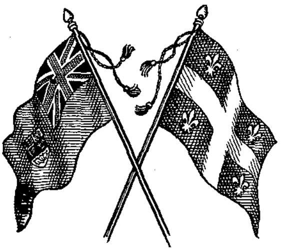

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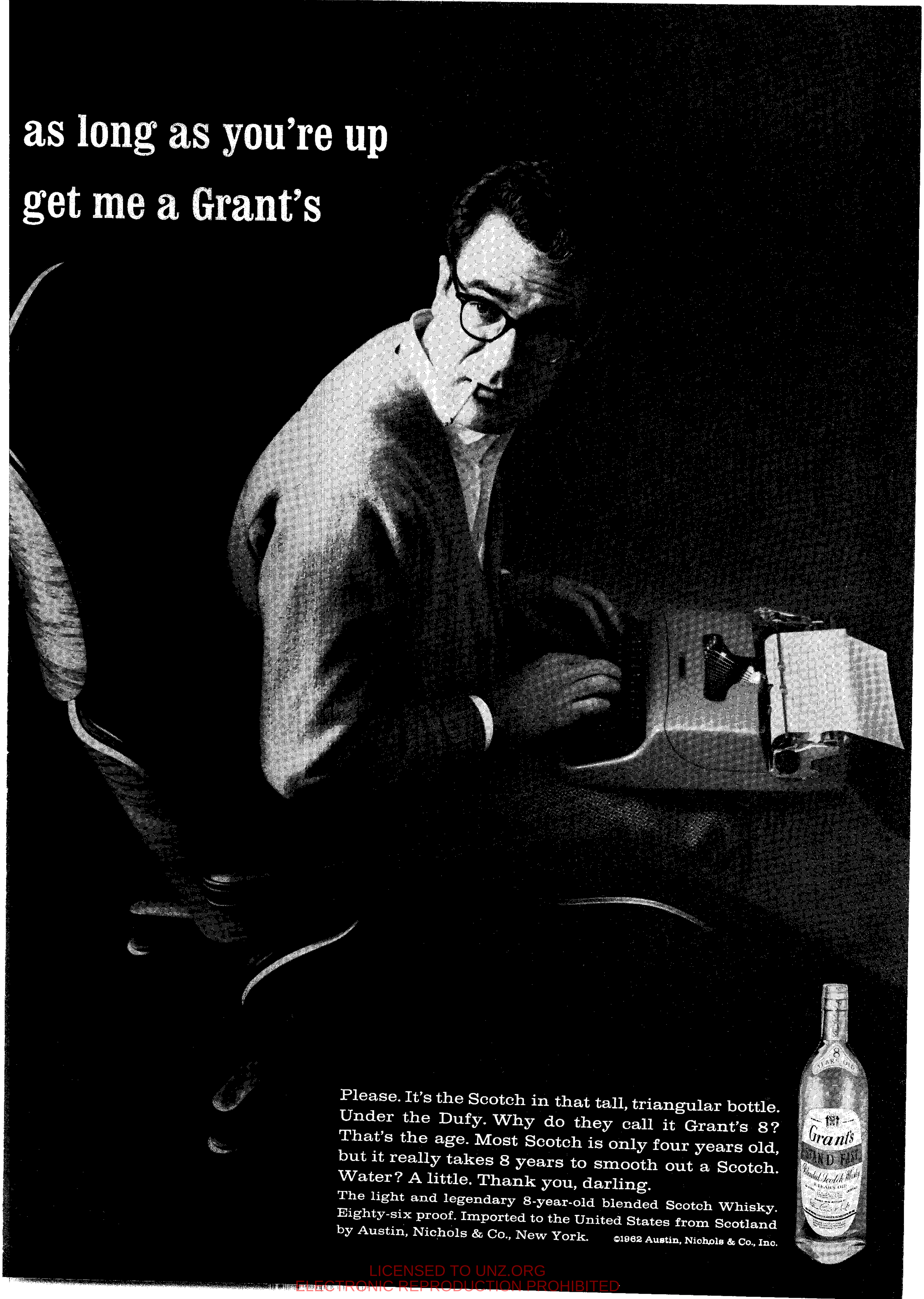
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ly, that he decided he was at the end of his rope. Summoning his long-suffering agent and his lawyer, he announced his retirement, to take place on the instant, or 11 P.M. There followed one of the liveliest wrangles in Shaw's friction-filled history. It was pointed out to him by the lawyer that his contract had several weeks to run. Shaw's reply was "Let it run."

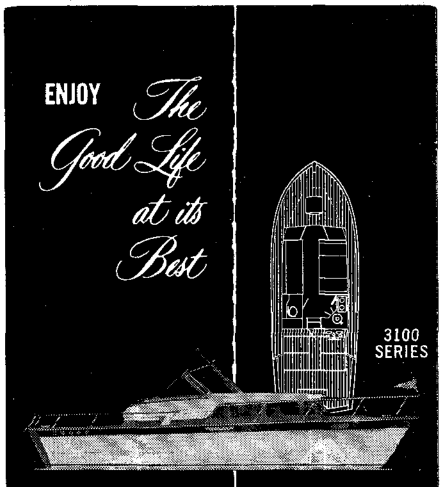
"You're cutting your throat," said the agent.

"It's my throat," said Shaw, "and, as a matter of fact, I've had a great deal of trouble with it lately."

As the sun rose, both the agent and the lawyer threw in the sponge. Shaw is a marathon talker, and he had stuck to his guns. Once more, he had fought loose from the throttling incubus of music. Summing everything up a few days later, the *Times* said, "Any commentary that might occur to us would be lost in our sense of admiration at the Shakespearean sweep of Mr. Shaw's exodus: the kind of spectacularly irreverent farewell to his work and former associates that even the timidest soul must occasionally dream of, a beautifully incautious burning of all his bridges behind him."

Leaving his burned bridges, Shaw went back to Hollywood and tried to get into the movies (it was during this period that he met and married Lana Turner), but it soon became apparent that his bridges would have to be rebuilt, and he did so in 1940, with a huge band—thirty-two pieces, including a lot of violins. The 1940 band recorded brilliantly for Victor. The pace was set by a tune, "Frenesi," which Shaw, on a trip to Mexico, had heard some peasants sing. ("I thought it was a folk song," he says. "That little error cost me approximately half a million dollars. Under the usual system, I could have made a deal with the composer for fifty per cent of the take in return for recording the tune. As it was, he got the money.") The 1940 band pleased Shaw in every way. For one thing, it was too big to fit easily on most stages; that meant trouble for managers and satisfaction for Shaw.

On Pearl Harbor Day, Shaw was in Providence, playing in a theatre. One of the first things he did upon the outbreak of hostilities was to go to California and marry Elizabeth Kern, the beautiful daughter of Jerome Kern, the composer, whom he had met during his sojourn there. Bringing her back East to a palatial apartment he maintained on Central Park South, he informed his lawyer, Andrew Weinberger, that he was planning to enter the Navy right away. After Weinberger's usual, and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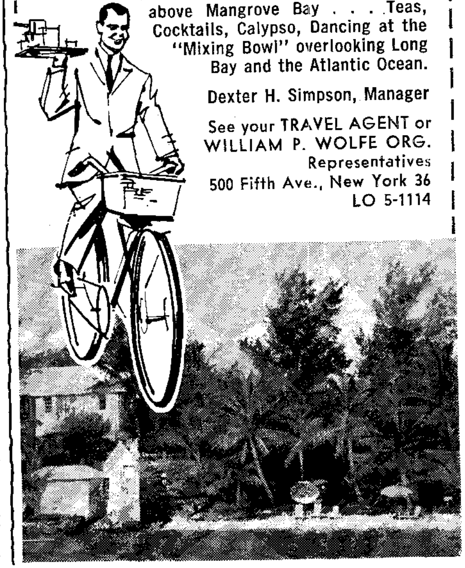

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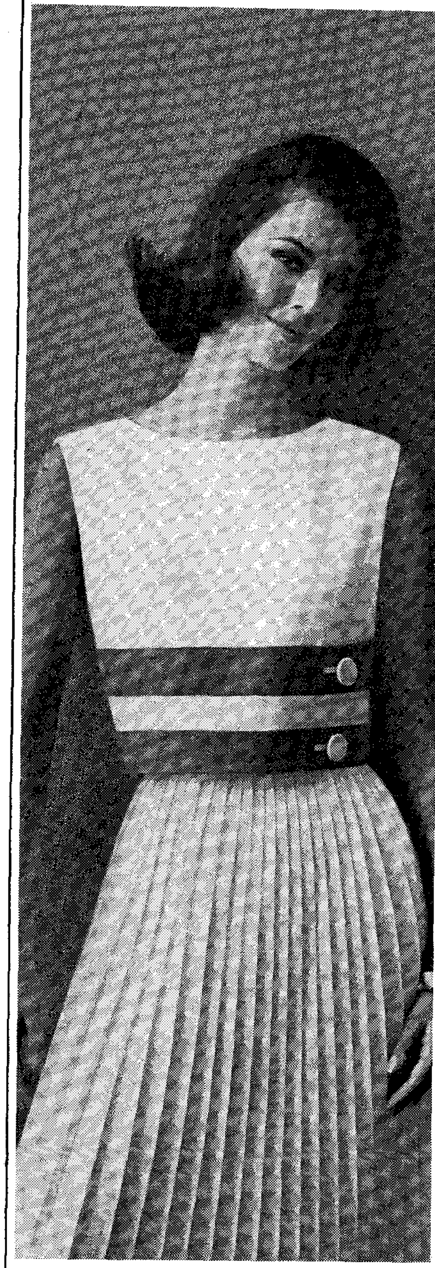

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now lame, demurrers, Shaw took the band on for three more weeks, "to raise money for the bride." Finishing at Detroit, he made one of the few sentimental speeches of his life. From the stage, he said goodbye to the band and to the audience, and spoke feelingly about the war. Of the moist ovation that followed he now says, "I imagine that everybody was touched about a millimetre deep." A day or so later, the new Mrs. Shaw drove her husband to 90 Church Street in a Lincoln convertible, and he was inducted for the duration.

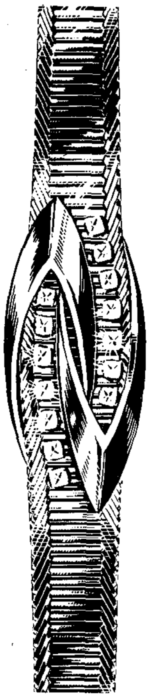
Shaw's first duty ship was a ferry, which took him to a minesweeper docked at Staten Island. When the minesweeper put to sea, Shaw, safely removed from land-based snarls (and from the sound of music), felt a blessed sense of peace. The galley was good, the men were congenial, and he liked the work. Unqualifiedly happy for perhaps the first time in his life, he returned to shore, only to learn that he had been made a chief petty officer and was being sent to Newport to form a band. Taking his bride along to his new station and establishing her in a cottage that rented for more than twice the amount of his Navy pay, he proceeded to look over his musical personnel. "I had two men who could blow good; the rest were terrible," he says. "Obviously, our only hope was to shape up with a uniform sound, so I asked the two good men to blow bad. Oddly enough, they refused. I was back where I started as a kid, with the Peter Pan Novelty Orchestra." Artists react badly to unaccustomed pressures, and Shaw went to the hospital with migraines so severe that he was unable to see clearly across a room. After five days of durance, he arose, pushed a corpsman out of his way, and visited the commanding officer. "I wish to go A.W.O.L. tacitly," said Shaw.

"If you go at all, it will certainly be tacitly," said the captain, badly confused. "What's the idea?"

"*I wish to see Forrestal,*" whispered Shaw.

Shaw was neither delirious nor joking, and he did call on Forrestal again. "Two things," said Shaw. "I want to get into the war, and if I have to run a band, I want it to be *good.*" On emerging from the office, he was sent to New York with virtual carte blanche to recruit a band, preparatory to taking it to the Pacific.

Shaw's recruiting was done in the highest echelons. He rounded up Dave Tough, Max Kaminsky, Claude Thornhill, Sam Donahue, Johnny Best, Conrad Gozzo, and others, mostly by



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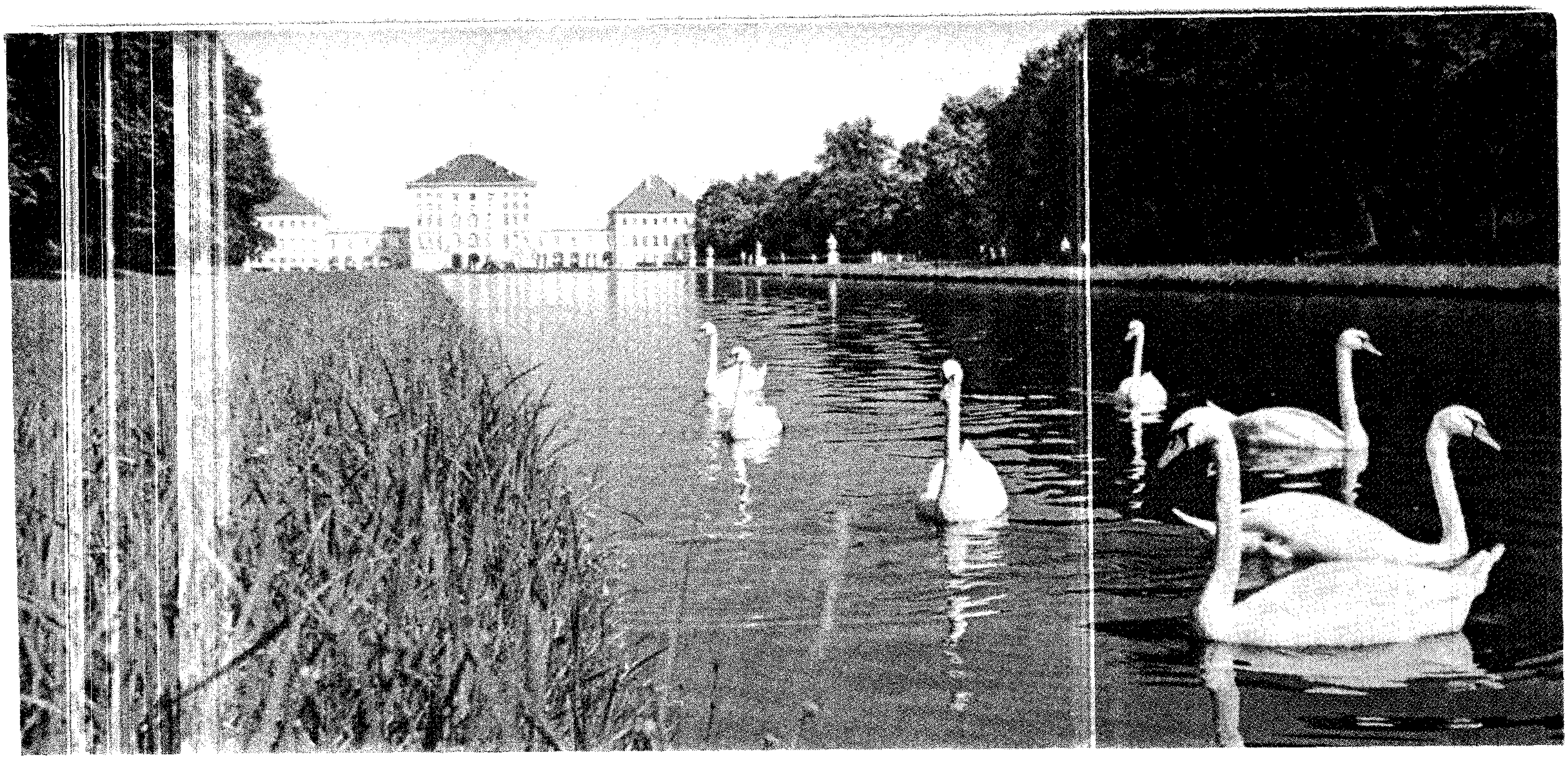

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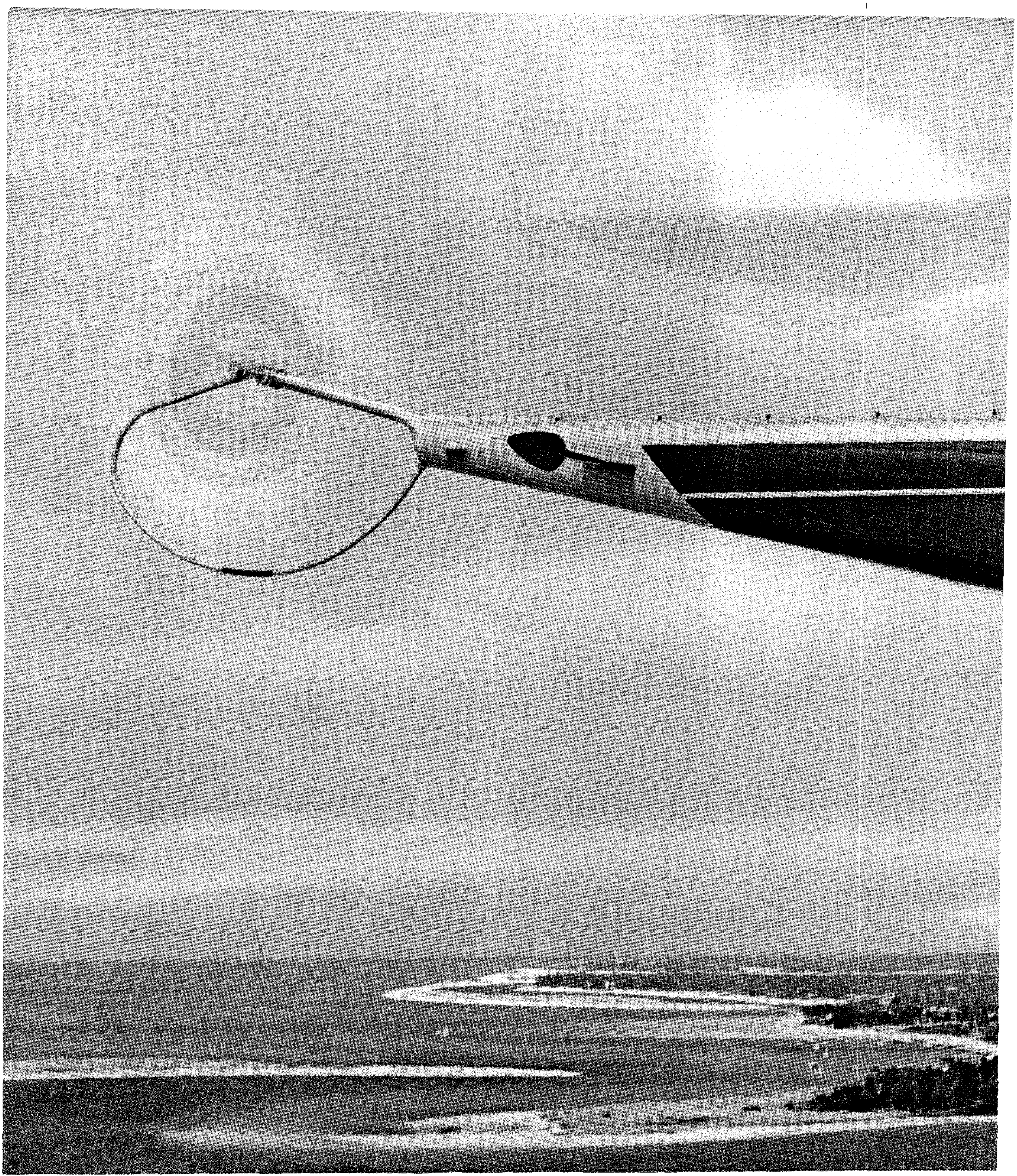

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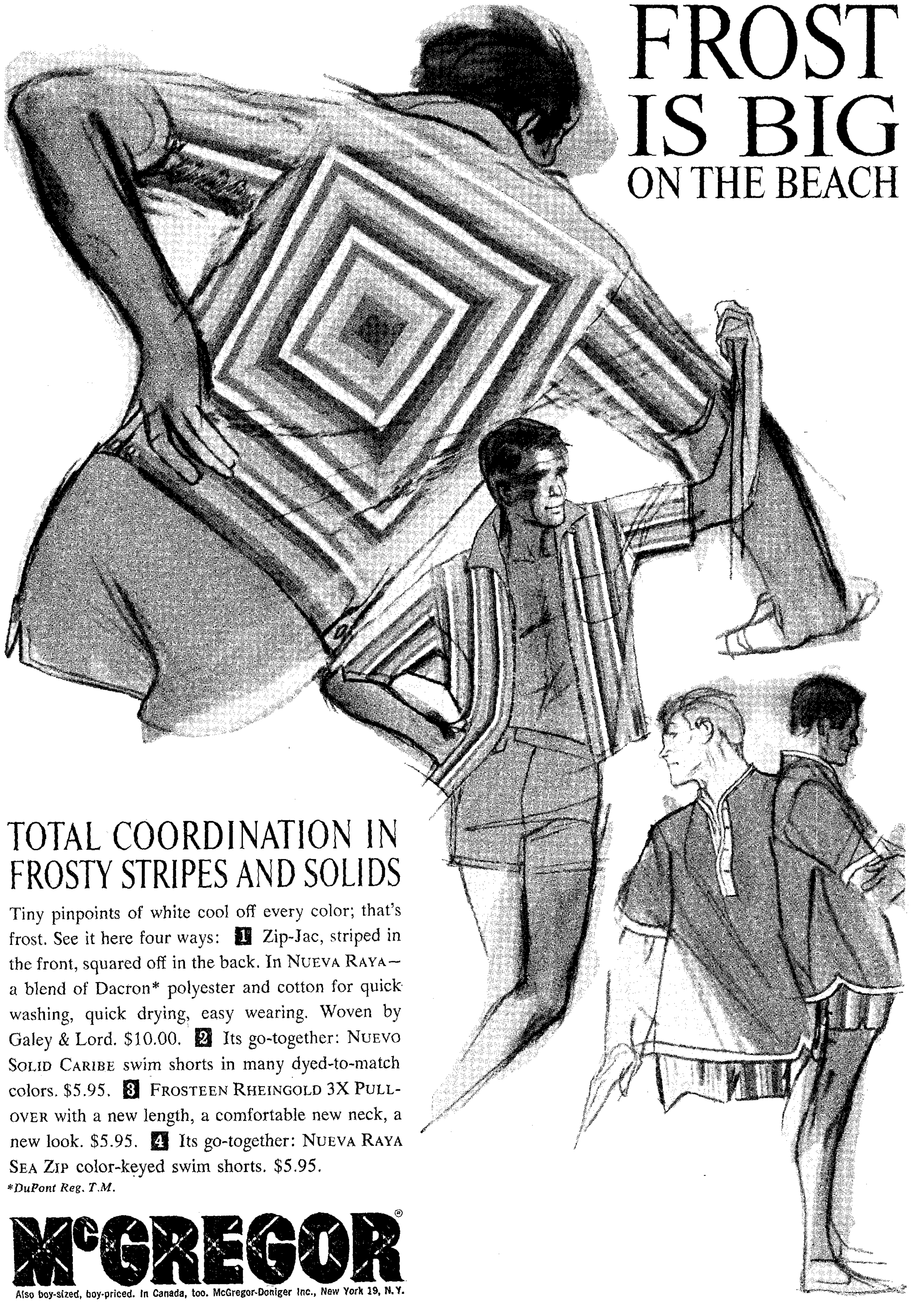

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using a simple device he had worked out. "They'll get you in this war anyhow," he would say, "and they'll put you to doing something else. When it's over, you won't be able to play. *Your lip will be gone.*" And he would look hard at his victim. All in all, Shaw feels, the band he assembled was as unseamanly a lot of men as the Navy had ever seen; indeed, Tough, who weighed less than a hundred pounds, fainted when he was taking his physical. During the band's break-in period, it was based in lower Manhattan and had certain marginal duties. For one thing, it was required to serve as a marching band, for civilian morale and for Navy celebrations. This gave rise to difficulties. For men with a professional sense of rhythm, Shaw's band marked up records for poor marching. He thinks that a troupe of baboons could have been trained to do it better. Eventually, despite a certain unevenness in the band's naval decorum, it was ordered to report to Pearl Harbor and join the battleship North Carolina, en route to Noumea, in the South Pacific.

In general, Shaw's experiences in Noumea, and then, working northward, on Espiritu Santo and Guadalcanal, were depressing and trouble-ridden. He had orders to play music for Navy morale, but nowhere had quarters been arranged for him and his men. "I was the lowest of the low," he says. "The brass considered our mission silly, and I heard a lot of 'You're not in Hollywood now.' " He became a champion scrounger, finding bunks, bedclothing, and food for his men, and doggedly playing concerts whether anybody asked for them or not. "But there were things that made it all worthwhile," he says. "I don't think I'm immodest when I say we had a *fine* band. The fact is, we were voted the best band in the armed services. We'd set up shop in some eerie tropical setting—palm trees all around, board benches, Navy boys sitting on them or on the ground—and when we'd swing into one of the old favorites, really socking it, you could see tears come to their eyes. And then 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' One of my men handed me a jazzed-up version, but I threw it out. I said, 'Boys, we're going to play this tune, and we're going to play it right!' We really *blew*. Sometimes those forlorn, homesick birds would throw their hats in the air and cheer for five minutes. It made a lump come into my throat, I can tell you."

What with the makeshift quarters, the inadequate food, and the constant shifting around, the band grew tired

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and, on Guadalcanal, even sick. The island was being bombed every night, and nobody got much sleep. Dave Tough, already in precarious health, contracted dengue fever (he died soon after the war), and others began to break down. One night, Shaw was taking a walk along a jungle road when he suddenly went blank. An officer came along in a jeep and said, "Where you bound, Chief?" "I don't know," said Shaw. "Get in," said the officer quietly, recognizing the symptoms. Shaw burst into tears, but climbed into the jeep and allowed himself to be driven to the hospital. "I'd probably have been all right if the fellow hadn't been so damned *kind*," he says.

A few days later, Dr. Mark Gerstle, the psychiatrist who was treating him, said briskly, "We're going to ask you to play a concert for the entire fleet tomorrow. Can you do it?"

"I can't blow a note," said Shaw. "I couldn't get out of this bed if my life depended on it."

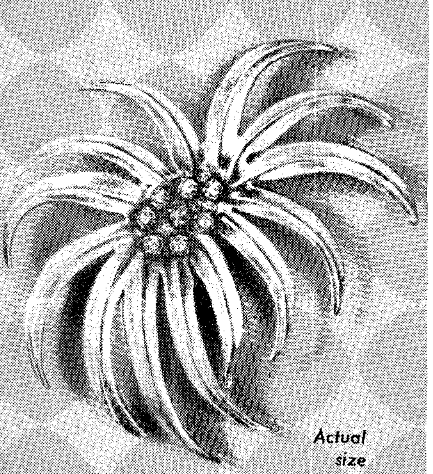
"All right," the Doctor told him, "you're a goldbricking son of a bitch."

Shaw leaped up, drew on his trousers, and cried, "I'll show *you*, and, by God, you're no friend of mine!" The next day, he played perhaps the best concert of his naval career, before twenty thousand men, who practically went berserk with pleasure. "Oh, boy, how we hit it, how we hit it!" Shaw recalls with satisfaction.

Eventually, after many more months, even the least of the band's admirers among the commanding officers saw that it needed a rest, and in 1943, Shaw, with his men, was sent to New Zealand. He played numberless concerts for troops there and in Australia, and then the band was dispatched to the States, as being unfit to continue. "Mind you," says Shaw, "those men would probably have been 4-F in the draft. They did fine, just fine, all of them."

WHEN Shaw arrived in San Francisco, he got down on his knees and kissed the dock, providing a memorable news picture. He was given some leave, and his wife came to visit him, but the malaise that had stricken him on Guadalcanal was by no means cured. His migraine headaches recurred, he felt deeply depressed, and he drifted into a near-psychotic stupor. The Navy established him in a hospital in Oakland and, in 1944, gave him a medical discharge from the service. He thereupon entered analysis, which continued for five years. "I learned a great deal about myself," Shaw says. "Not all of it was good—not by a long sight. But

Sea Flower



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I learned how to deal with problems a great deal better." A by-product of his all-round misery and of his aversion to war was that he began to join any number of organizations, some of them beyond doubt Communist-inspired. "I *was* in favor of a 'World Peace Congress,' " he says. "I put my name to any group identified with words I was interested in, like 'democracy' and 'peace,' but I never even got close to Communism. Out of curiosity, I attended a couple of Communist meetings under the name of Witherspoon, but I asked so many impertinent questions that they told me, 'Witherspoon, you aren't Communist material.' " (Several years later, when Shaw appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, his testimony in denying Communism was so frank that at its close the chairman, Harold Velde, shook his hand and congratulated him. A famous news picture taken of Shaw then shows him apparently weeping; he maintains that he was shielding his eyes from the flash bulbs.)

The next few years were generally painful for Shaw. There was one pleasant interlude when he went on tour as a symphonic soloist, playing with some of the finest orchestras in the nation, but for the rest his musical ventures were bleak. Two dance bands that he launched were failures. "*I* liked their sound," Shaw says, "but the people out in Des Moines and Kansas City didn't." The trouble was that Shaw had been flirting with progressive music, and Des Moines and Kansas City found it undanceable. Then, in an accession of pique, he organized a third band, which was successful, but in the wrong way. "I had a band boy named Tommy Thompson," Shaw recalls, "and I told him, 'You're the arranger now. Get the latest copy of *Variety*, pick out the ten top tunes, and buy stock arrangements of them all. That'll be the nucleus of our library.' Well, do you know, people liked that band. I did all the things I'd shied off from all my life. I laughed, I ogled, I waggled my head, I laid my clarinet over my shoulder and marched, and some S.O.B. in Brooklyn had the gall to tell me, 'Artie, this is the best outfit we've had here since Blue Barron.' "

The critique was decisive; Shaw put away his instruments, bought a cattle farm in Pine Plains, New York, and resolved to live on it forever. He worked hard at his new enterprise, journeying as far as Wisconsin to attend stock auctions, studying agricultural bulletins, and exchanging notes with everybody in the area. On the side, he set down an account of his trouble-strewn life to

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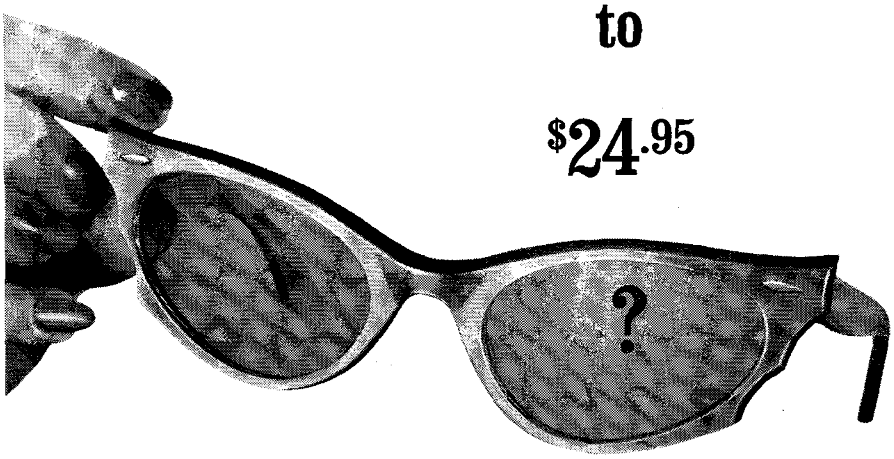

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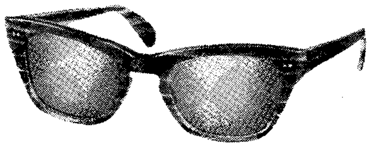

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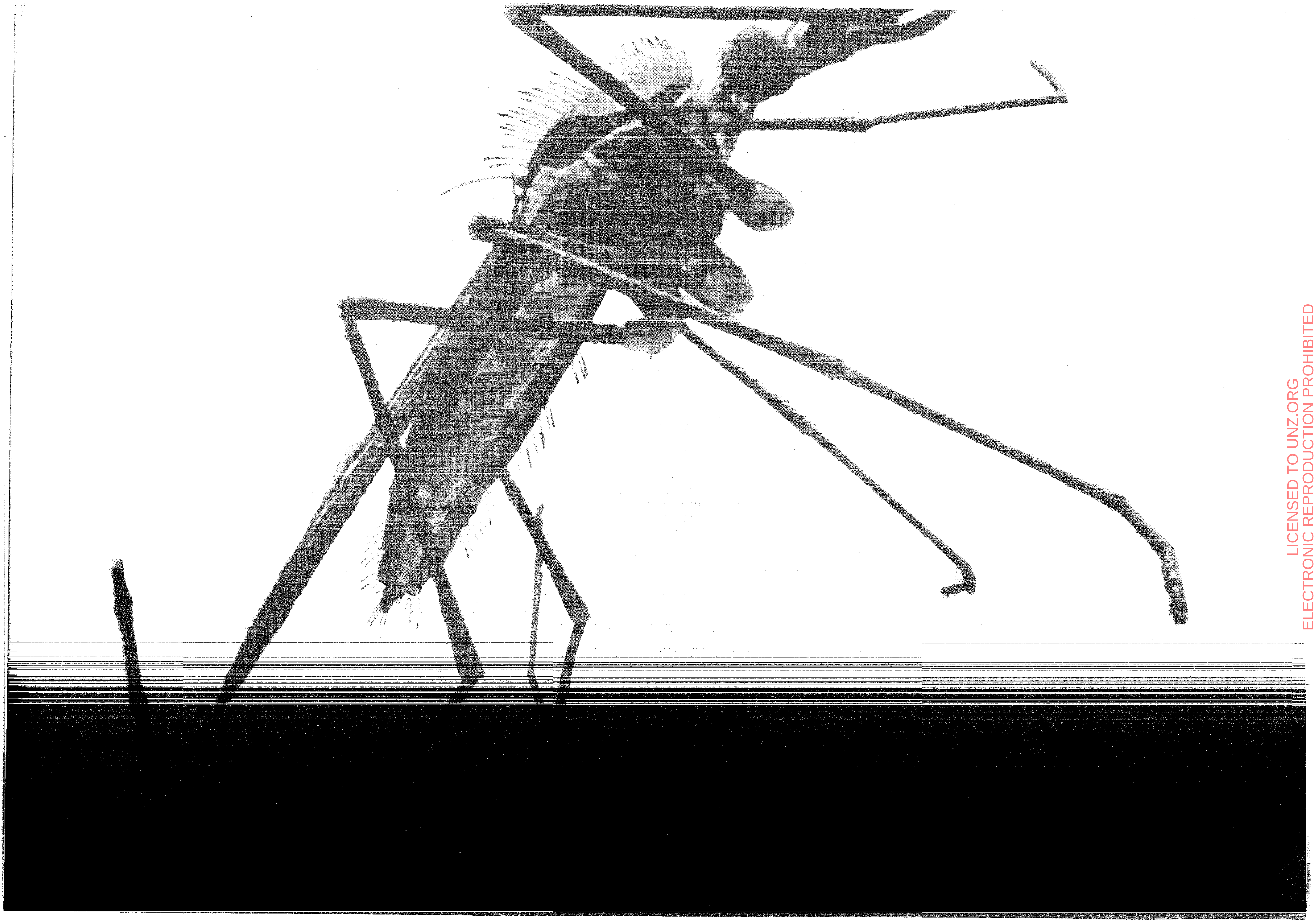

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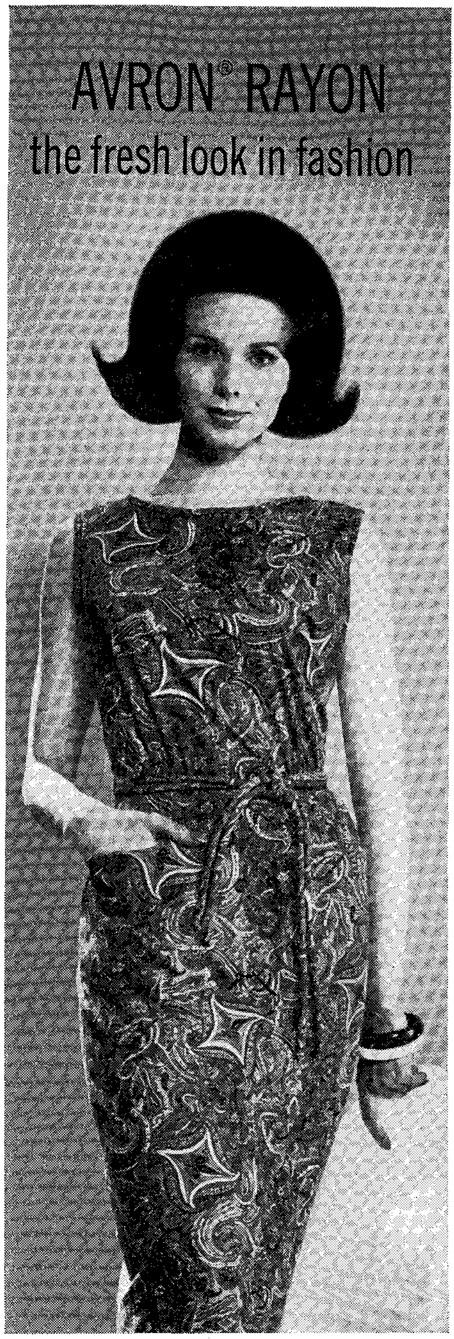

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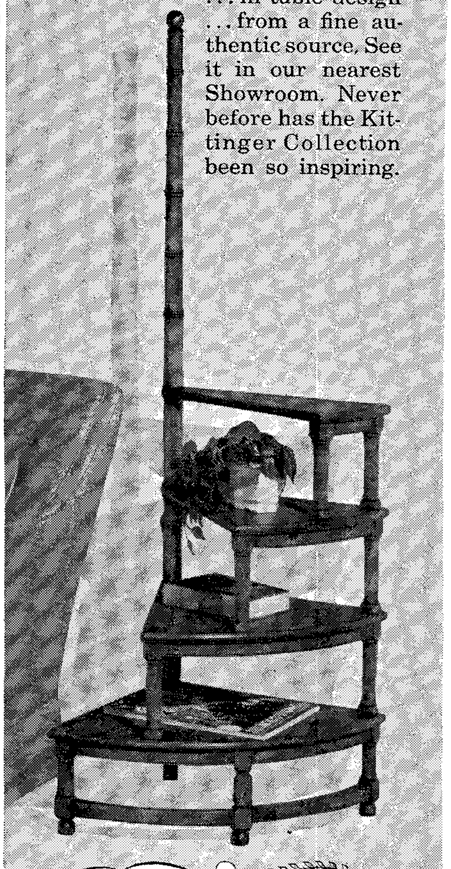
date, calling the book "The Trouble with Cinderella." It was published by Farrar, Straus & Young, and was very well received. In a few years, his farm was paying its way, but then misfortune struck again, in the form of an eighty-thousand-dollar federal back-tax claim. To raise the money to pay it, he had to sell the farm and take to the road again, this time with the ill-fated Gramercy Five. "When it was all over," he says, "I decided that I was completely finished in every way."

Determined to sequester himself even more deeply in the backwaters of the world, Shaw went to Spain, rented a car, and motored along the Costa Brava. The place looked so refreshingly primitive that he began to covet a piece of land near Bagur, a village snoozing in a kind of medieval torpor. After an incredible amount of finagling, he bought a tree-ringed knoll, with an inspirational view of the sea, from several peasants, who owned it in parcels. Then Shaw designed a house and found a contractor, who swore on his mother's head that he could finish it in four months. Two years later, as the house neared completion, Shaw moved in and built a swimming pool with his own hands. He had spent the interval writing, fishing Spanish streams (as well as prodding up the contractor), and taking infrequent little trips to Paris and Rome—in general leading a life of seclusion. It was on one of the trips to Paris that Shaw, once again divorced, met Evelyn Keyes. At a dinner party, the pair discussed the futility of civilized living. Miss Keyes, too, had chafed at the artist's life, the tiresome parade of notoriety, and had chucked it all in favor of a bohemian existence in the French capital. A Texas girl, she had moved to Georgia with her family as a child, and had afterward gone to live with a married sister in Hollywood. Once she came to the attention of the movie people, her rise to stardom was rapid. At the time of her meeting with Shaw, she had appeared in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," "Johnny O'Clock," "Gone with the Wind," "The Jolson Story," and other pictures; she had also been married before—once to John Huston, the director.

Miss Keyes and Shaw, travel-weary and strongly attracted to each other, left Paris and drove south to get married. So great was their aversion to publicity that the marriage was finally performed in Gibraltar, a place where Shaw figured they would be anonymous. Eventually, of course, a Barcelona paper learned of their residence on the Costa Brava, and their life became less



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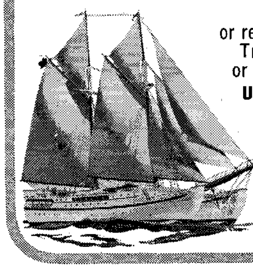

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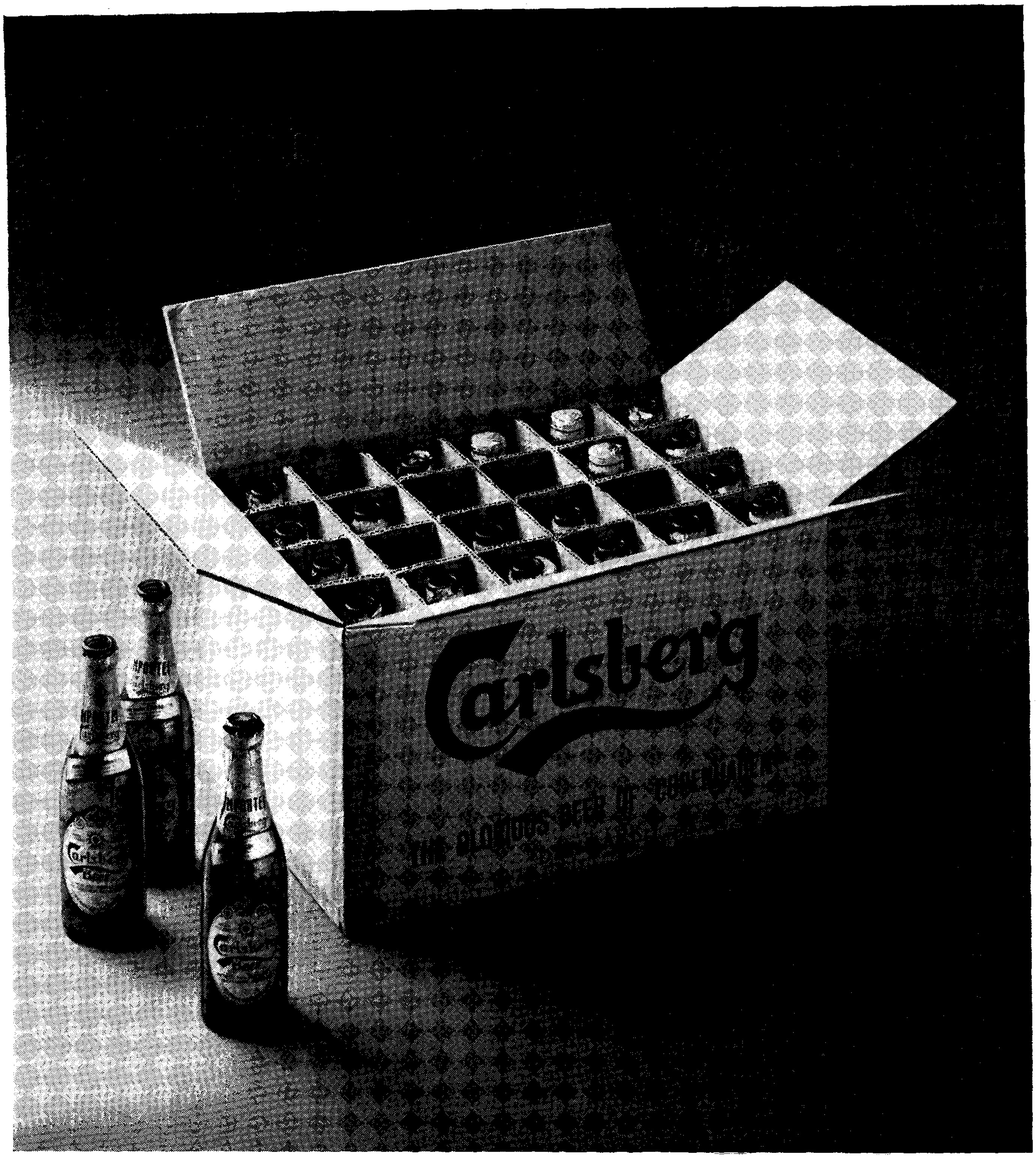

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private. In 1959, the Shaws decided that they were, after all, Americans, and they bought the big house in Lakeville. There they abide. Shaw has sold or given away all his instruments except one clarinet. "I just keep it around as an old cavalryman might hang onto a sabre," he says. Mrs. Shaw gardens, grows geraniums, and looks after her beautiful house. She is happy, for instance, while down on her hands and knees oiling her floors, all thoughts of Hollywood vanished. In the summers, she plays a very skillful brand of tennis on the court of her next-door neighbors, the Gordon Reids, while Shaw, peppering away nearby at his gunnery bench-rest, makes life hideous for all. Shaw still fishes (his license, stuck on his cap, reads "Arthur Shaw"), but his passion is emphatically guns. Once in a while, he makes an appearance on a television panel ("Open End," say) or lectures on music at Yale. He is a masterly speaker. Shaw feels that he has reached contentment at last. Sometimes, he admits, he hears far-off echoes of dance bands and the music of a clarinet. At such times, his brow becomes furrowed and his expression perplexed, but he knows that he will never again submit to the melody-ridden pain of the old life.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

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[*From the Gainesville* (*Fla.*) *Sun*]

Jacksonville (AP)—Gov. Farris Bryant called Monday for a new era of cooperation among Florida governmental units that will make the moon the 68th county in the state.

"The free world now stands in Florida on its tiptoes, reaching for the moon," Bryant said. "If we fall short of the greatness that is thrust upon us, we will have no one to blame but ourselves. If we stand equal to the challenge, we will make the moon Florida's 68th county."

As an example to the type of cooperation he meant, he suggested in his talk to the State Association of County Commissioners that the counties work together for prompt use of their secondary road funds.

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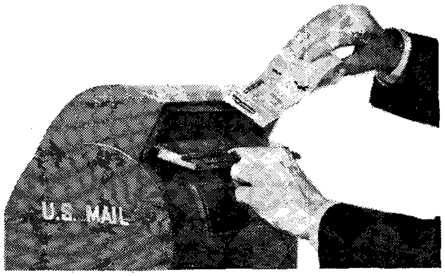

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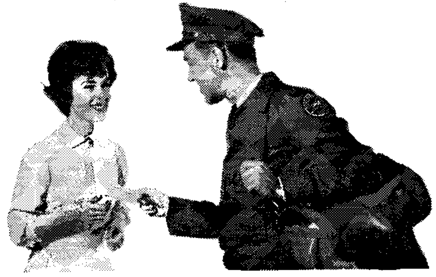

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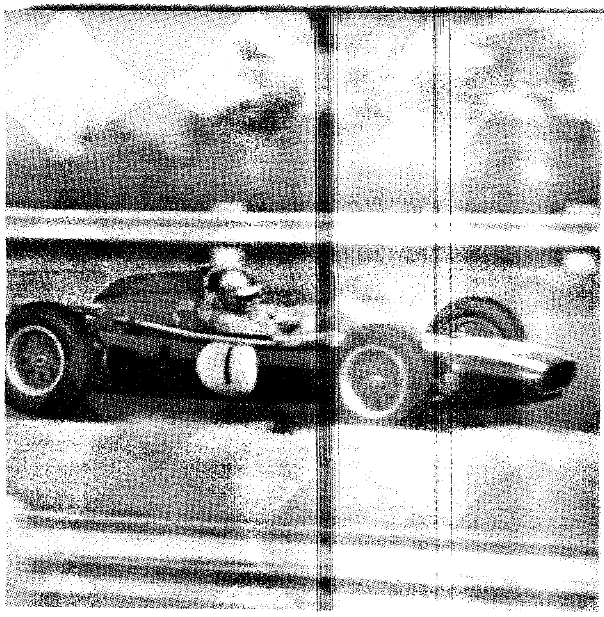

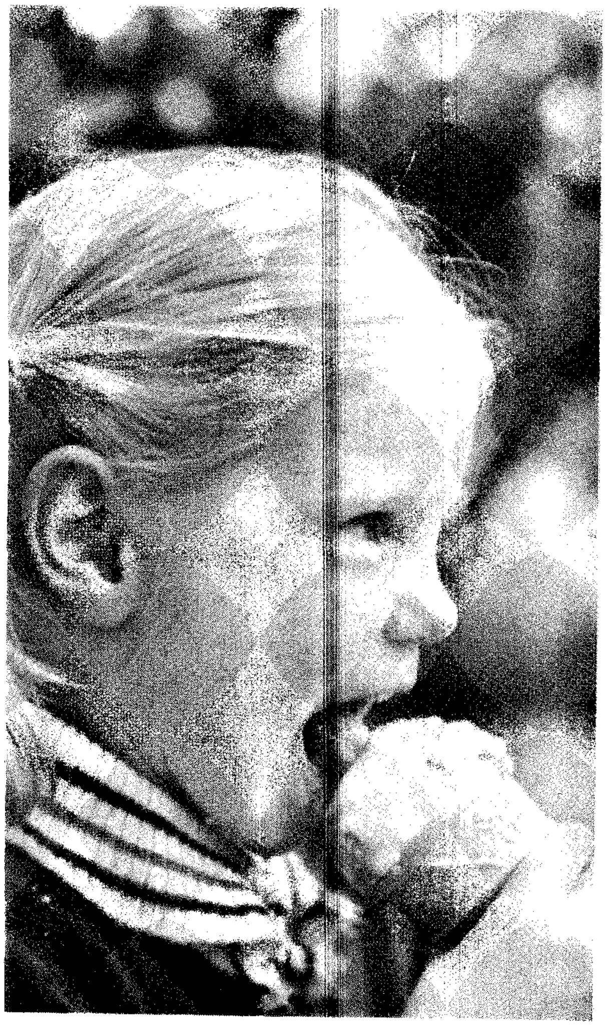

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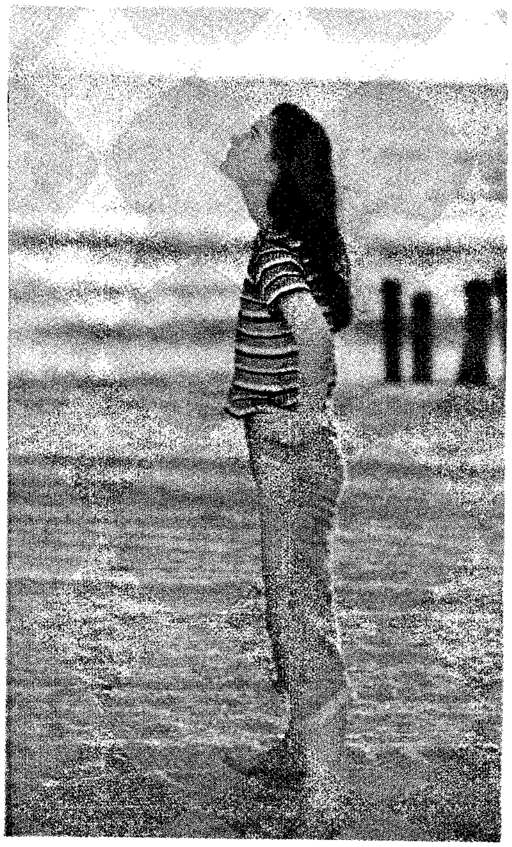

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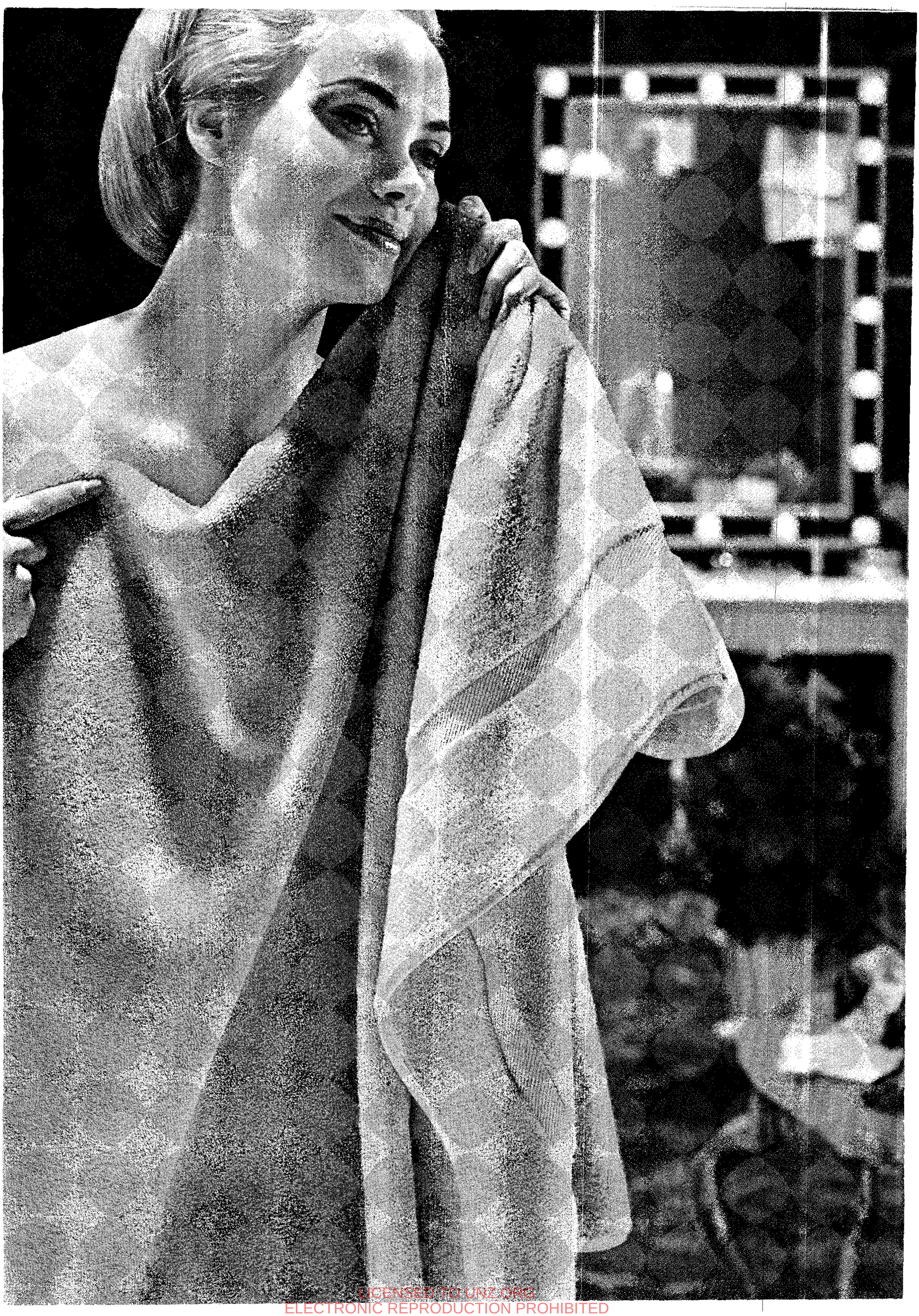

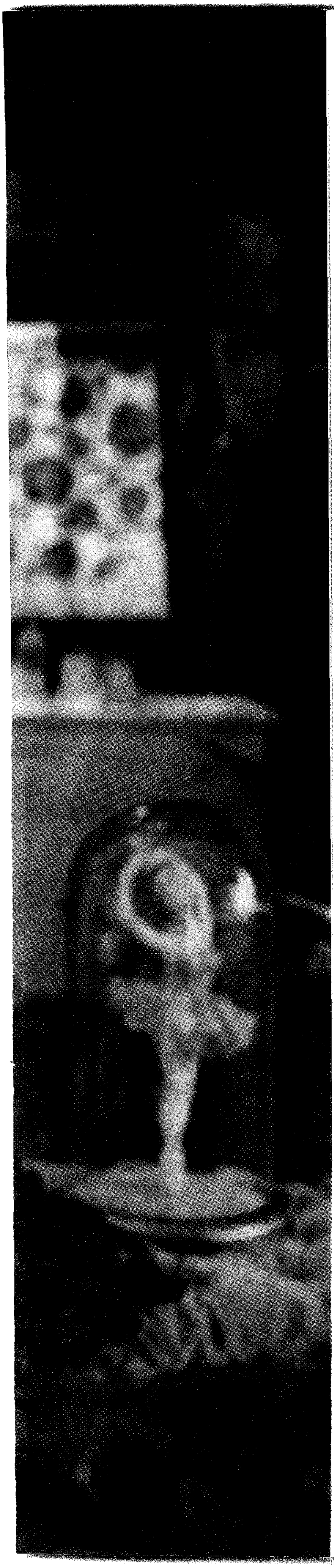

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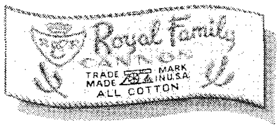

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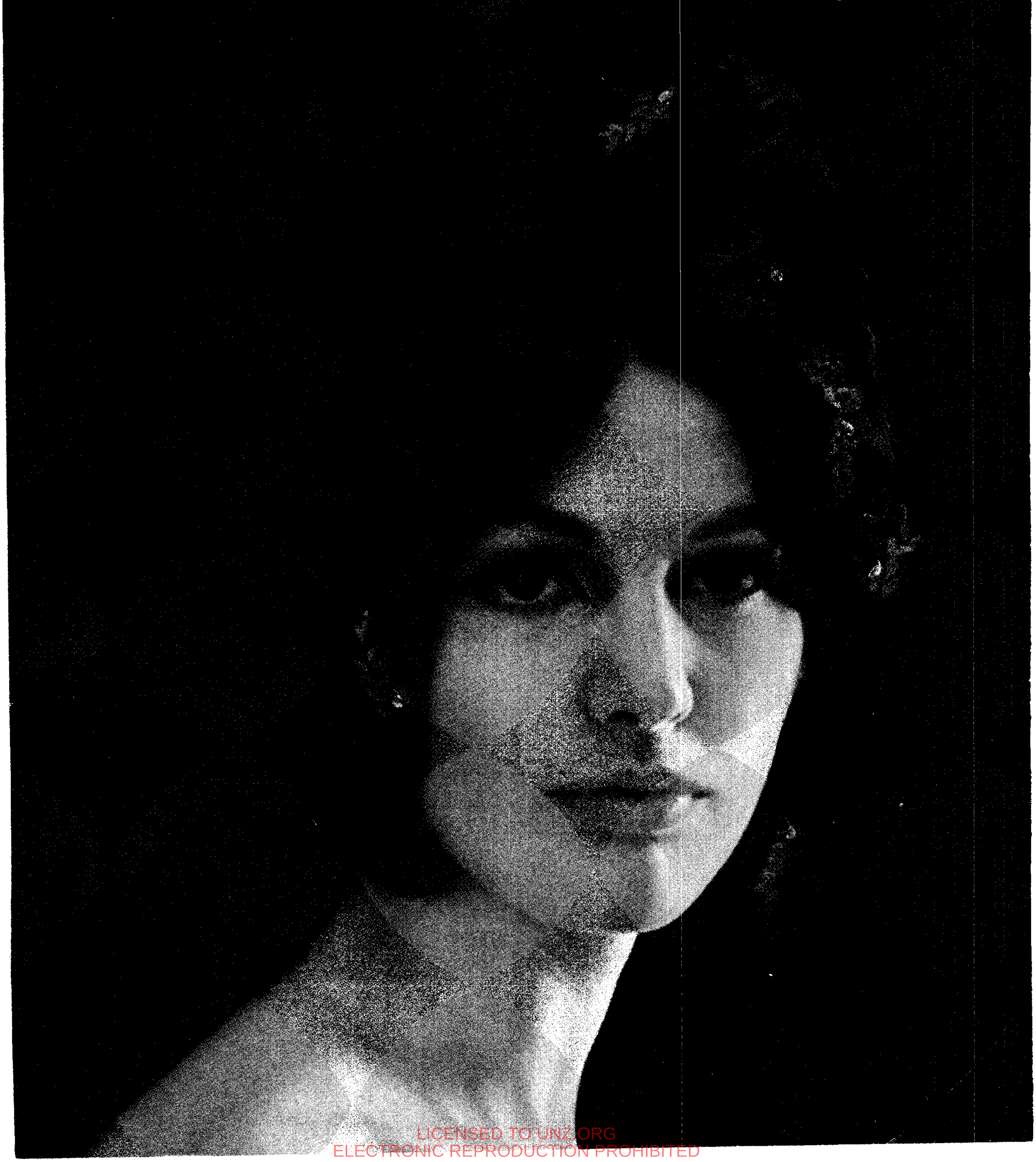


THE THEATRE

CHEERFUL CHAOS

A CLUTTER of clever clowns (and alliteration is no thief of accuracy here), led by Zero Mostel, participate in Harold Prince's production of "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," at the Alvin, and if, like me, you were bred on vaudeville and burlesque, you should have quite a rousing time at this one. Written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart—who based their musical comedy on the plays of Plautus—and directed by George Abbott, the entertainment is lively, funny, and vulgar, but practically always inoffensive. It is quite a trick to churn harlotry, transvestitism, narcissism, virginity, lechery, and young love into a pleasing mixture, but the boys have done it here—broadly, it is true, and yet with a nice air of old-fashioned innocence. My acquaintance with Plautus has been too fleeting to enable me to judge whether Mr. Shevelove and Mr. Gelbart have interpreted him accurately, but whether they have or not, they have certainly established him as source material for a good deal of jocosity. The scheme of this amiable exercise has to do with the efforts of a slave (Mr. Mostel) to gain his freedom by delivering a virgin intact to his master's son (Brian Davies). The girl, a knockout (Preshy Marker), chances to be in residence in a brothel, more or less on ice until a self-centered warrior (Ronald Holgate) who has purchased her returns from battle. As it happens, she is also desired by the slave's elderly master (David Burns).

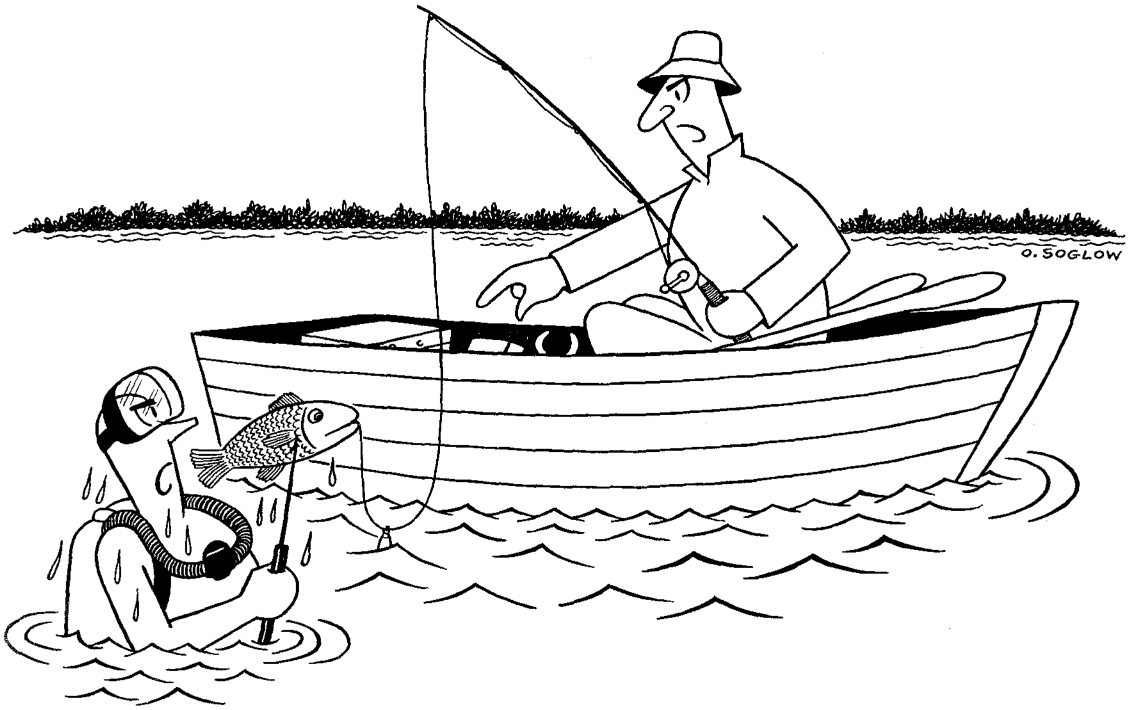
Let's abandon the plot, such as it is, at this point, and talk about the performers. Mr. Mostel, big in the barrel, can still, when necessary, move about with almost elfin grace, and Mr. Burns, who in his present role looks like a disorderly Carl Sandburg, can deliver a goatish line as though inspired from Below. And then we have Jack Gilford portraying another slave, and doing a fine job throughout—particularly when, for reasons connected with the dishevelled progress of the plot, he has to pretend to be the delectable virgin. Assorted cuties are on view, given such names as Tintinabula, Panacea, Vibrata, and Gymnasia, and John Carradine turns up as a lean and hungry procurer. I don't think I'd give you much for the music, by Stephen Sondheim, but the lyrics, also by him, aren't bad, and occasionally—very occasionally—Jack Cole, who did the choreography, comes up with a bouncy dance. All in all, what we have here is about as attractive a musical as the season has offered. Thank heaven for it. —JOHN MCCARTEN

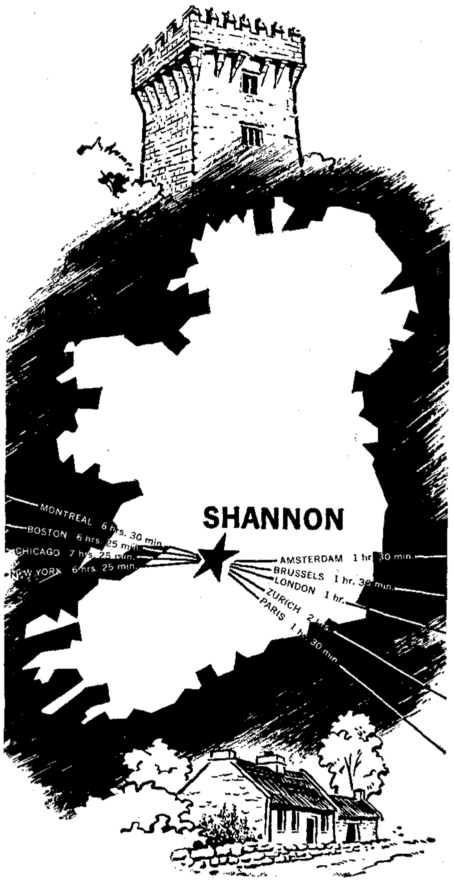
OFF BROADWAY

Time Out of Mind

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA'S "If Five Years Pass," at Stage 73, is subtitled "A Legend of Time," and in it Lorca has gone back to the basic elements of the theatre—poetry, dance, masque, music, and pantomime. The only element he has tampered with is the chronology of the narrative form—events do not necessarily occur in sequence—and if you demand no greater explicitness of the play than you would of a ballet (and if you are not scared numb by the learned interpretive handout that is tucked into the program), I think you will find it accessible and perhaps, as I did, quite lovely to listen to and look at. For anyone as unfamiliar with Lorca's plays as I am, the evening is full of surprises; I was surprised, for instance, by the warmth and gaiety and elegance and broad comedy that Lorca has mixed with sadness and misery. (I *was* prepared, though, for the scattering of cryptic, national observations on blood and death.)

There is a story that, tenuous as it seems, is strong enough to hold the three acts together. A young man has agreed to wait five years to marry a girl. A stenographer who works for him and is in love with him miserably leaves his house. The five years pass, but when the young man comes to fetch the girl, she is no longer interested in him, preferring a football player, a silent fellow who struts and leaps around her bedroom, puffing great billows of cigar smoke—the very essence of virility. The unhappy young man remembers the stenographer, and decides to look for her. In a magic forest, a harlequin and two clowns arrange a meeting between them, and she agrees to come to him when five more years have passed. The final scene takes place in the young man's library. Three enigmatic card players, wearing dead-white makeup and dressed in dinner jackets and black capes lined with white satin, come in and sit at a table. The young man, exhausted and disconsolate, joins them, and cards are dealt. First hand—draw poker. Second hand—don't know. At the end, each of the three mysterious card players is left with an ace of spades. They demand that the young man show them





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his card. He does, and dies. I have no idea what the last scene means, unless it is simply a charade of death; all I can tell you is that the young man is the hero, and that time seems to be the adversary that defeats him. Within the framework of the play, time flickers backward and forward. "I have loved you, I will love you," says the stenographer. "Why not now?" the young man asks, but he gets no answer. "Excuse me," says an old man, making a snappy reëntrance. "I shall forget my hat. That is to say, I have forgotten my hat." The lines are a mixture of poetic prose, jingles, and lyric verse, and the translation from the Spanish, by James Graham Lujan and Richard O'Connell, sounds good, though I can't tell whether it *is* good or not. Dino Narizzano, Anne Francine, Richard Buck, Thomas Barbour, Sharon Laughlin, Tamzen Allen, Bruce Kimes, and Victoria Thompson are the leading players, and most of them can dance as well as act. The staging, by Valerie Bettis, herself a dancer and choreographer, is imaginative and mercurial, and I don't see how any director could ask for more in the way of response from performers. The sets and lighting, by Jack Blackman, and the costumes, by Gene Moore, are extremely effective. Altogether, "If Five Years Pass" is a play of moods and moments that suggests and suggests at every turn. I think it is meant primarily to be enjoyed, rather than interpreted, and I enjoyed it.

ANYONE reading this department for information on Michel de Ghelderode's "Hop, Signor!," recently at the Cricket, is bound to be disappointed, since I found it impossible to figure out what the playwright had in mind, or even, at times, to track him down through the gargling rant onstage. We must grant, I suppose, that he had something in mind, since he was a man of considerable standing in the European theatre until his death, in Belgium, a few weeks ago. The setting of the play is Flanders in the sixteenth century. The characters, all of them beside themselves with lust, frustration, hatred, malice, or wound-up piety, are a hunchbacked sculptor (the Signor of the title) who can carve only grotesques; his wife, a mad termagant and still a virgin, who loathes him; a couple of shrewd, malicious dwarfs, whom he embraces a good deal; a perverse Inquisitorial monk, who embraces *him* a good deal; a pair of foreign emissaries who plan to seduce the wife and make sport of the Signor, and finally kill him by

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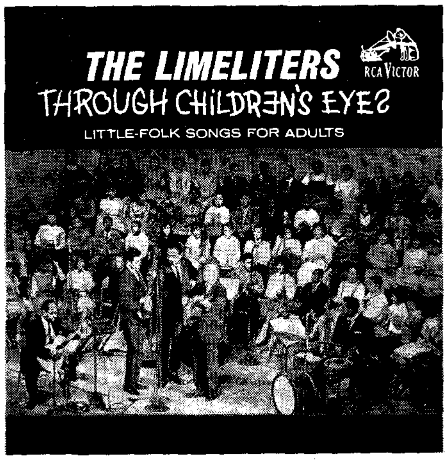

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tossing him aloft in a red sheet (title explained); the town executioner, who wanders about with a rose in his hand, and whom the wife tries to seduce; and a number of townspeople, who are wearing gargoyle masks for a fair of some kind. The performances, with a couple of exceptions, ranged from amateurish to awful, the exceptions being Michael Dunn, who played one of the dwarfs with intelligence, humor, and clarity, and John Granger, who was at least professional, if not entirely convincing, as the rose-toting executioner. If it is a function of a director to keep the audience in touch with the playwright, then the direction was awful, too—just a noisy muddle. (In fairness to everyone concerned, I should note that it must be very difficult to key a performance to an auditorium as tiny as the Cricket.) All this brings us around again to Ghelderode. What on earth was he getting at? Was "Hop, Signor!" intended to be a poetic evocation of medieval frenzy and wickedness with a lesson for us all, or a religious play with universal meaning, or a fable, or simply a private fantasy—a series of Hieronymus Bosch nightmares? I don't know and I don't care. It had no impact whatever—no bitterness, no passion, no irony, no power. It wasn't horrifying at all—just horrid.

—Edith Oliver

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*Letter in She, an English women's magazine*]

Not long ago, my wife and daughter were molested by a thug while crossing a park. Fortunately I had taken the precaution of teaching them how to deal with such types. Between them they tripped him flat on his back, and promptly sat on him: my wife (13 stone) on his stomach, winding him, my daughter (10 stone) on his head! Under their combined weight he was pinned down, helpless, till help came. I feel sure that many such louts can be thwarted in this way, and detained by two or more women. My advice to all girls is simply this, don't trifle with an assailant (most are cowards anyway), if you know some judo holds all the better, but once he's down sit firmly on his head. Don't have any qualms about doing this, even if you are heavily built, remember you are *defending* yourself.

L. G. Roberts, Esq.,
Maida Vale, London.

•

"The adjectives for Richard Burgin," said Henry B. Cabot, president of the trustees, as he gave the violinist a handsome silver Paul Revere bowl, "are integrity, responsibility, and modesty."—*Newsweek.*

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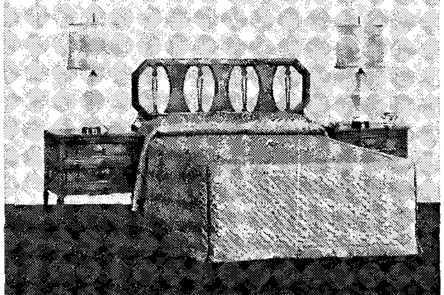

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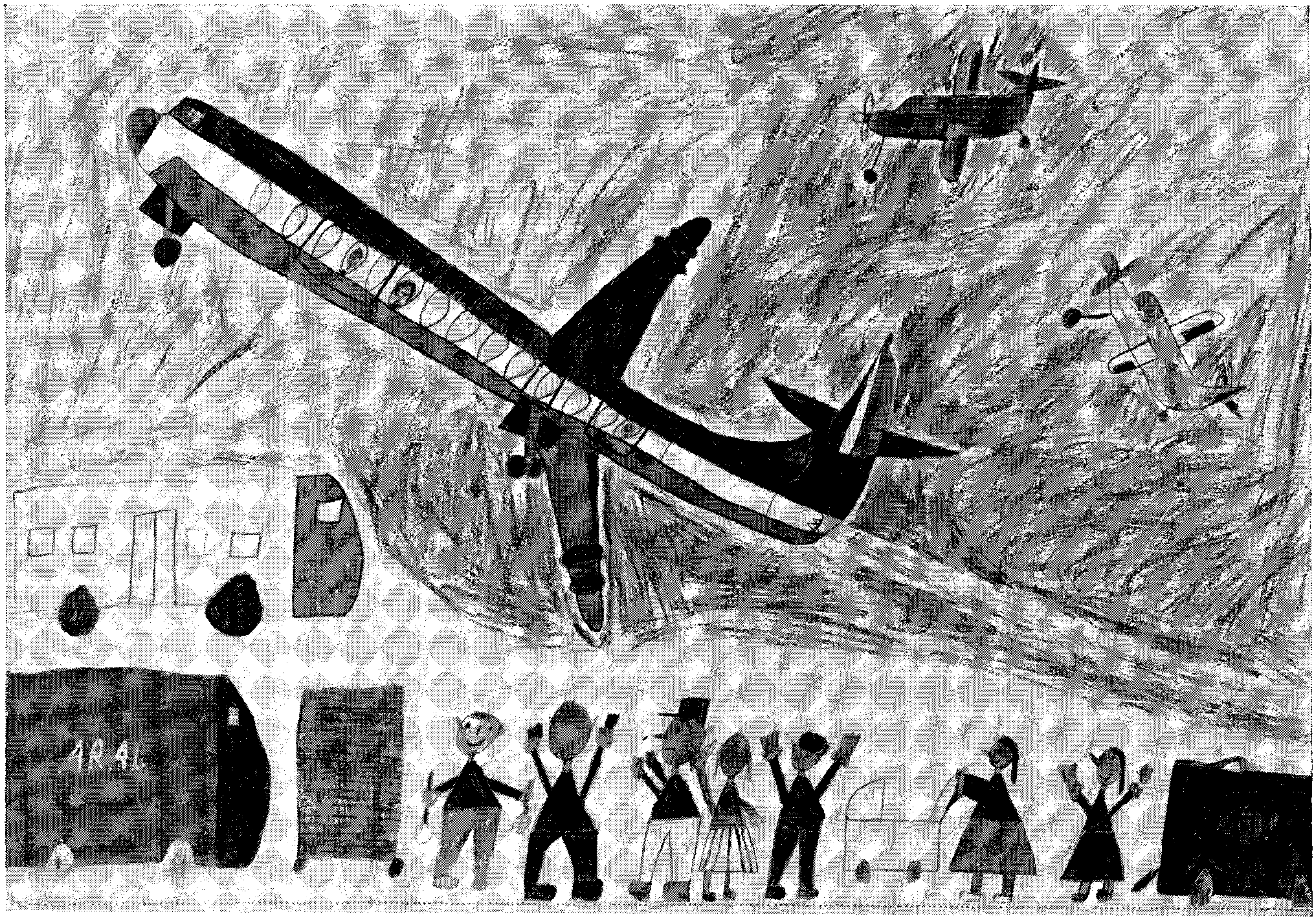

from a "teeny wienie" point of view

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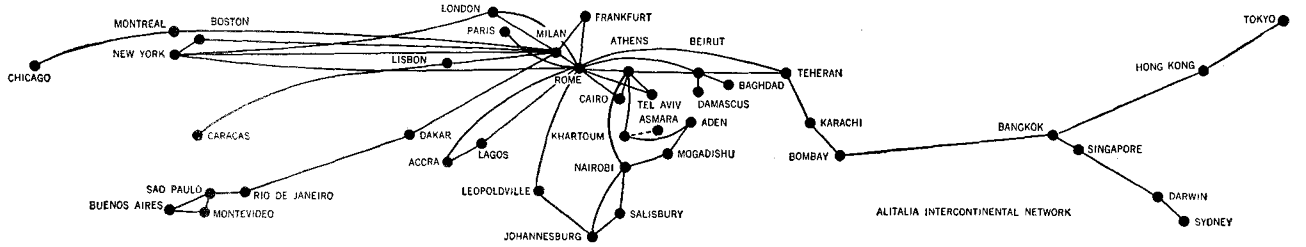
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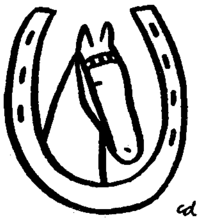
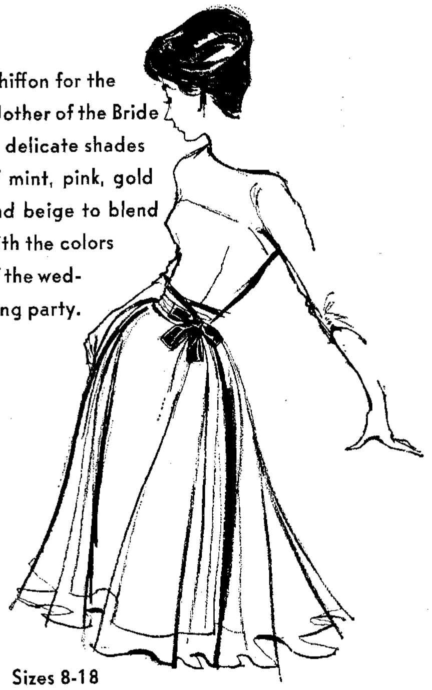
Preakness Countdown



GREAT expectations often lead to disappointment, but it's my guess that the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico in Baltimore this weekend will be a better race than the Kentucky Derby. For one thing, this second of the spring classics for three-year-olds won't be run over a track that has been scraped and rolled until it's almost as hard as macadam. For another, I venture to say that the leading jockeys will ride with better judgment of pace; at Churchill Downs, they went all out from the start, as if they were going five furlongs instead of a mile and a quarter. Furthermore, I doubt if there will be more than a dozen starters, which is about all that the old-fashioned Pimlico racecourse can deal with comfortably. They will include the first three in the Derby—Decidedly, Roman Line, and Ridan—together with Sunrise County, Crimson Satan, Green Hornet, and Prego. Those horses have all been racing in Kentucky, and there will also be hot shots from New York, New Jersey, and Maryland.

As winner of the Kentucky Derby, Decidedly will have many supporters, and he'll certainly go well. Roman Line strikes me as merely a useful colt, and I'm wondering about Ridan. Early last week, there were rumors that he'd skip the Preakness and rest up at Washington Park in Chicago. It seems that galloping on hard ground has been too great a strain on his tendons, which may account for his having tried to bear out on the turns at Churchill Downs, but as this is written he's on his way to Baltimore in a motor van. As for Prego, he must have been foaled under a lucky star; the last time I saw him, he was dead lame from the bumping he got in the Derby, but now he's ready to go again.

I doubt whether the Preakness Prep, which Greek Money won by seven lengths or so at Pimlico last weekend, meant much to anybody. All the Marylanders I've met seem more interested in another Preakness hopeful—Vimy Ridge, the Irish colt who ran so fast on the grass at Laurel last month. Can he run on dirt as well as he can on grass? Well, last autumn he ran four times on the main track at Garden State Park,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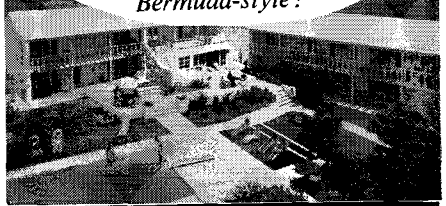
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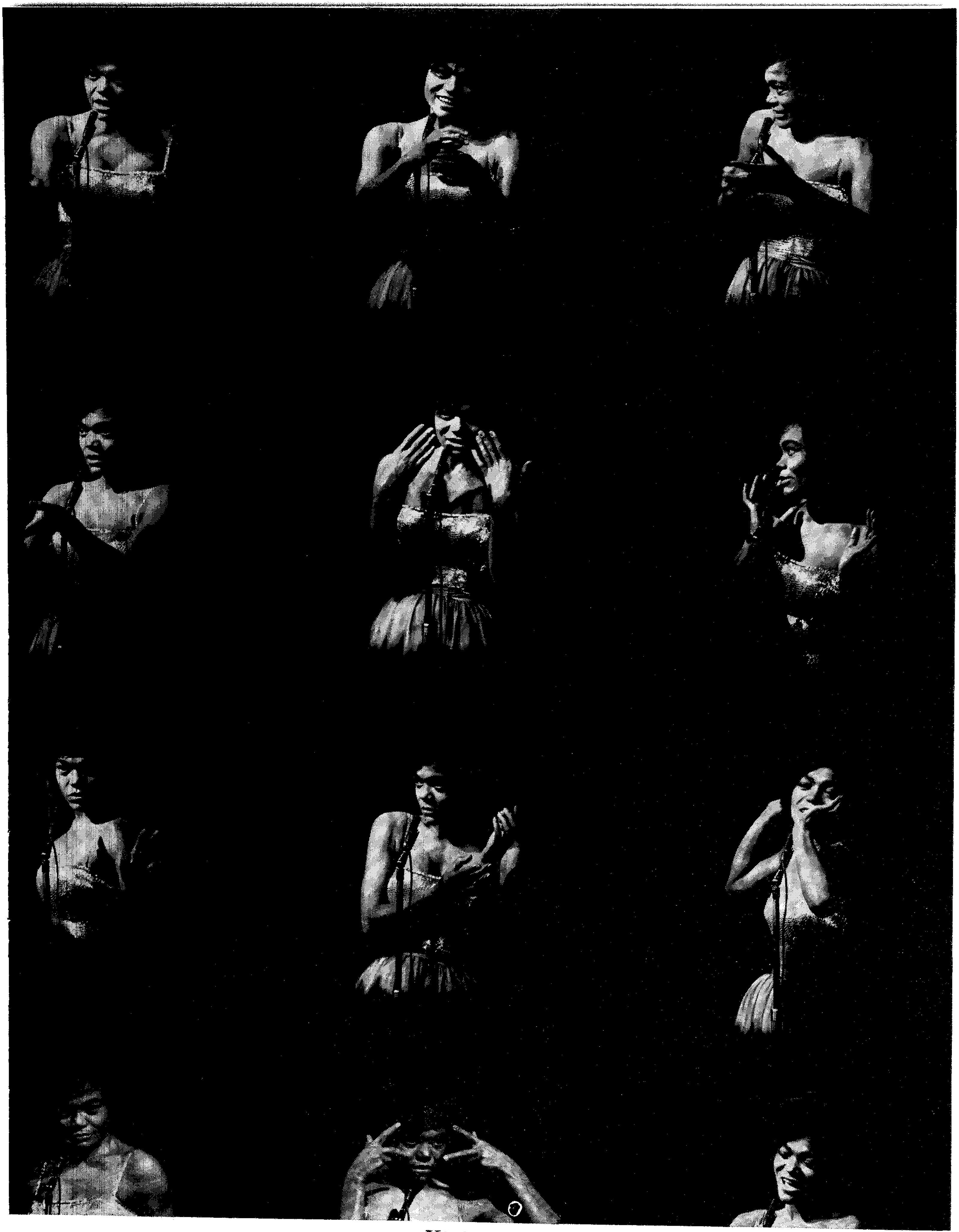

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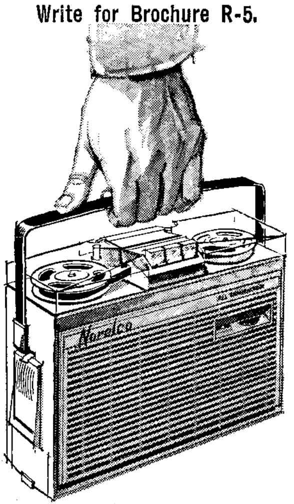

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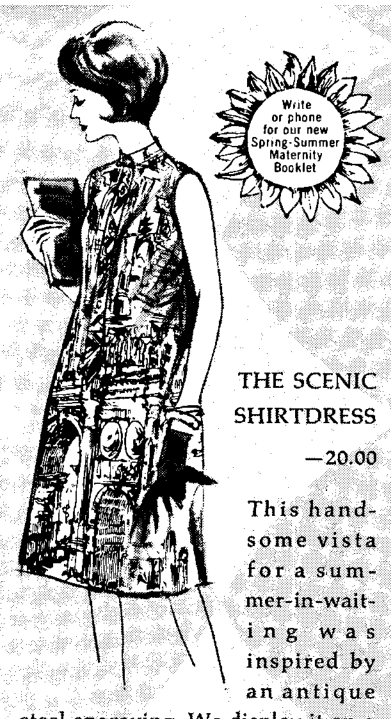
and he was down the course in the first three races but won the fourth by lengths at odds of nearly 10–1. They say all the leprechauns had tickets on him that day.

MANY horse watchers at Aqueduct last Saturday came away convinced that they'd seen the Preakness winner in Jaipur, who took the Withers Mile as convincingly as Decidedly took the Derby. Jaipur's margin wasn't as wide—he beat Green Ticket by a length—but there was no stage of the race when he seemed in danger. Green Ticket, a flier out of the gate, stepped the first quarter in 0:22⅗, the half in 0:45⅘, and six furlongs in 1:10 (that's a shade faster than the time for the same distance in the Derby, which set a record), and then Jaipur, who had been second all along, went on to win in 1:35⅗. Cyrano, who was third, ran well. If he goes to the Preakness, he'll be the first Greentree entry in it since 1951. Jaipur, who is George D. Widener's fourth Withers winner, looked more than ever the picture horse, perhaps because he's fined down since he won the Gotham last month. Wiseacres say that the Preakness is a tossup between him and Decidedly, but if anybody wants my opinion, Jaipur is more likely to win it than Decidedly, Vimy Ridge, or anything else.

BECAUSE the turf course at Aqueduct came through the winter in such poor condition, it has been closed for the remainder of the year. The grass was thin and patchy, and it was pretty badly cut up by the first race over it, on May Day, so the management has set the sodders and seeders to work on it. Too bad; flat racing on the grass has become very popular. Anyhow, there'll be some turf races at Belmont next month. Now, if that blight had fallen on the hurdles course instead, it would have been all right with me. Speaking of hurdle races, when Kings Creek finished second in one last Thursday (he was beaten by a nose by Badge of Honor), Pete Bostwick, who saddled him, became the first trainer in America to win a million dollars in prize money over the jumps. Actually, the total is $1,000,618. Nice going.

I SHALL not see the Acorn Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, at Aqueduct on Saturday, but I'll give you the winner—Cicada. And if Affectionately hasn't won the Fashion Stakes before you read this, I'll be quite surprised.

—AUDAX MINOR



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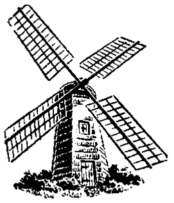

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

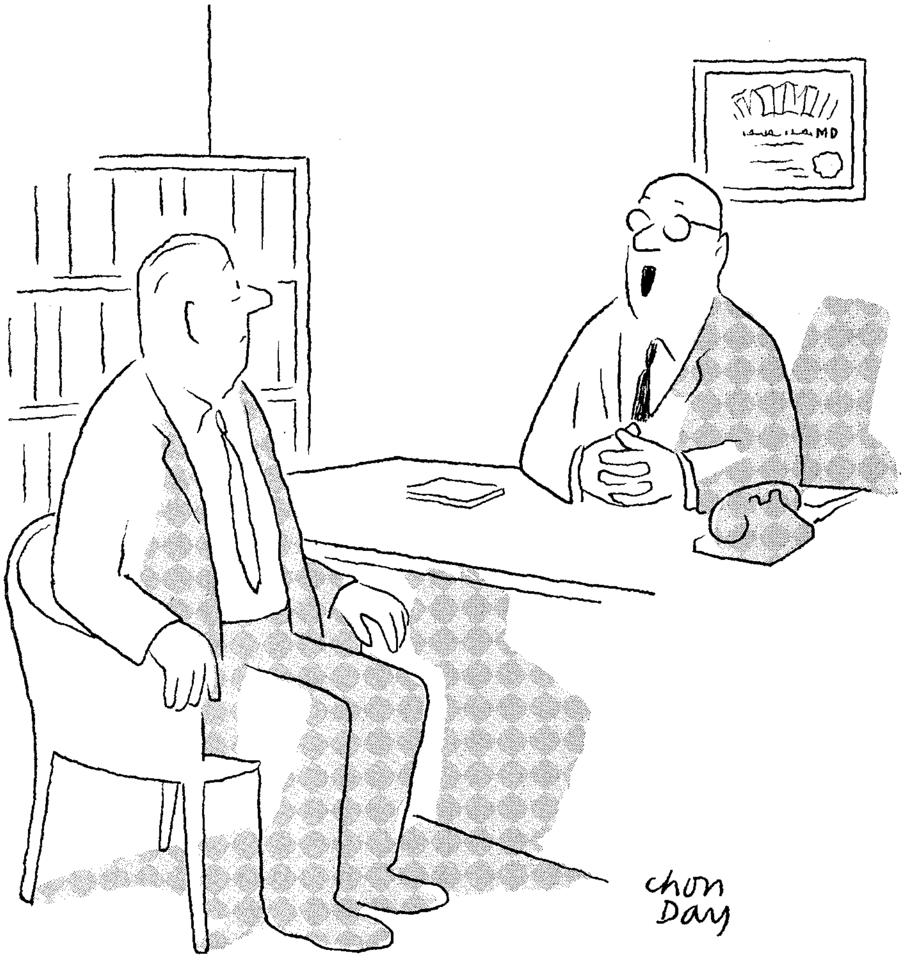
MARKETS AND MENUS

IT is hard to understand why Webster's New International, Second Edition—usually as dependable in matters of taste as in questions of scholarship—finds people with a passion for cheese of insufficient importance to rate a definition. True, in admitting "caseo-" and "tyro-" to be "combining forms," the dictionary would seem to allow those who plump for either "caseophile" or "tyrophile" to proceed at their own risk, but I get the impression, all the same, that Webster's Second Edition simply isn't very fond of cheese. And since it hasn't put itself out to help even serious cheese fanciers in talking about themselves, how could anyone expect it to come up with a word describing those of us who are slightly cracked on the subject? I like to think that my own delight in discovering a first-rate cheese goes beyond the mere good taste on my tongue. Fine cheese is one food that simply refuses to be taken over by the machine, and every time an honest specimen reaches maturity it signalizes a recurrent small triumph of Nature, achieved with man's collaboration, over the everlasting mechanization of life. Which is, I admit, a rather pompous way of presenting the case for anything as simple as a greedy affection for cheese.

This affection—my own, that is—was given an extra fillip recently by two quite notable new imports from Holland, which are almost sure to make a name for themselves among connoisseurs. One of them, called Kernhemse, has, aside from its fine flavor, some claim to distinction as the only non-hard cheese exported from the land of the Edam and the Gouda, and it makes one wonder why, since the Dutch are able to turn out so excellent a product of the kind, they haven't been sending it to us right along. The Kernhemse (at Bloomingdale, where it is carried exclusively, and where they are on more informal terms with the cheese, it is spoken of as Hemse, *tout court*) has a semi-soft consistency of a smoothness that seems literally to melt on the tongue, and a color like that of rich, rich cream. The first taste is one of extreme delicacy, and there is a pungent after-taste that is not actually strong yet indicates a more robust character than one might at first suspect. The cheese comes in wheels weighing three and three-quarters pounds, and sells (they'll cut it) at $1.69 a pound. And here, in fairness, I ought to say a good word for the Bloomingdale cheese department, having from time to time spoken disparagingly in these columns of shops that keep an enormous variety of cheeses on hand, and thus, I have contended, are incapable of bestowing adequate care on individual items. I still hold that an assortment small enough to permit a sort of attentive intimacy is a good rule for a cheese shop to follow, but somehow Bloomingdale has managed to upset the rule by maintaining an extremely large collection of fine cheeses that are all looked after with intelligent solicitude. Just the same, Bloomingdale had better stop right where it is; there is only so much intelligent solicitude to go around, even among cheeses.

The other newly arrived Hollander, also at Bloomingdale, is called Farmer's Gouda, and has the appearance of what we call Swiss (holes and all) but a much finer texture and, to my taste, a more subtle flavor. It comes from the same lush dairy country near the coast that is the home of Gouda proper, but, unlike that well-known and rather characterless cheese, which is factory-made, it is produced entirely by hand, and arrives in enormous thirty-pound wheels, to sell at $1.50 a pound. It is a cheese that is perfect to nibble with a Martini or with the last of your claret at the end of a meal, without benefit of bread or crackers; either way, I had better warn you, it is mighty hard to leave off nibbling. Both of these excellent Dutch imports—so different in flavor and texture one from the other—have in common a need to be kept at room temperature rather longer than most cheeses.

A perfectly lovely little cheese, labelled Le Régent, has recently arrived from France—from Anjou, to be exact. It's like a particularly delicate Camembert—soft and creamy, but lacking the Camembert's characteristic pungent flavor. If, as I am assured, it will be with us during the summer months, when Camembert makes its seasonal disappearance, it will most pleasantly fill the need for something exquisitely fresh



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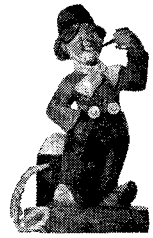

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THOSE of you who simply cannot (or think you cannot) face another summer of vichyssoise should be enormously beholden to the "21" Club for fixing it so that the restaurant's deservedly famous cold Crème Sénégalaise can now be enjoyed in the home. Whoever invented this delicious soup (was it really a Senegalese, I wonder), and first thought of serving it chilled, understood perfectly what is demanded of this type of hot-weather refreshment: that it not only must be cold and light but, at the same time, must give a gentle boost to the fastidious appetite. Vichyssoise is too bland to do this, and an Indian curry combats the hot weather altogether too violently, whereas the cold Sénégalaise, with its merest breath of curry, nudges the appetite gently along. To those not familiar with "21's" splendid soup, I should explain that it is made of extremely rich chicken consommé, egg yolks, and heavy cream, plus the whiff of curry powder and a generous sprinkling of finely chopped breast of chicken, and thus provides plenty of not too obvious nourishment while it is getting the appetite out of its doldrums. Perhaps I should not add that my own quite unauthorized painting of this lovely lily consists in adding a squeeze of lime juice to the soup at table, since this is just a whim, and wouldn't, I'm sure, find favor with "21's" chef. Orders must be given a couple of hours in advance, and the restaurant management asks that messengers picking up the soup use the steward's entrance, just east of the main entrance. The price is $4 a pint, $8 a quart.

A GREAT deal of the success of hot-weather foods, I believe, depends on their not being allowed to become monotonous (it's too much of a good thing that has ended by making a bore of vichyssoise), so you would probably do well to fortify yourself against the heat, or the humidity, or whatever it is, by knowing about two other heavenly cold soups. These are turned out by the Soupçon kitchens, 147 East 70th Street, and since they are inventions of the Soupçon cooks, rather than weary old standbys of a classic cuisine, their appeal is fresh and unexpected—the unfamiliar

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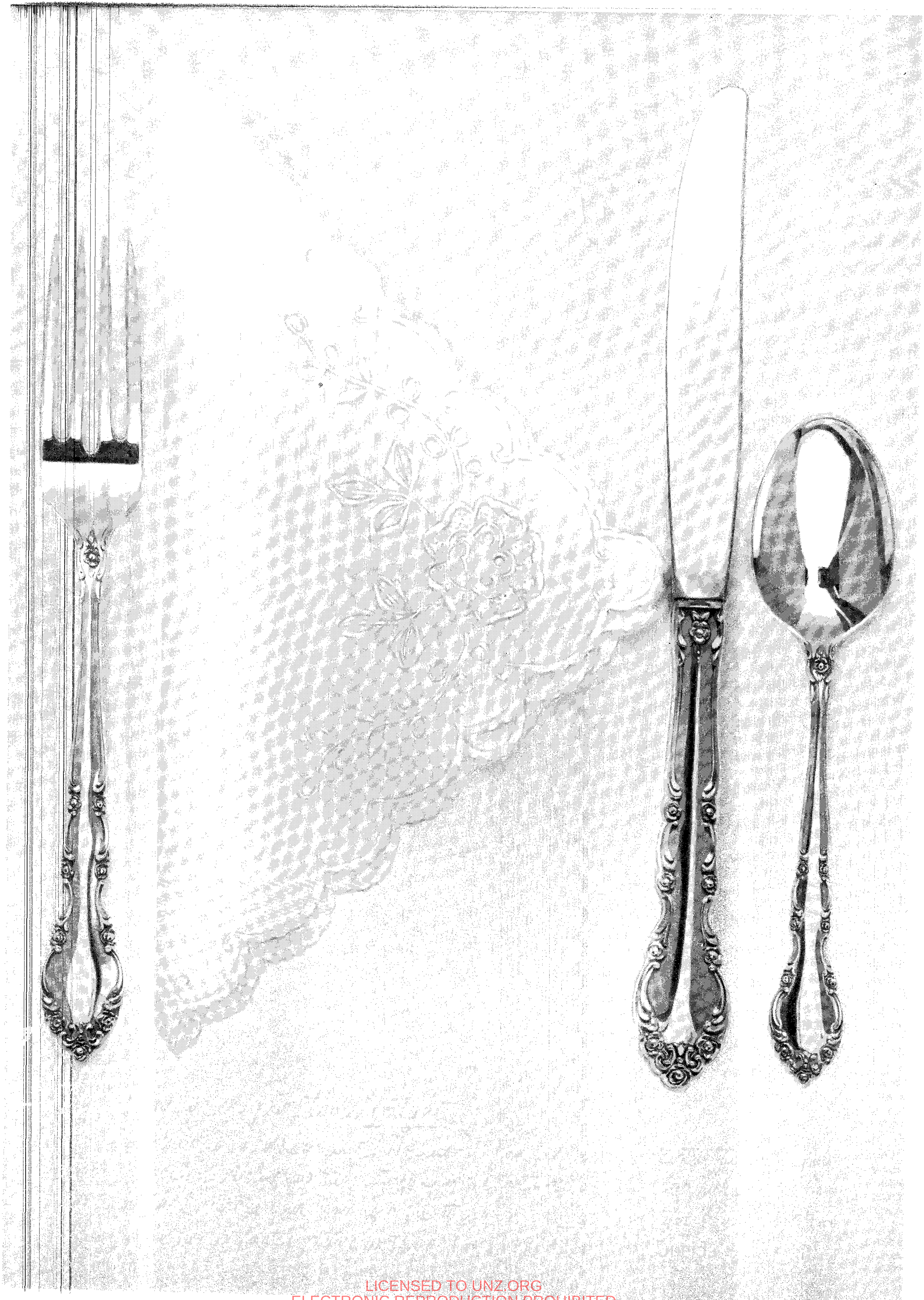

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being itself a stimulant to the lagging appetite. One of them, which Soupçon calls Spring Soup, is a purée of just about all the green summer vegetables you can think of—scallions, watercress, parsley, spinach, a pinch of mint, field salad, and any number of others—added to a base of strong chicken broth and blended with cream, both sweet and sour. It is perfectly delicious, and has the added advantage, for those who like to eat what's good for them, of being overflowing with vitamins and all that sort of thing. The other Soupçon offering is, by contrast, a soup of restrained simplicity, and of a lightness to tempt the dullest appetite. It is a mushroom consommé made by simmering fresh and dried mushrooms in a chicken broth and then straining them out to leave a clear semi-jellied consommé of great delicacy. Both soups are, of course, to be served very cold, in chilled bowls; the mushroom broth should, I think, have an accompaniment no heavier than a buttered and toasted wafer, or a fragile English biscuit, such as Jacob's Golden Puffs, split open and crisped. Both soups cost $6 a quart.

FOR quite a while, I have been hearing extravagant praise of a coffeecake—a Danish specialty—baked every Wednesday at Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street, but since, for some perverse reason, I never seemed to be in that neighborhood on that day until a couple of weeks ago, it was only lately that the cake and I met. The loss has been all mine, and although I am doing my best to make up for it, I feel that the time is nevertheless too short. All of which should give you the idea that this is no ordinary coffeecake. Except that it is made of raised dough, the Danish confection has nothing in common with the German and Austrian specialties of that name, which I had always thought set the style for such cakes. In Old Denmark's version, there is neither cinnamon nor raisins nor any of the other garnishes usually considered *de rigueur* in the European cakes of this genus; instead, there is a layer of exquisite pure almond paste, an occasional blob of homemade raspberry jam, and a profusion of toasted blanched almonds. You see, I can't speak of the thing without emotion. I have tried to make Old Denmark admit that the cake, on its native heath, is reserved for special holidays and high festivals, but no, it seems that those happy, happy Danes have it for any old weekday breakfast, dinner, or supper. To my taste, serving such a recklessly rich sweet at breakfast

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would be going rather too far, but as an accompaniment to tea, or, better still, a glass of milk, it is just about perfect. The coffeecake, which is a round loaf, seven inches in diameter, costs $1.75, and there is a bargain price of $3.20 for two of the loaves, which, you will find, make none too large a supply to lay in, especially since the cake freezes satisfactorily.

THE other day, having been frustrated for a long time in efforts to lay my hands on a really satisfactory curry powder, I sought help, in my desperation, from the India Government Trade Center. Where, I asked, could I find a powder that didn't taste as if it were made somewhere nearer the Statue of Liberty than the Taj Mahal? After a good deal of explanation (for which I was quite prepared) of how Indian cooks grind and pound the spices for their curries as needed, and take a poor view of what comes out of a bottle, the India Government Trade Center, seeing that I was firmly set against grinding and pounding, politely directed me to the shop of Kerope Kalustyan, 123 Lexington Avenue (28th), where, it ventured to say, I would probably find a variety of satisfactory curry powders. And that is exactly what I did find. I carried home two of the specimens—a hot and a mild, both made in India—with which I have since made perfectly splendid curries. I had been warned at the shop that the hot was very fiery indeed, but it wasn't all *that* hot (after all, Mr. Kalustyan is an Armenian, and so not entitled to speak with complete authority on the subject of curry), and both have such a good, rich fragrance that you recognize at once that somebody way off in India has been pounding and grinding, same as the India Government Trade Center said. —S. H.

•

CRYING

(FOR MY SON)

It is going to rain
On the grass, on the trees.
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Will turn to bubbling glass.
It is going to rain
On roofs and roofs
Of houses and houses,
And the invisible spaces
In between.
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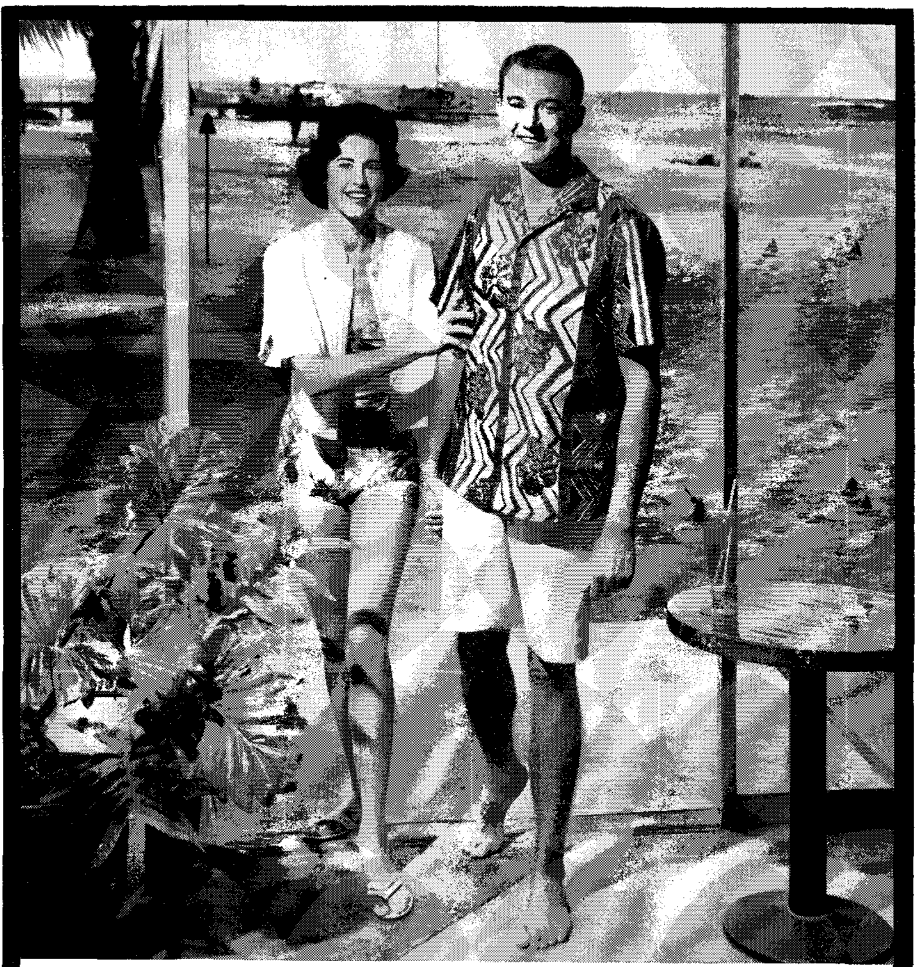
—Even on fish.

—STANLEY GOTTHEIMER



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Crosby	101	69
Lucky	51	25
Palm Springs	187	142
Phoenix	81	19
Tucson	91	15
New Orleans	96	14
Baton Rouge	96	13
PGA Srs.	233	38
Pensacola	89	12
St. Petersburg	81	20
Doral Open	67	21
Azalea	76	13
Masters	28	18
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Greensboro Open	91	18
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AMONG THE RUINS

THERE was no doubt about it, Joe thought as he sat in the car and waited for his wife and children to join him, Margo was simply wonderful. She had had an early lunch for them; she had so cleverly primed the children—who usually detested these organized outings with their parents—that they were still curious about the destination and eager to be off. The whole idea of going back to Corradinna had been hers, and although it was early summer and the weather probably would have been good anyhow, she had managed to choose the best Sunday of the year so far. Yes, Margo was simply wonderful.

When she had first mentioned her plan to him, the previous Friday night, he had felt unaccountably stubborn. "Corradinna? What the hell would take us there? There's nothing there now but the ruins of the old place."

"You still must have some curiosity about it," she had urged. "Even if it's only to see if you have lost the feel of the place."

"Feel?" he had said, deliberately misunderstanding her. "You know me—I'm not sentimental that way."

"And for the children's sake, too. I would like them to see where you lived when you were their age. It would be good for them."

"I don't see the point," he had said. "I don't see the point at all."

But she had persisted, and that night and the next day his stubbornness gave way to a stirring of memory, and then to a surprising excitement that revealed itself in his silence and his foolish grin. And now that they were about to set off, there was added a great surge of gratitude to her for tapping this forgotten source of joy in him. She knew and understood him so well.

Mary and Peter sat impatiently on the edge of the back seat. Mary was her mother in miniature. "Now, Mammy! Where? Where?" she begged. "You promised you would tell us now."

Margo turned to watch their faces. "We are going to Donegal—"

"I want to go to the beach," Peter broke in.

"—to see where your daddy used to live and play when he was your age."

"Are we, Daddy? Really?" Mary asked.

"Looks like it," said Joe, smiling helplessly.

"I still want to go to the beach," said Peter doggedly.

Mary caught his arm. "Can't you hear, stupid? We're going to see where Daddy used to play when he was a little boy."

"Where's that?" Peter asked cautiously.

"Away far off in Corradinna, in Donegal," said Margo. "And if you're going to behave like that, you are going to spoil the day on all of us."

"So stop whining, boy!" said Mary severely, imitating her mother with unconscious accuracy.

"I'm not whining."

"You were a minute ago."

"That'll do, the both of you! Do you want to ruin the day on your daddy?"

"What's the name of the place?" Mary asked.

"Corradinna," said Joe.

"Corradinna," said Peter, sampling the word. "That's a funny name." He turned to his sister, screwed up his face, and said in a man's voice, "Corradinna."

"Corradinna," she piped back at him.

They fell into a fit of laughing at their private joke.

After the first hour, they became restless. They changed sides—Mary behind Margo and Peter behind Joe. Later they changed back again. Then they quarrelled over the exact position of the imaginary line down the middle of the back seat. Then Peter wanted the windows down and Mary wanted them up; she was cold, she said. Then Margo asked Joe to pull in to the side, because Peter had to go out for a minute. Then, five miles farther on, Mary had to get out. It was the usual pattern for a Sunday-afternoon outing, but today it did not irk Joe, because Margo had assumed complete control, soothing, compromising, reprimanding, keeping peace, and the children's bickering claimed only a fraction of his attention. She was allowing him the uninterrupted luxury of remembering, hearing sounds and voices and cries he thought he had forgotten.

Corradinna lay at the foot of Errigal mountain, a pyramid of granite that rose twenty-five hundred feet out of the black bog earth. Because it marked the end of their journey and was visible for

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the last twenty miles, Joe found himself leaning over the driving wheel, as if to see beyond the folds of hills that still lay before him.

"Easy," said Margo. "You're going too fast."

"Am I?"

"You'll be there time enough. Do you want the children to get sick?"

At this moment, I don't give a damn, he thought without callousness; at this moment, with Meenalaragan and Pigeon Top on my left and Glenmakennif and Altanure on my right. Because there are my hills, and I knew them before I knew wife or children.

"Joe! Do you hear me?"

"Sorry," he said, slowing down. "Sorry."

Every Saturday morning, with the two Lakeland terriers, just for a walk. You got to the top of one hill and stood there with your arms opened out to the wind and watched the dogs, crazed with the scent of a fox, scramble down before you, and you ran down after them and then up the next incline and down the next and up and down and up and down, and when you got home in time for dinner the dogs were so fatigued that they could not sleep but lay restlessly on the cold flags of the kitchen floor, staining the stone under their noses with circles of damp. It is all coming back to me, he thought.

THEY left the car at the side of the road and walked up the grass-covered track to the ruins of the house. The roof had fallen in, and the windows were holes in the walls. Someone had carved his initials on the doorpost: "J.M. Nov. 1941." Mary, convinced that there must still be something spectacular to be seen after so long a journey, began asking petulantly, "Show us now, Mammy! Show us now!"

"This is it all," Margo said. "This is where your daddy used to play."

"Who did he play with? What games did he play?"

"He used to play around the house here. And around those fields. Why don't you and Peter go exploring for yourselves while your daddy and I look around here?"

"I have seen everything," said Peter.

"You couldn't have," said Margo. "Go on, off with the pair of you! Your daddy and I will be around here somewhere. And if you get tired walking, go and sit in the car."

When they had gone, she said to Joe, "Was that the garden?"

"Yes," he said, and walked away from her. She followed him.

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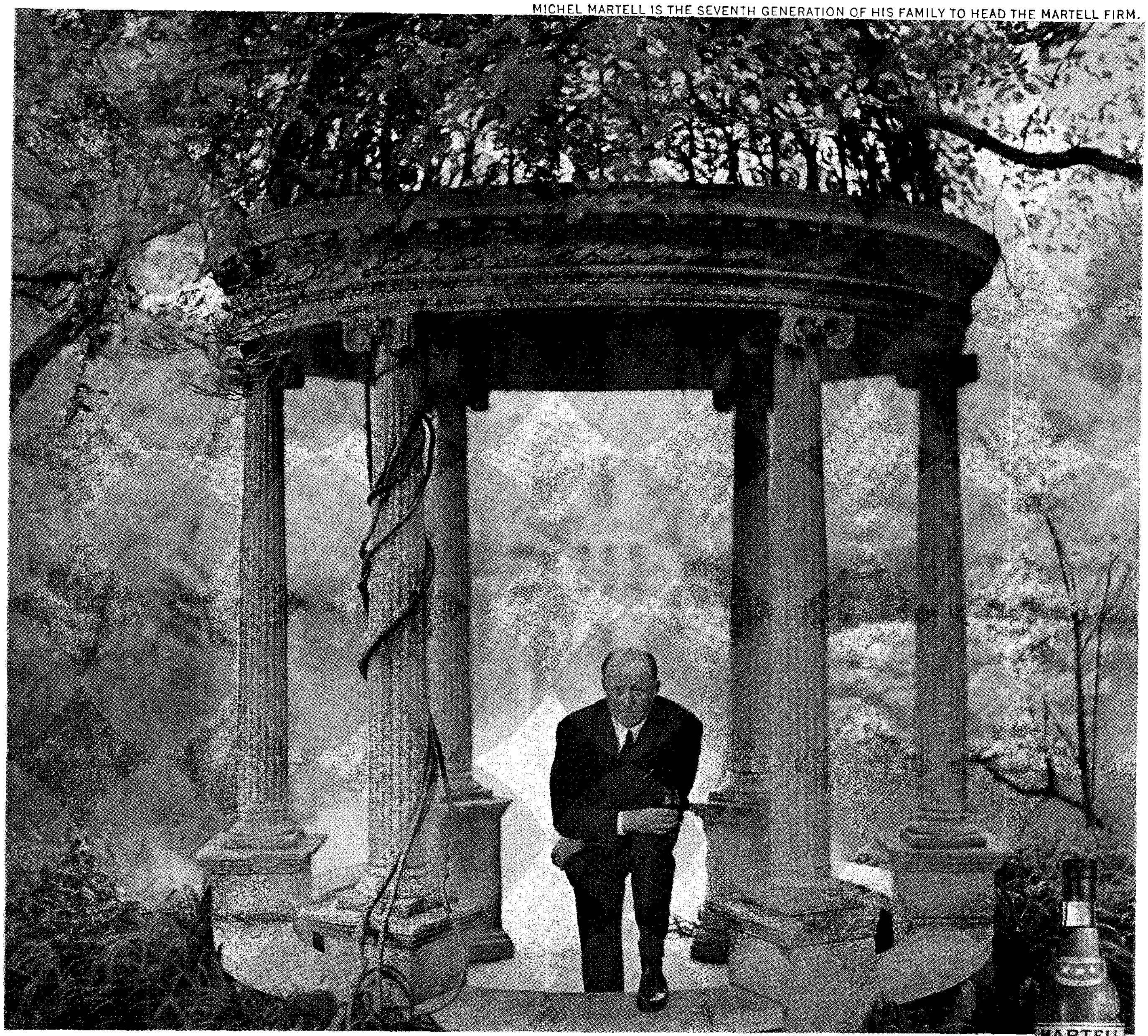

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berry tree. And the chestnut. That is our swing. Our father ties the ropes across that branch, and we soar up and out over the laneway. And Mother cries, "Careful, Joe! Careful!," and Susan, my sister, squeals, "Higher! Higher!," and Father comes round the side of the house and says, "Is the cow not in yet, boy?," and Susan says, "I'll get it. Joe's busy swinging." Off she runs like a fairy thing, and because she is gone the boy who is I jumps down and runs after her, and when he catches up with her they dawdle along the bank of the river (River? What river? This trickle of water? Where did the river go?), and he says, "Dare you to jump the river." "How much?" "Half the hazelnuts under my bed." "It's a bet." And she grips her lips between her teeth and takes a wild, gangling leap and lands in the middle of the water. They laugh and take off her shoes and wring out her socks and, the wetting suddenly forgotten, stroll across the fields to the wood (But where is the wood? It couldn't be this sad little cluster of oak!) until they come to the bluebell patch. "We'll bring home bluebells to Mother." Susan's arms are out. "Fill them," she says. "No. These will do." "Fill them. Fill them." "We forgot the cow." "The cow! Quick. The cow!" Another race across the meadow, through the gap in the hedge, clean over the river this time, because there is no bet to tighten your legs. And home, home, back past the barn. The barn, with its treasures—parts of bicycles, bits of beehives, a tea chest of old clothes, the drumsticks. Susan sings, and he accompanies her with the drumsticks on a cigar box. She dresses up in a long, tan-colored silk frock, strap-over shoes, a huge picture hat—all her mother's. She sings "Red sails in the sunset," over and over again, because the first line is the only one she knows.

"Susan! Joe! Teatime!"

Hide! Hide! Down to the bower at the foot of the garden! Oh, the laughing in that bower! Laughing till they are sore. And then as soon as they sober up one of them pulls a face and they are off again. Oh, God, the pain of that laughing! "What do you two laugh at?" Father says. "You would think to look at you that you were a pair of half-wits. What *do* you laugh at, anyhow?" And that makes them worse, because Susan twitches her eyes or shrugs her shoulders, and if they were to be killed they could not stop now at all.

"Joe?" Margo's voice at his el-

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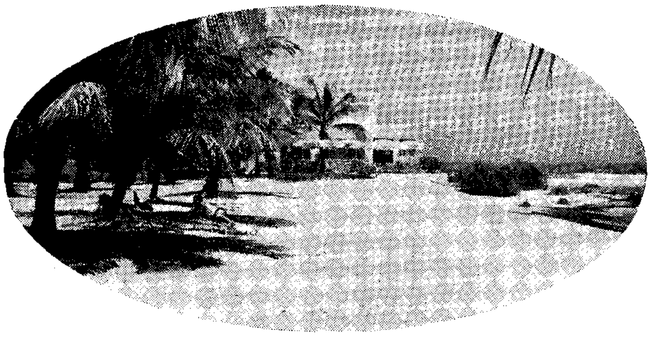

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bow. "What are you smiling at, Joe?"

Suddenly he was alert, wary. "Remembering," he said.

"Remembering what?"

"The bower. Susan and myself in the bower."

"What was it?"

"A place . . . a sort of hideout at the foot of the garden there. It's gone now. I looked."

"What used you do there?"

"Laugh. Laugh, mostly."

Clouds had come up from the west and hidden the sun, and the air was cold.

"What did you laugh at?"

"I don't know. We just laughed. We called it the laughing house."

"But you must have been laughing *at* something," she persisted. "Did you make jokes for one another?"

"No, no, no. No jokes. Not laughing like that. Just—just silly laughing."

"Still, there must have been something to laugh at, even for silly laughing, as you call it. What sort of silly things used you laugh at?"

"What did we laugh at?" An explanation was necessary. We must have laughed at something. There must have been something that triggered it off.

"Are you not going to tell me?" Margo's face had sharpened. She stood before him, insisting on a revelation.

"Susan and I—" he mumbled.

"I know," she said quickly. "Susan and you in the bower. Once you got in there together, you laughed your heads off. And I want to know what you laughed *at.*"

"She would make up a word—any word, any silly-sounding word—and that would set us off," he said, clutching at the first faint memory that occurred to him. "Some silly word like—like 'sligalog,' or 'skookalook.' That sort of thing."

" 'Skookalook.' What's funny about that?"

"I don't know if that was one of them. I meant just any made-up word at all. In there, in the bower, somehow it seemed to sound—so funny."

"And that's all?"

"That was all," he said limply.

Relenting, now that he had admitted her to these privacies, she put her arm through his and rubbed her cheek against his sleeve. "Poor Joe," she said. "Poor silly, simple Joe. Come on, let's go for a walk. It will soon be time to head home again."

Later, when they got back to the car, they found Mary sitting alone in the back seat. "What kept you two?" the child demanded in the stern voice

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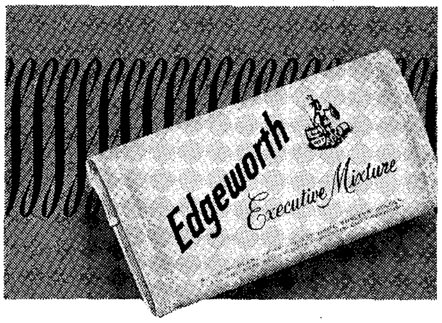

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they used to laugh at a few years ago.

"Where's Peter?" Margo asked.

"I don't know. We're not speaking," said Mary primly. "He has been gone for over half an hour."

"I'll get him," Joe volunteered. "He won't be far away."

"Will I go with you?"

"No. I'll be quicker alone," said Joe. He felt that Margo knew he was glad of the opportunity to have a last look around by himself. "Start the motor and turn on the heater," he called back. "There is a dew falling."

He did not look for the boy. He walked slowly up the path to the remains of the house and walked round them once, twice, three times. He tried to move without making any sound, so that the stillness in his mind would not be disturbed. He knew he was waiting for something. But nothing came from the past—no voice, no cry, no laugh, not even the bark of a dog. He was suddenly angry. He charged down the garden and through the hedge. "Peter!" he shouted. "Peter! Peter!" The echoes of his voice mocked him. "Peter! Peter!"

Now panic gripped him. The child had had an accident! He broke into a run, crossed the lower meadow, leaped the stream, and ran up the incline to the cluster of trees. "Peter! Peter!"

Peter was so engrossed in his play that he was not aware of his father until Joe caught him by the shoulder and shook him. He was on his knees at the mouth of a rabbit hole, sticking small twigs into the soft earth.

"Peter! What the hell!"

"Look, Daddy. Look! I'm donging the tower!"

"Did you not hear me shouting? Are you deaf?"

"Let me stay, Daddy. I'll have the tower donged in another five minutes."

"Come on!" Joe dragged him away. "Your mother will think we're both lost. Such a fright I got! Calling all over the place. Hurry up!"

"Please, Daddy, let me stay for—"

"Now, I said! It will be long past your bedtime when we get back."

Until they got to the road, Peter had to trot to keep up with him. "Here he is!" Joe announced. "Playing games by himself in the wood!" Margo and Mary were listening to the radio. "Let's get started," said Margo. "I'm sleepy."

"Calling and calling, and the little blighter wouldn't even answer me!"

"Your feet are wet," said Margo.

"That won't kill me," said Joe gruffly.

Margo said something, but he

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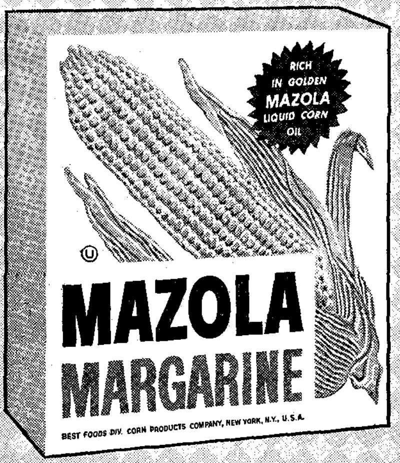
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pressed the gas pedal and revved up the engine, so that her voice was drowned.

ON the way home, a sense of aloneness crept over him. Once, he gave in to the temptation to glance in the mirror, but it was already dark outside and Errigal was just part of the blackness behind them. He should never have gone back, he knew; at least, he should never have gone back with Margo and the children. Because the past is a mirage—a soft illusion into which one steps in order to escape the present. Like hiding in the bower. How could he have told Margo that the bower had been their retreat, Susan's and his, their laughing house? That dank little den that smelled of damp and decay, which let in no sunlight and kept out no rain? Was that their retreat? And, if it came to that, how often had they laughed there? Did they not bicker and fight all the time, like Peter and Mary? "I'll tell on you, boy. I'll tell Mammy on you." Susan's petulant voice came back to him now, clearer and harsher than the other memories.

"Go and tell, then, old telltale."

"I'm going now. I'm going now. And you'll get a beating, boy, when you come in for your tea."

"Telltale!"

"Bully!"

How sharply he remembered: walking alone and desolate along the bottom of the meadow, imagining the stories Susan was telling their father and mother in the house, knowing that eventually he would have to go up and face the accusation and his father's hard eyes and his mother's hard mouth, how he would stammer out his side of the story and then take his beating and then be sent to bed. Was that his childhood? Why, Joe wondered, had he been so excited about the trip that morning? What had he expected to find at Corradinna—a restoration of innocence? A dream confirmed? He could not remember. All he knew now was that the visit had been a mistake. It had robbed him of a precious thing, his illusions of his past, and in their place now there was nothing—nothing at all but the truth.

"Aow! Aow! Peter nipped me! Peter nipped me!" Mary's cry shattered the sleepy quiet in the car.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Margo.

"Peter, Mammy. He nipped me in the arm! Ah, my arm! My arm!" She made no effort to control her tears.

"She kicked me first," said Peter. "She kicked my ankle."

"I didn't, Mammy! I didn't.

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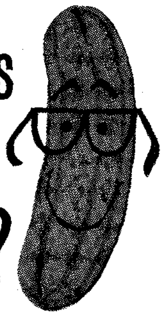

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Ah-ah-ah-ah! It's bleeding! I can feel it!"

"Stop the car," said Margo.

Joe brought the car to a stop, and Margo switched on the light. "Now," she said briskly. "What happened? Show me your arm."

"There, Mammy. Above the elbow. It's all purple."

"There's no blood," said Margo. "But it is red. Why did you do that, Peter?"

"I didn't touch her until she kicked me first."

"I was asleep, Mammy. I couldn't have kicked him."

"Mary was asleep, Peter. Why did you nip her?"

"She's a liar!" said Peter in desperation.

The sharp smack of Margo's hand across his cheek startled them all. "How dare you!" Margo cried. "You know very well I do not allow you to use that word. It's a horrible thing to say about your sister! I've told you over and over again—it's a word I won't allow. I just won't have it!" She looked quickly at Joe and turned away again. "Never let me hear you use that word again! Never!"

She had to shout her last remarks to make herself heard above the noise of Peter's howling. The crying stopped his breath, and he spluttered and choked, with his face pressed against the upholstery of the seat. Mary sat timidly in her corner. Margo, uncertain what to do next, turned around, facing the windscreen.

"There, now. There, there, there, Son," Joe began. "You're all right."

"I—I—I—" Peter stammered, breathing in.

"I know, I know, Son. It's all right now. It's all over."

He tried to catch Margo's eyes for permission to lean over and console the child. Her reluctance to look at him was sufficient. He stretched across the seat and lifted the shuddering boy in his arms and placed him gently on his knees. "Now," he said softly. "That's better, isn't it? Much better. It's a good thing for a man to cry like that sometimes."

The crying stopped, but the light body still shook when a sob took it.

"You go to sleep there on my knee, and before you know it we'll be home again. O.K.?" He switched off the light and started up the engine. The child was warm against his body. Soon the boy slept.

Silence filled the car. Through the mesmerism of motor, fleeing hedges, shadows flying from the headlights,

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three words swam into Joe's head. "Donging the tower." What did Peter mean, he wondered dreamily; what game was he playing, donging the tower? He recalled the child's face, engrossed, earnest with happiness, as he squatted on the ground by the rabbit hole. A made-up game, Joe supposed, already forgotten. He would ask him in the morning, but Peter would not know. Just out of curiosity, he would ask him—not that it mattered. . . . And then a flutter of excitement stirred in him. Yes, yes, it did matter. Not the words, not the game, but the fact that he had seen his son, on the first good day of summer, busily, intently happy in solitude, donging the tower. The fact that Peter would never remember was of little importance; it was his own possession now, his own happiness, this knowledge of a child's private joy.

Then, as he turned the car into the road that led to their house, a strange, extravagant thought struck him. He must have had moments of his own like Peter's, alone, back in Corradinna, donging his own towers. And, just as surely, his own father must have stumbled on him, and must have recognized himself in his son. And his father before that, and his father before that. Generations of fathers stretching back and back, all finding magic and sustenance in the brief, quickly destroyed happiness of their children. The past did have meaning. It was neither reality nor dreams, neither today's patchy oaks nor the great woods of his boyhood. It was simply continuance, life repeating itself and surviving. —BRIAN FRIEL

•

CLEAR DAYS ALONG WALL STREET
(AND A BRIGHT GOLDEN HAZE ON THE TICKER)

[*Letter from Baxter International Economic Research Bureau*]

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•

A profoundly observant Mark Twain *once opined that East and West would never be able to get together, but that* scholarly gentleman didn't reckon with the talented likes of Billy Wilder, I.A.L. Diamond and the Mirisch Brothers. —*Motion Picture Herald.*

And never the Twain shall meet Kipling.

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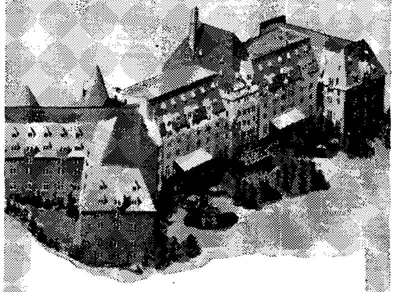

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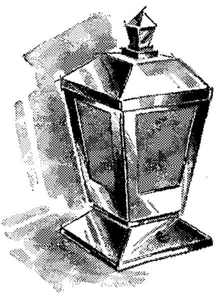

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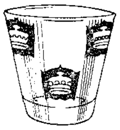

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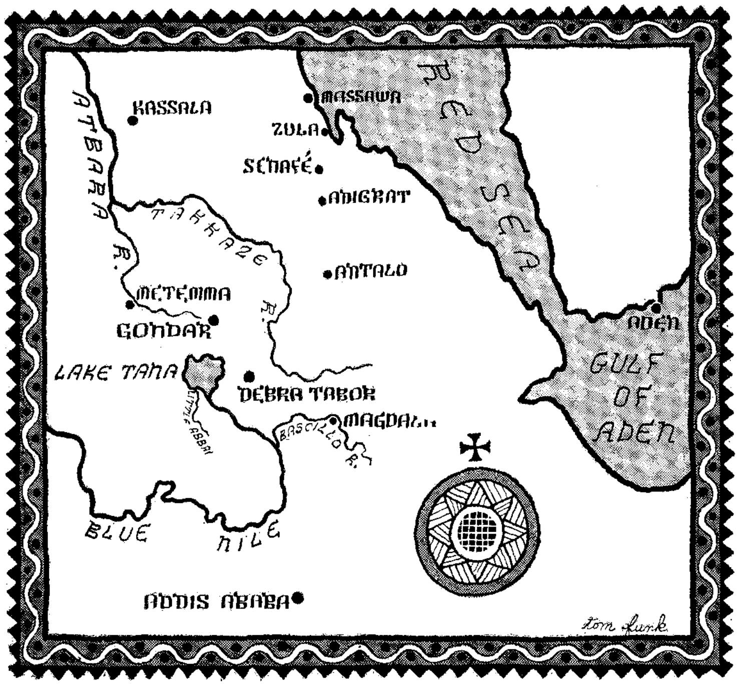
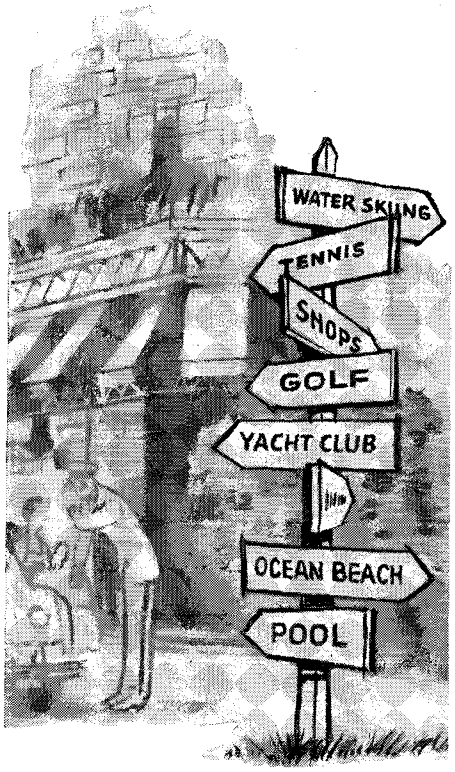
THE BLUE NILE

IV—NO. 1 ARMY PIGEON



OF all the tribes and races and armies that have controlled the Nile, it is hard to imagine that any were more ruthless than the Turks in the middle years of the nineteenth century. From the eighteen-twenties onward, a succession of Turkish governors-general came up the river from Cairo, following the Blue Nile almost to the Ethiopian border, and although they were the worst of colonizers and explorers, they extended their grip on the Sudan with a predatory tenacity. They educated nobody except as a convenience, they thought nothing of the ancient monuments except as a useful store of building materials, they explored merely to destroy, and their government was directed toward a single end: to mulct the country of all the money, cattle, and human beings they could lay hands on. Flogging, blowing from guns, impalement—these were the normal punishments for anyone who opposed them, and every governor-general was judged by the success of his slave raids and military expeditions. One marvels at how any human beings could have survived such harsh treatment, but the Sudan was vast and the pressure was not continuous, and if the Turks were destructive, they also had a talent for administration. And with administration came peace of a sort, truculent, sullen, and despairing, but enough to encourage European explorers and travellers to venture forth on expeditions that the Turkish overlords no doubt thought effete and unprofitable—charting the terrain, studying the local cultures, uncovering the ancient monuments. Even Flaubert showed up. Year by year, these people filtered into unknown corners, gradually filling out a picture of the Sudan. But in one direction all passage was denied them: no one could penetrate the great gorge down which the Blue Nile hurled itself onto the desert from the mountains of Ethiopia. And so the country beyond remained an almost inviolate mystery. Still, this strange Christian land, though locked away from the rest of the world by its mountains and surrounding deserts, could not escape the attention of the great powers of the West forever. In particular, it aroused the attention of England. In the eighteen-fifties, plans for the Suez Canal were well in hand, and it was apparent to any sensible observer that the Red Sea route would soon abolish the need for the long voyage around the Cape. Now less than ever could England afford to have an enemy in control of Ethiopia and the Red Sea ports, and whether that enemy was Christian or Moslem made no difference; England would be bound to step in. In the eighteen-sixties, such an enemy appeared, and the last phase of the conquest of the Blue Nile began.

It has always been accepted that the Emperor Theodore of Ethiopia was a mad dog let loose, a sort of black reincarnation of Ivan the Terrible, and so he was in many ways, even by the savage standards of Ethiopia itself. Yet Theodore's appalling reputation does not fit him absolutely. A touch of nobility intervenes, and although in better circumstances he could have just possibly become Othello, he could never have been Iago. He was far too emotional to be a calculating villain, and there was no real method in his madness. Moreover, even at the height of his frenzies, he was a courteous man, and nobody ever contested the fact that he had that sort of unthinking courage that comes to some people as naturally as the air they breathe. The rest of the pattern is the familiar one of the dreaming megalomaniac, of the raging reformer who finds his reforms rejected and wants to pull the whole world down in ruins to appease himself for his failure. It seems likely that he was entirely sincere in the beginning—he really did attempt to abolish slavery, to reform taxation, to pay his soldiers instead of allowing them to plunder. (He even introduced into the country those extraordinary white jodhpurs in which Ethiopians still get about.) He believed right up to the moment of his death that he was destined to restore the glories of the ancient Ethiopian empire, and in that cause, one of his biographers says, "his personal and moral daring were boundless." That was the trouble. He had no judgment, and he never knew where to stop. When he was finally defeated in his long, chaotic struggle to coerce, bludgeon, and bully his people out of the Middle Ages, he turned, like an animal at bay, to senseless butchery. He was like a child who knows that he is doing wrong, yearns for forgiveness, for a way out, and, finding none, gives way entirely to his anger, hoping that it will create its own justification. Had he had anyone to help him in the terribly difficult business of adjusting himself to the modern world without loss of dignity, it might have been a different story. But he was surrounded by ignorance and superstition, and a wilder, more barbaric place than Ethiopia in the nineteenth century cannot be imagined. For two hundred years, the country had been engulfed in anarchy, and it was anarchy so deep that even the records are silent. We do not know in any precise detail what the politics were, what chieftains marched against one another, or by what laws and forces the people managed to survive. Their battles were fought in a black night of isolation, and were forgotten as soon as they were lost



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and won. It is only with the emergence of Theodore that light begins to fall on the scene, and with Theodore the history of modern Ethiopia begins.

Theodore claimed that he was of royal blood, in the direct line of kings descending from Solomon and Alexander the Great. He was nothing of the sort. He was the son of a small local chieftain, and had no connection with the royal line. He was entirely a self-made king, and his dynasty began and ended with him. He was born in 1818 in the Christian province of Amhara, near the source of the Blue Nile. Amhara was closely pressed by Mohammedans—by the Turks, Egyptians, and Arabs in the deserts of the Sudan, and by the Galla tribes of central Ethiopia itself—and Theodore grew up knowing hardly anything but war against Islam. It is true that he had other quarrels as well, and could kill his brother Christians with a clear and determined conscience, but in the main he considered himself a crusader against the Moslems, and if we are to understand him, this is an aspect of his character that we should never forget. From his earliest beginnings, he seems to have been singled out as an exceptional man. He looked like a leader. He was black and very beautiful—a man with a lofty forehead and a lithe, athletic body—and there was a certain grandeur in his bearing. He was educated in a monastery but very soon abandoned the priesthood to become a soldier, and in the ruthless arts of Ethiopian tribal warfare he was a master. By 1853, when he was thirty-five, he had defeated all the rival chiefs on Lake Tana and had overrun Amhara. Next, he turned with his little army to the neighboring provinces of Tigré, Gojam, and Shoa, and by 1855 most of the ruling families in those areas either had been killed or were in his hands. The Turks were still threatening him from the Red Sea coast and the Sudan, but in Ethiopia itself this new St. George was triumphant. Both the ancient capital of Gondar and the great mountain fortress of Magdala had fallen to him, but he still preferred to move about the countryside in a vast, tented camp, with his court and his army around him. He now declared himself Theodore II, Emperor of Ethiopia, and it was a title that, for the moment, nobody could dispute. In England, it was even thought worthwhile to appoint a consul, Walter C. Plowden, to represent Britain at Theodore's court.

Plowden at the time of his appointment had already been in Ethiopia for several years, and had become an in-

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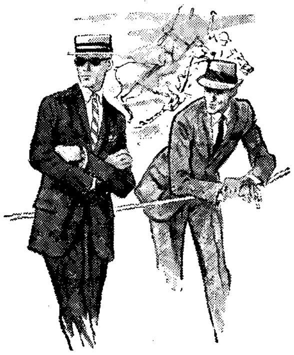

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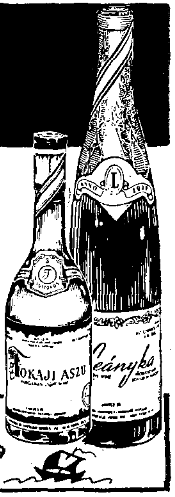

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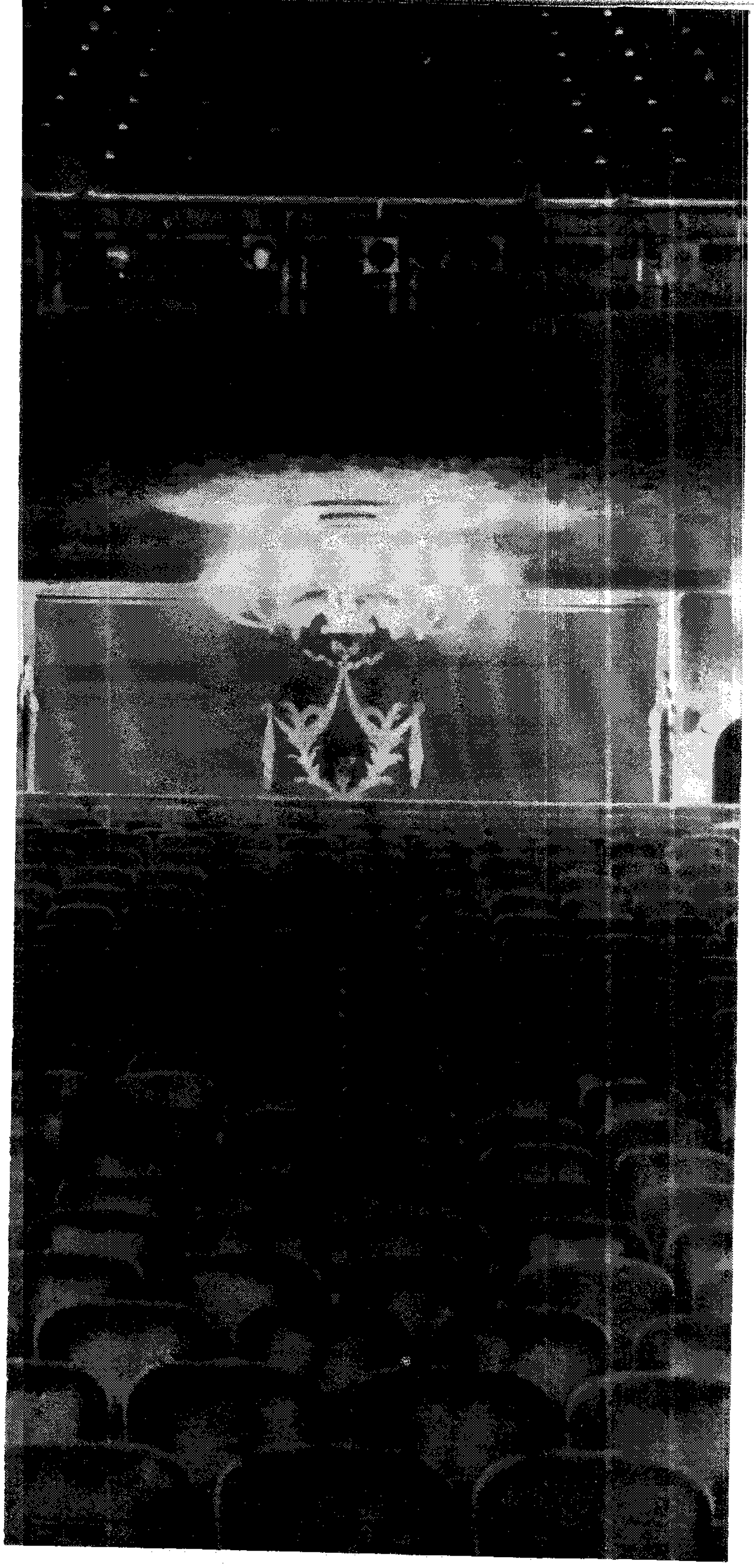

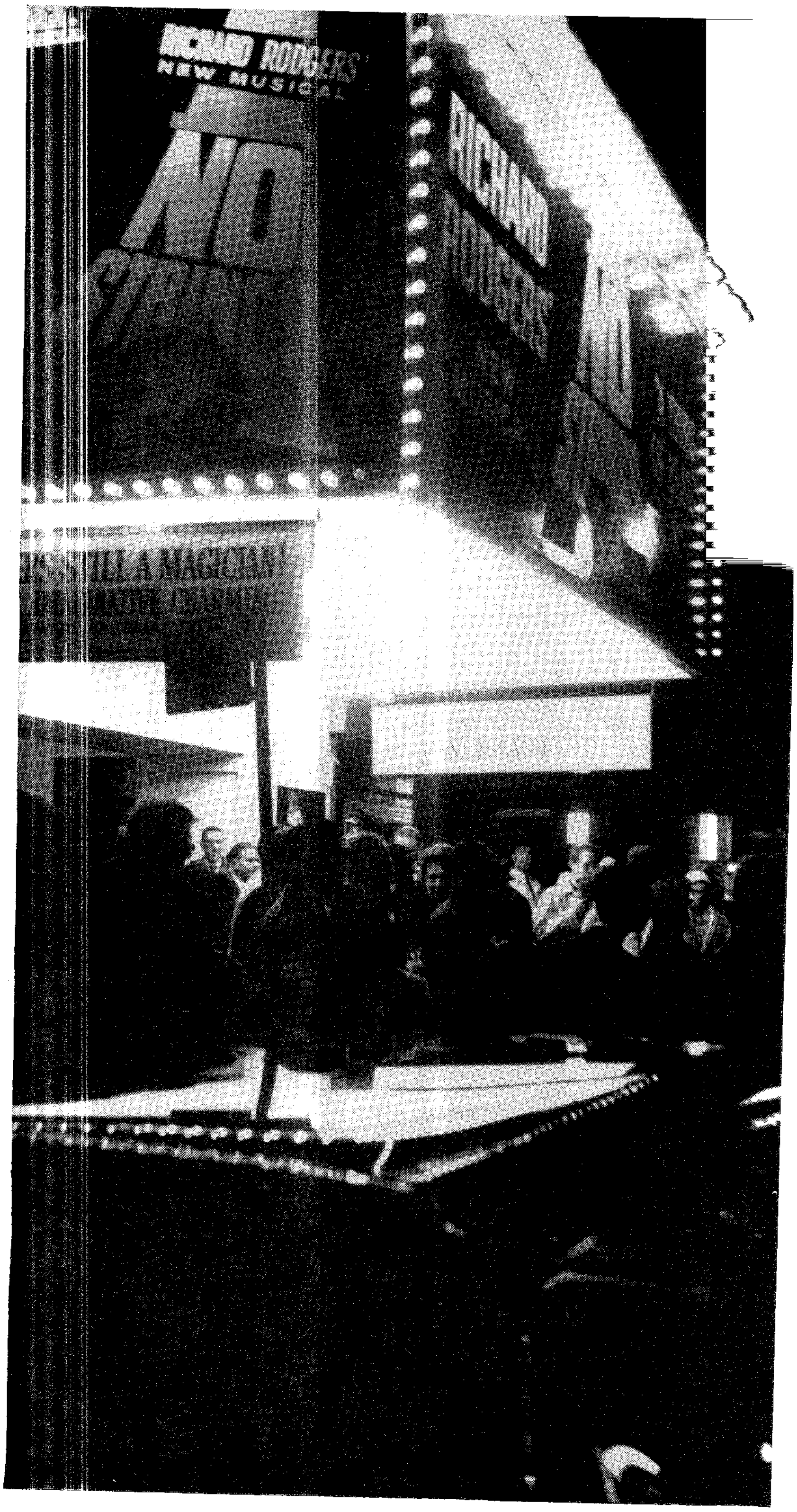

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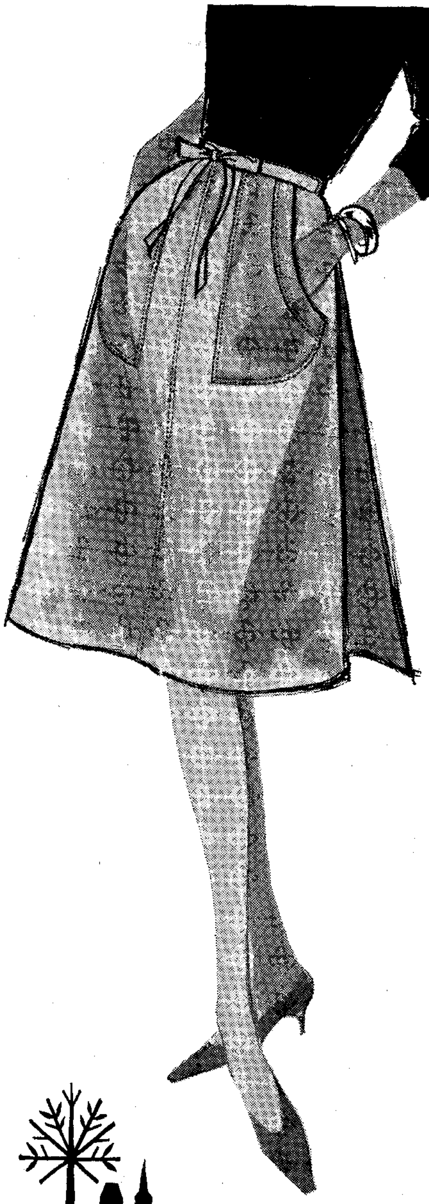

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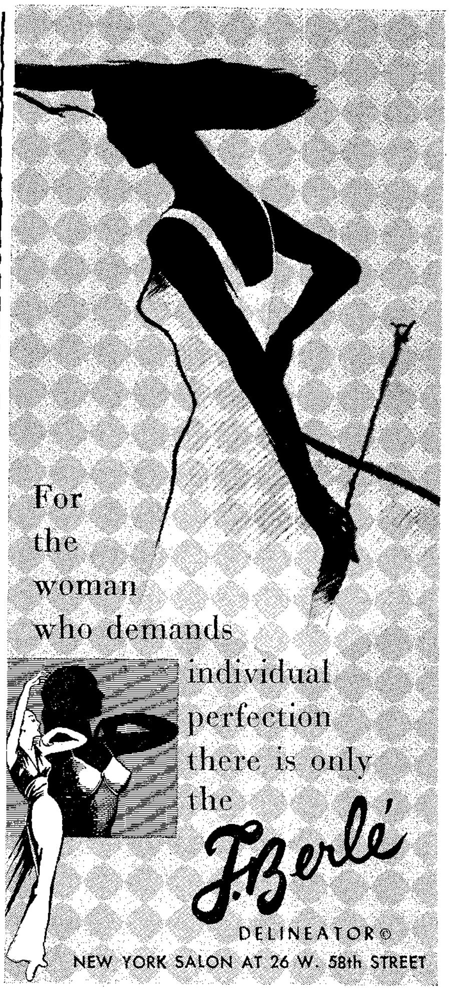
timate of Theodore's; his companion, an engineer named John Bell, had even been made a kind of grand chamberlain and secretary at the court. A number of missionaries, of German extraction but sponsored by British religious organizations, were also on the scene. By the late eighteen-fifties, therefore, things were going very well with England's policy of maintaining friends along the Red Sea route. But in 1860 disaster suddenly intervened; Plowden, on one of his journeys through the country, was killed by tribesmen near Gondar. Theodore at once marched with Bell against the culprits, and, as a gesture of condolence to his English friend, slaughtered or mutilated about two thousand of them—a holocaust exceptional even for Ethiopia. During the fighting, Bell rushed to the assistance of Theodore and was killed.

It now became necessary for the British government to send a new representative to the Emperor's court, and the choice fell on Captain Charles Duncan Cameron, of the Indian Service. One does not know quite what to think about Cameron. Although he was to become a *casus belli*, and although his subsequent sufferings aroused the sympathy of all the civilized world, he does not really emerge as a well-defined individual outside his consular office, and if he was competent he was not very farseeing. Plowden, one feels, would have acted very differently had he lived; certainly he would have handled Theodore more adroitly. But then Theodore himself was changing at about this time. His first wife, a chieftain's daughter named Tavavich, who appears to have had a steadying influence on him, had recently died. Theodore had married again, but his new queen, Teru-Wark, was a twelve-year-old girl who soon bored him, and he fell into the habit of taking up with any woman, married or unmarried, who happened to please him for a night or two. Up to this point, too, he had been a sober man, but he now gave way to bouts of heavy drinking. These were hardly the ideal circumstances for the appearance of a new consul.

At first, however, all was warmth and friendship. Cameron arrived at Gondar in July, 1862, and there presented Theodore with a rifle and a brace of revolvers, each of which had a silver plate on its stock inscribed with the words "Presented to Theodore, Emperor of Abyssinia, by Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, for his kindness to her servant Plowden, 1861." Whether or not Theodore took this to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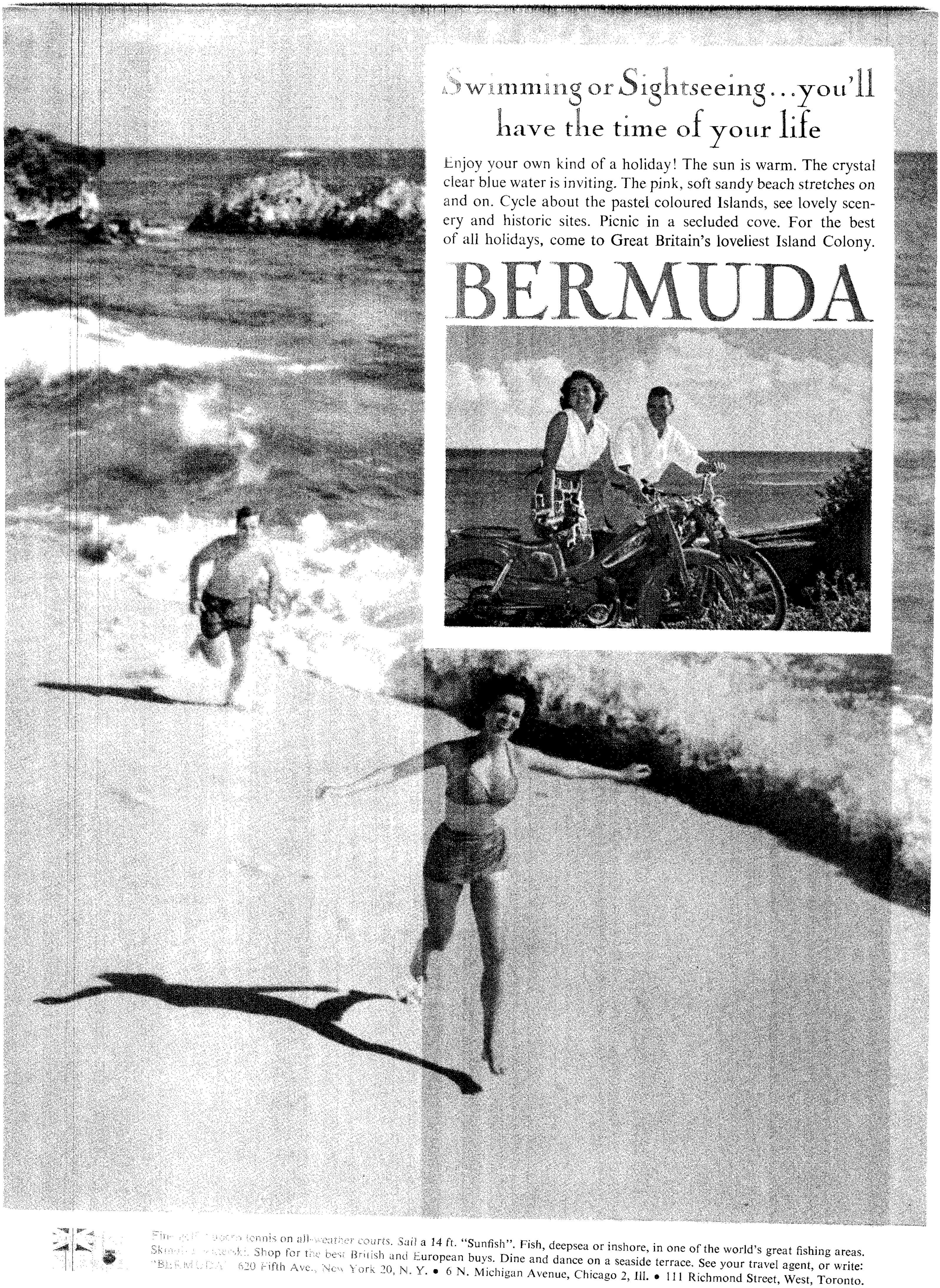

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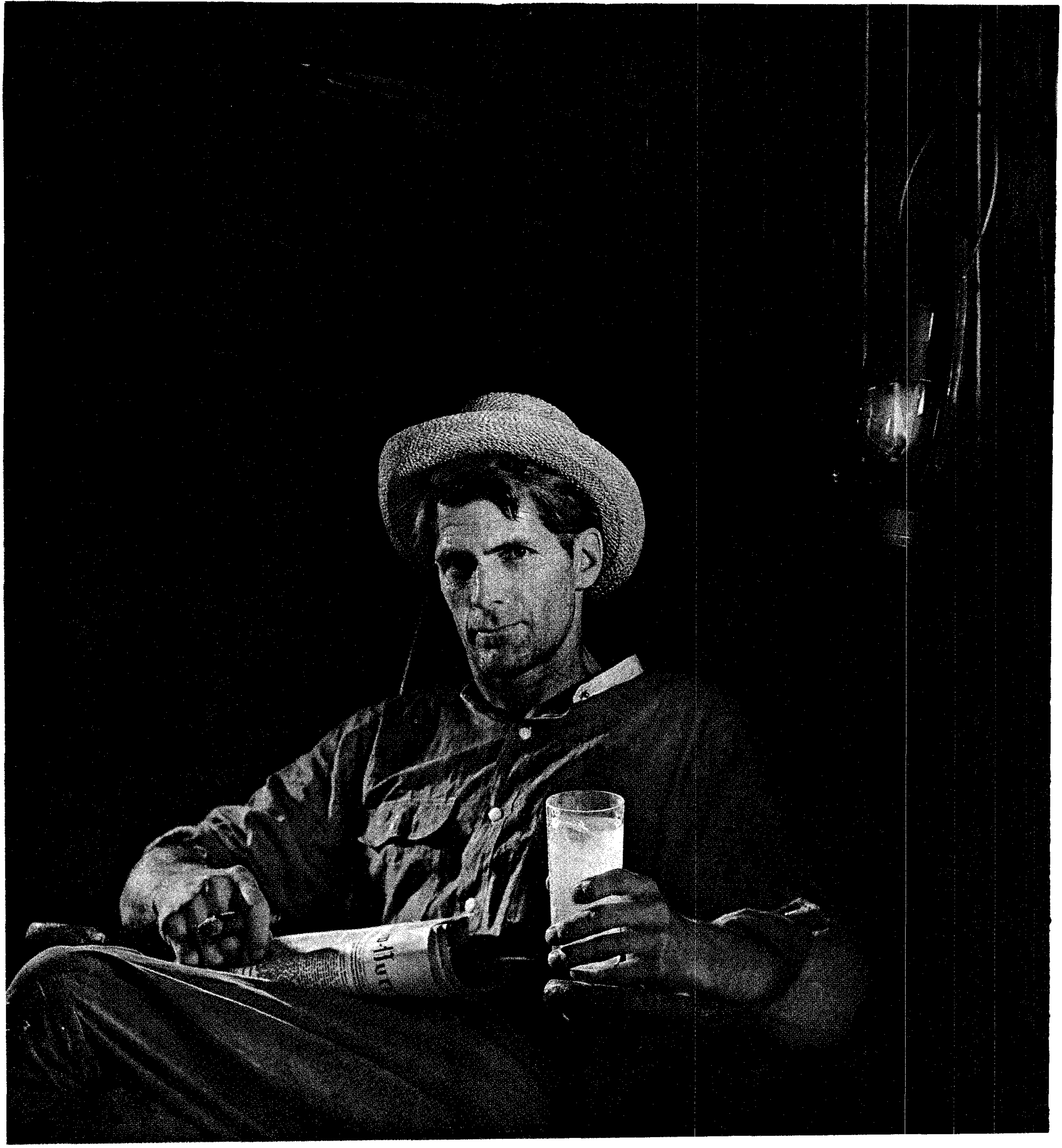

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be a gracious acknowledgment of the massacre he had just carried out is not known, but it is certain that he was delighted by the gift, and Cameron, encouraged by his reception, suggested that Theodore send envoys to England to conclude a new treaty of friendship with the Queen. Probably what Cameron intended was nothing more than a formal exchange of civilities, but Theodore took up the idea with all the seriousness of a petty African chieftain wishing to establish his importance in the great outer world. He drafted a letter to the Queen and directed Cameron to deliver it, probably thinking that Cameron would do so in person. Translated from the Amharic, the letter read, in part:

> In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, one God in Trinity, chosen by God, King of Kings, Theodore of Ethiopia, to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of England. . . .
>
> Mr. Plowden and my late Grand Chamberlain, the Englishman Bell, used to tell me that there is a great Christian Queen, who loves all Christians. When they said to me this: "We are able to make you known to her and to establish friendship between you," then in those times I was very glad. I gave them my love, thinking that I had found your Majesty's good will.
>
> I was prevented by the Turks occupying the sea-coast from sending you an Embassy when I was in difficulty. Consul Cameron arrived with a letter and presents of friendship. By the power of God I was very glad hearing of your welfare and being assured of your amity. I have received your presents and thank you much.
>
> I fear that if I send ambassadors with presents of amity by Consul Cameron, they may be arrested by the Turks. And now I wish that you may arrange for the safe passage of my ambassadors everywhere on the road.
>
> I wish to have an answer to this letter by Consul Cameron, and that he may conduct my Embassy to England. See how Islam oppresses the Christian.

This letter eventually found its way to London, and in the normal course of events a polite, though possibly noncommittal, answer would have been returned. But on this occasion someone in the Foreign Office slipped up; the letter was read, perhaps smiled at a little, and forgotten. To a man of Theodore's prickly *amour-propre*, this was an insult, and now the Foreign Office proceeded to injury; it sent Cameron instructions to make his way down to Kassala, in the Sudan, where, among other matters, he was to inquire into the prospects of growing cotton (cotton prices had quadrupled since the American Civil War cut off supplies from the United States) and investigate the slave trade. The Moslem Sudan, of course, was Theodore's bitter enemy, and no Ethiopian could visit it without

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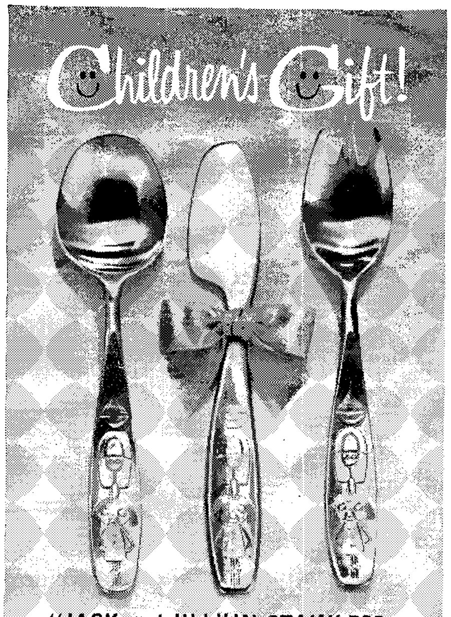
being branded a traitor. Undeterred by this, Cameron set off, and it was only some months later that Theodore, who imagined that Cameron had gone down to the coast on his way to England, heard of his real destination. He flew into a rage, which presently suppurated into a sullen resentment. One cannot but sympathize with him a little—what was this Englishman doing, coming to him with professions of friendship and then surreptitiously going off into the camp of his enemies? The absence of any answer to the letter was now explained: England was plotting a campaign against Ethiopia from the Sudan. Theodore had been brought up in a world of treachery and of quick revenge, so he naturally fell upon the European missionaries at Gondar. They were put in irons and held as hostages, and when Cameron, all unsuspecting, returned from his mission in January, 1864, he, too, was thrown into prison. Explanations were useless. A savage hatred and a savage pride had been aroused, and in the extremity of one of his rages Theodore ordered that Cameron be tortured. Things were made even worse when a young Irishman named Kerans arrived from England as an assistant to Cameron; although he carried other messages from the Foreign Office, there was still no answer to Theodore's letter. Kerans was put in chains with the rest.

The news of these dealings reached Aden in April, 1864, and in Aden the British Political Agent was a shrewd and energetic man, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir W. L. Merewether. He at once got through to London with an urgent request that Theodore's letter, now two years old, should be answered at once. The government was further prodded into action by the London *Times*, which published a communication that Cameron had smuggled out of his prison in Gondar. "There is no hope of my release unless a letter is sent as an answer to His Majesty," he wrote. It was not an easy situation. The prisoners were held by a half-civilized chieftain well out of the range of British power or influence, and a threatening reply might well mean their further torture, or even their death. Eventually, a careful and mollifying document was drawn up, addressed to "Our Good Friend Theodore, King of Abyssinia," and signed "Victoria R.," at Balmoral on May 26, 1864, with the royal signet attached. It thanked Theodore for his good wishes, congratulated him on having established his authority in Ethiopia, and promised to receive an Ethiopian embassy in England. The pith of the letter, dealing

Children's Gift!



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[*An Announcement of Public Interest, By The Salada Tea Co., Woburn, Mass.*]

SALADA'S POSITION IN THE GYPSY STRIKE

What with the American Federation of Gypsies holding protest meetings all over our parking lot here in Woburn so that an executive can't even step out of his car without putting his foot through a tambourine, we feel some sort of explanation is in order.

THE GYPSIES AVER: That Salada Tea, by the introduction of "Instant Fortunes" on the tags of our tea bags, has eliminated the middle man, or woman as the case may be, and virtually knocked the tea leaf reading biz into a cocked bandanna. In a complaint issued last week, the A. F. of G.'s official "spokesman," one Vladamir Krimm, grumbled, "It's a dirty deal! Why should a person bother to go to a Gypsy Tea Room any more if he can get his fortune free on the tag of a Salada tea bag?"

We'll bite Mr. Krimm...Why should he? Why should he drive all the way out to some broken down tea room and sit there in semi-darkness for forty-five minutes (The amount of time we clocked recently on a visit to one of these "union" emporiums) while some toothless old harpy pokes around in the bottom of his cup, considering that he can get an equally profound fortune on the tag of any number of Salada Tea Bags...FREE and for a lot less trouble?

SALADA'S POSITION: We are not trying to buck the Union here. Let's get our facts straight—ours is a Union shop all the way. (Practically.) Except in the case of our President and First Vice President and the Board of Directors who so far have not been fortunate enough to have such "organized" representation, we are pretty much sewn up unionwise. Our backs are to the wall pretty good, what with contracts all over the place with the A. F. of this and the United that and the American Brotherhood of what next, so let it not be said that we are anti-union. Let he who is without Union cards around here, throw the first stone. Rather, let the A. F. of G. be willing to face reality. You can't fight progress!

If Mr. and Mrs. America choose to get their fortunes direct from the tags of the world's finest tea bags, why that is their business. If they, on the other hand wish to heist themselves to some dubious Gypsy's diggings and pay through the nose for the "atmosphere," why that is their business too. It's a free country Mr. Krimm. With that in mind, Salada does not intend to pull the fortunes off their tea bags to accommodate a handful of card-carrying crystal gazers. We will not be used as a scapegoat. Isn't it a fact that the fortune biz has been on the wane for some time now, anyway? If the "art" of tea leaf reading must now take its place alongside the button shoe and the Edsel, do not attempt to pin the rap on us. Call off your picket line, Mr. Krimm. We did not throw the gypsies out of work!

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There will be a mad scramble among your guests, to compliment you on your culinary achievement, when you serve the delectable Omelette Au Cointreau described below. The secret's in the Cointreau. That delicate, orange-flavored liqueur turns any dish into a *piece de resistance.*

Omelette au Cointreau: —Make a very fluffy plain omelette, beating the whites and yolks separately. Mix together and cook. Then cover with powdered sugar. Over this, pour 1 oz. of Cointreau Liqueur and flame it. When extinguished, add another oz. of Cointreau Liqueur and serve. As a variation, Cointreau Kummel may be used in place of Cointreau Liqueur. Cointreau Liqueur and its 19 companion cordials are partners in the kitchen—for preparing *different* main dishes and desserts. For interesting, delightful food and drink recipes, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 26.

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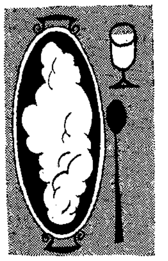

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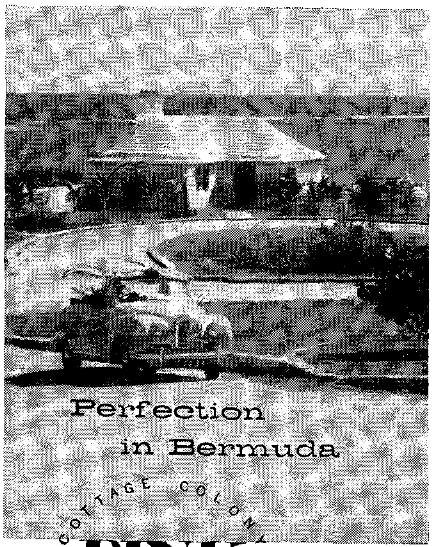
with the release of Cameron, was as follows:

> Accounts have indeed reached Us of late that your Majesty had withdrawn your favour from Our servant. We trust, however, that these accounts have originated in false representations on the part of persons ill-disposed to your Majesty, and who may desire to produce an alteration in Our feelings towards you. But your Majesty can give no better proof of the sincerity of the sentiments which you profess towards Us, nor ensure more effectually a continuance of Our friendship and goodwill, than by dismissing Our servant Cameron, and any other Europeans who may desire it, from your Court, and by affording them every assistance and protection on their journey to the destination to which they desire to proceed.

A strange choice was made of an envoy to deliver this message. Hormuzd Rassam was not an Englishman by birth; he was born in Mosul, in what is now Iraq, of Christian parents. As a young man, he had been attached to Austen Henry Layard, the archeologist in Mesopotamia; had studied at Oxford; and had eventually adopted British nationality. Later, he had found his way onto Merewether's staff in Aden. Perhaps it was thought in England that a wily Oriental would be the best man to handle Theodore, or perhaps Rassam was chosen simply because he was on the spot and Merewether supported him. At all events, this unusual agent was instructed to negotiate with Theodore on behalf of the British government, and he was to prove himself very able indeed. He was a supple and persistent man, not at all lacking in bravery. Two assistants were given him for his long and dangerous journey into the interior—a doctor named Henry Blanc and, later, a Lieutenant Prideaux, of the Bombay Staff Corps.

In July, 1864, Rassam and his party were taken in a British gunboat from Aden to Massawa, which was then in Egyptian territory, and the customary gateway to Ethiopia. Even here, the fear of Theodore was so great that many of the natives believed he could hear everything that was said about him, and Rassam was warned that he should on no account enter Ethiopia without the Emperor's permission. He wrote a letter to Theodore saying that he was the bearer of a letter from Queen Victoria and asking, very politely, for this permission. With some difficulty, he then obtained messengers who were willing to convey it to Gondar. Other letters and a sum of money were dispatched to Cameron, and Rassam sat down to wait.

It was a long wait indeed. All the rest



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[An Announcement of Public Interest by The American Federation of Gypsies]

WHO THREW THE GYPSIES OUT OF WORK?

Over 5,000 unemployed Gypsies and tea leaf readers in America today and you can lay the blame squarely at the well-shod feet of the Salada Tea Co., Woburn, Mass.

THESE ARE THE FACTS:

Salada's recent introduction of free "Instant Fortunes" on the tags of their tea bags has eliminated the middle man or woman, as the case may be, tossing the gypsy out on his/her earring and the fortune biz into a recession from which it has never recovered. In spite of this, Salada tries to weasel out on it by claiming (as would be expected) that the tea leaf reading game was going down the drain anyhow so do not attempt to pin the rap on them.

Cut out the bunk, Mr. Big Tea Tycoon! We were doing just fine until you stabbed us in the back with those fink fortunes. Oh, sure, we do not deny that we have been hurt over the years by inroads made by the weight-machine and Chinese fortune cookie people. (We have lobbyists in Washington trying to fight these interests at this very moment.) But, by and large, we have managed to eke out a living. We knew if a person wanted a real fortune told he went to a bona fide union gypsy and didn't fool around with any of that "You weigh 165 pounds and will travel" or "A letter of great importance will reach you any day now" jazz. Then Salada comes along and starts sticking fortunes on the tags of their bags, and the rest is history. Now you add insult to injury. In a recent paid ad, you implied that all Gypsies are "toothless old harpies." If any Gypsies are toothless today, it is because Salada has kicked them in the teeth. Furthermore, I could take you to a tea room within five miles of Woburn that is run by a Gypsy named Natasha Nirvana who is not exactly built like a harpy, believe you me! You should have a harpy like that running around your tea factory, brother!

THE A.F. OF G.'S POSITION:

We know Salada threw the Gypsies out of work and you know it, so do not attempt to pull the bandanna over our eyes in the name of progress. Until you take those anti-union fortunes and wise sayings off your tea bags, we intend to go right on camping in your parking lot. Maybe now you will see what a bunch of poor poverty stricken tea leaf readers look like. We do not intend to move, so don't pull any more cheap tricks like cutting your electricity at night so we can't plug in our television sets and electric rotisseries. We are asking the American public to write to Washington and protest this unfair competition Salada has entered into with the Gypsies. To make it easier on people, we have printed this handy little coupon. They should stick it on a postcard and mail it. Thank you.

Yours sincerely,

Vladamir Krimm,
President, American Federation of Gypsies

Bureau of Gypsy Affairs
P.O. BOX 1921, Washington 13, D.C.

Sirs: I think the American Federation of Gypsies is getting a dirty deal here. The Salada Tea Co. of Woburn, Mass., has thrown over 5,000 tea leaf readers out of work printing fortunes on the tags of their tea bags, thereby eliminating the Gypsy. If you ask me, the Department of Labor should go in there and tell Big Business to leave the fortune-telling to the little man or woman, as the case may be.

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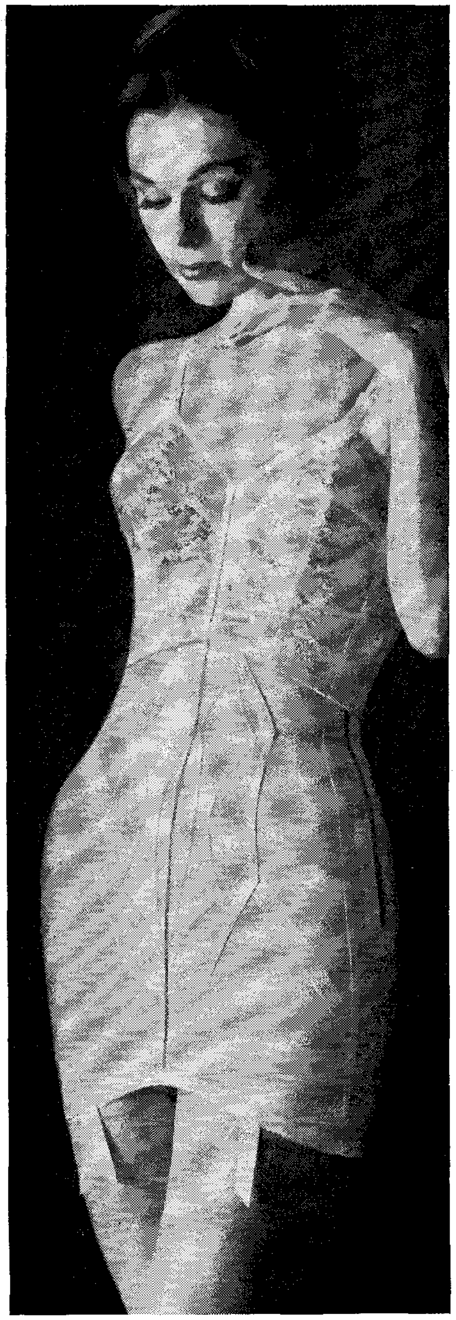

of that year went by in the fetid and plague-ridden port of Massawa with no word from the interior. By now, Rassam had begun to form a fairly clear idea of the nature of the people he had come to rescue. They appeared to number about thirty adults in all—British, French, Germans, Swiss, and their Ethiopian wives (two of the wives were the daughters of Bell by a native woman)—and twenty-three children, and they were divided into three groups. First there was a team of seven "artisans"—skilled European workmen (Germans, for the most part) who had enlisted in Theodore's service as experts in the manufacture of artillery and munitions and were not, properly speaking, prisoners at all, since they moved freely about the Emperor's camp. Then there were the German missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. John Martin Flad and their three children, together with four more Germans, all of whom were on parole and living in a settlement outside Debra Tabor. And, finally, there were the people Theodore hated most: Cameron and his European staff of four. These last were now in Magdala. Early in 1865, Rassam received a message from Cameron. He was chained in such a way that it was difficult to stand upright, he wrote, and added, "But, for God's sake, do not come up here; he will cage you as sure as a gun, as he thinks that while he has us in his hands he is safe from attack, and, of course, with a swell like you in addition, matters would only be better for him."

At last, in August, 1865, more than a year after Rassam's arrival at Massawa, a letter was received from Theodore himself. Most of it was a self-righteous and petulant outburst against the British consul, but there was a gleam of hope in the last paragraph: "Be it known to Hormuzd Rassam that there exists just now a rebellion in Tigré. By the power of God, come round by way of Metemma. When you reach Metemma, send me a messenger, and, by the power of God, I will send people to receive you." There were difficulties here. Metemma lay over six hundred miles away (by the only feasible route), in a region where the wet season had begun spreading disease and making all travel impossible, and it was not until November 21st that Rassam and his party were able to get there. Here they were inside Ethiopian territory for the first time, and on the track that led up to Lake Tana, only a hundred miles away. Rassam hastened to send off messengers to Theodore announcing his arrival. After a week's delay, a

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note came from Cameron, urging haste. "The King," he wrote, "sent us a cow apiece some time back—the first notice he has taken of us since the torturing. He has spoken rather kindly about us lately in public. But we are still chained hand and foot." This was followed by an effusive letter from Theodore himself, calling Rassam his "beloved" and saying that an escort was on its way to him. On December 28th, the British party set off into the cold of the mountains and was duly met by the escort—a horde of fourteen hundred men—close to the western shore of Lake Tana. They were nearing their goal at last. Finally, on January 28, 1866, they reached the source of the Little Abbai, and there, perched on a green hilltop close by, was Theodore's camp, his own great white tent in the center and thousands of smaller tents and makeshift huts surrounding it on every side.

Theodore sent a warm message to his guests to advance, and Rassam was presented with a mule, upon which he was to make his ceremonial entry into the camp. Hastily, he got into his "blue political suit," while Blanc and Prideaux changed into scarlet jackets, and as they went forward they were met by Aito Samuel, the Emperor's chamberlain, and other officials of the court. A red tent had been erected for the occasion, and here Theodore received them, sitting on a sofa, his courtiers in a circle around him, his long robe muffling up his face. Rassam opened the proceedings by producing his famous letter from Victoria, now twenty months old, but Theodore did not read it at once. Instead, he launched into a long and involved harangue about his grievances. Speaking in Amharic through an interpreter, he declared that Cameron had behaved very badly, that the missionaries had slandered him, that he was surrounded by treachery even among his own followers. Then he brought the interview to an end and had the British party escorted to tents that had been prepared for them a short distance away, inside the royal enclosure. The next morning, there was a second interview. Rassam was informed that orders had gone to Magdala for the release of the captives, and Theodore handed him a reply to Victoria's letter. It was a strange document. In it, Theodore described himself as "an ignorant Ethiopian," and asked the Queen's pardon: "Counsel me but do not blame me, O Queen. . . ." But once again he could not prevent himself from reverting to his grievances, and Rassam was forced to listen to an-

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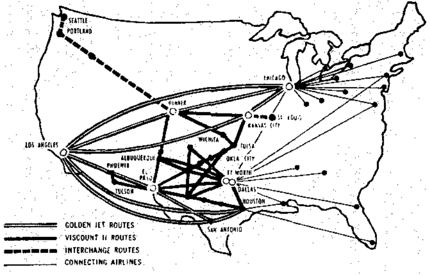

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other long outburst of complaint. Nothing was said about when the prisoners were to be released. Instead, it was announced that the capital was to be packed up and moved, while Theodore demolished some tribes he suspected of rebellion; Rassam and his party were to accompany the march as far as Lake Tana, and were then to go off to the village of Korata, on the southeastern shore. Here they were to await the arrival of the prisoners from Magdala.

The march was an astonishing affair. Each morning, some ninety thousand people—men, women, and children—and their herds of sheep and cattle got on the move, straggling over the hills and valleys like some enormous, crawling dragon. Theodore led the way, showing great skill in keeping order among his rabble, and each night a city of twenty thousand tents and huts sprang up in an instant. The British party was given a place of honor in the van of the march, and Theodore was almost embarrassingly attentive to Rassam. Each day, there was a gift—an antelope that Theodore had shot, a brace of partridges, a message saying that all the expenses of the British party while they were in Ethiopia would be met by the royal treasury.

Close to the lake, on February 6th, the two groups parted, Theodore going south to continue his marauding while the British, attended by Samuel and a strong escort, crossed in boats to Korata, on the opposite shore. Within a few days, Rassam had a message from Theodore saying that he had set up his own camp at Zagé, close to the mouth of the Little Abbai, on the opposite shore of the lake—Rassam could actually see the smoke rising from the campfires—and giving an assurance that an escort had gone off to Magdala to collect the captives. The letter was accompanied by the gift of two lion cubs. And now began a cat-and-mouse game of the utmost elaborateness. The prisoners started to arrive, singly and in groups—first the missionary Flad, then the German artisans from Theodore's camp across the lake, and, finally, on March 12th, Cameron himself, haggard with weakness after two years in chains. He was accompanied by his staff and the remainder of Flad's group from Debra Tabor, and with this moving event the European colony was reunited. All that remained was for the Emperor to give the word for them to go. But while flowery messages from Theodore crossed the lake—was his beloved friend Rassam happy and contented? had he everything he wanted? was he in good health?—no permission to leave the

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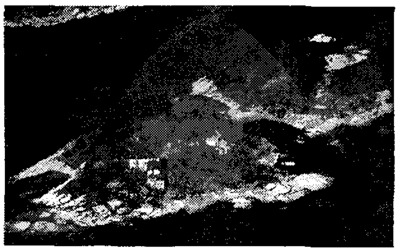

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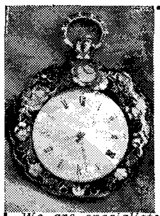

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country accompanied them. Then the cat pounced. Rassam, Blanc, and Prideaux were summoned to Zagé, and there they were seized and arrested. Two days later, Cameron and his party were brought to the camp in chains. The missionary Flad, Theodore announced, was to be dispatched to England at once as an emissary bearing two letters to Queen Victoria, one to the effect that Cameron and the other prisoners would be allowed to go but that Rassam must remain behind, and the other asking that the Queen send Theodore a party of skilled workmen to help modernize his country. The letters were handed to Flad, and he was sent off under escort (but without Mrs. Flad) down the track to Metemma. Rassam and the remainder of the prisoners, well knowing that none of them would be released until Flad returned with a reply—if then—were marched back to their quarters in the camp.

The cat-and-mouse game now began to captivate Theodore entirely. The German artisans were taken back into Theodore's service, and most of the other prisoners were allowed to walk freely about the camp. A shower of fresh presents descended upon Rassam and his two assistants, Blanc and Prideaux—saddles inlaid with gold, special medals, elaborate silk shirts—and on May 24th, Queen Victoria's birthday, Theodore ordered a twenty-one-gun salute and a feast of raw meat. Meanwhile, Rassam, bewildered, calculating the effect of every word before he uttered it, passively went on playing the part of a favorite dog who is alternately patted and kicked by his master. Things could not continue at this pitch of half-hysterical make-believe forever, though, and on the day the camp was moved to Debra Tabor, the prisoners were suddenly seized and thrust into dark rooms there. Theodore came to visit them in the middle of the night, carrying a lantern and a horn of arrack to drink to their friendship. "I used to hear that I was called a madman for my acts," he said to Rassam, "but I never believed it. Now, however, after my conduct toward you this afternoon, I have come to the conclusion that I am really so. But as Christians we ought always to be ready to forgive each other." This was the last time that Rassam spoke to Theodore for a year and nine months. The Emperor vanished with his army into the wilderness of the Ethiopian plateau, murdering, torturing, and laying waste the country as he went along. Left behind in the pouring rain at Debra Tabor, the prisoners sat like ship-

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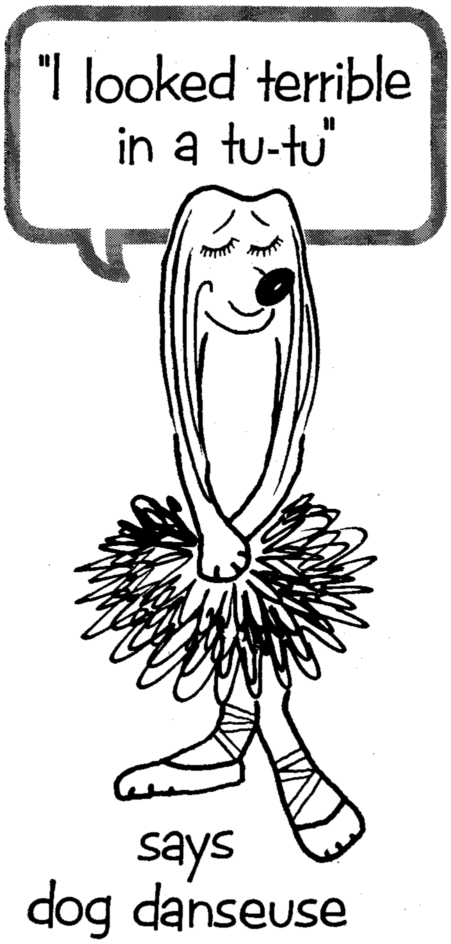
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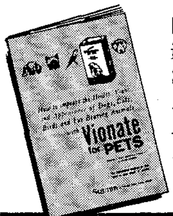

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wrecked sailors in their dismal jail, awaiting rescue by the outside world.

Flad reached England in July of 1866, and he could scarcely have chosen a worse time to get a hearing. The Earl of Derby, with very tenuous support in the Commons, had only just succeeded in forming a Conservative Government, and the riots and other disturbances over the Reform Bill engrossed everyone's attention. Compared to these issues, the Ethiopian affair was very small beer indeed. Still, something had to be done. Cameron alone might just conceivably have been conveniently forgotten for the time being, but it was too much to overlook the detention of Rassam as well. Flad reported that at the time of his departure the prisoners were being treated reasonably well, but within a few weeks of his arrival in England the news of Rassam's imprisonment at Debra Tabor came through, and it was clear that Theodore was going to hold him as a hostage until he was either forced or cajoled into giving him up. The use of force being impossible at the moment, with so many crises impending at home, the Foreign Office naturally opted for diplomacy. A group of skilled workmen was enlisted, and Flad was instructed to take them back to Ethiopia, together with some suitable gifts and a letter from Victoria to Theodore. He was to make sure, however, that Theodore released the prisoners before either the workmen or the gifts were handed over. One rather wonders who these skilled workmen were that they should be so willing to put themselves in the lion's mouth, but apparently they were readily obtained.

The letter that Victoria signed at Balmoral on October 4, 1866, was a nice blend of persuasion and dignified reproof. She still addressed Theodore as "Our Good Friend," she indicated that she had received Flad and heard his news, and she ended by saying:

> In full confidence that the cloud which has darkened the friendship of our relations will pass away on the return of Flad, and desiring that you should as soon as possible thereafter receive the articles which We had proposed to send your Majesty in token of our friendship, We have given orders that those articles should be forthwith sent to Massawa, to be delivered, for conveyance to your Majesty's court, to the officers whom you may depute to conduct Our servant Rassam, and Our servant Cameron, and the other Europeans, so far on their way to Our presence. And so We bid you heartily farewell.

There it was—the tactful bribe with just a hint of a threat behind it. Let Theodore send his prisoners down to the Red Sea coast and he would have his

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workmen and his gifts, and no harm done.

Flad set off from England in October, 1866, and reached Ethiopia in December. Theodore received him at once and was delighted with the letter, but he saw quite clearly what the game was. He did not send a reply but wrote instead to Rassam, in prison: "As Solomon fell at the feet of Hiram, so I, under God, fall at the feet of the Queen, and her Government, and her friends. I wish you to get the workmen sent up via Metemma, in order that they may teach me wisdom, and show me clever arts. When this is done, I shall make you glad, and send you away, by the power of God." Rassam, realizing that to refuse the King's request would place all their lives in jeopardy, sent off a letter to the Foreign Office asking that Theodore's request be granted. Long before the letter reached England, however, the Foreign Office, having decided that it was impossible to bargain any further with Theodore for the moment, had summoned the workmen home.

It was one of those dilemmas that are the agony of responsibility. What was the British government to do? It was unwilling to invade, threats were dangerous, and negotiation was leading nowhere. The only alternative was to do nothing and hope that the situation would resolve itself, and this, in the end, was the policy into which the government drifted. The spring and early summer of 1867 went by, and in England the Ethiopian affair, like a recurring bad dream, was dissolved in the more pressing events of the day. After all, Ethiopia was very far away.

Meanwhile, Theodore was free to continue his morbid threatening and tormenting of the prisoners. Early in July, 1866, they had been moved, under a guard of a hundred men, from Debra Tabor to Magdala, some ninety miles to the east. At Magdala, fetters were hammered onto their legs once more, and this time Rassam, Blanc, and Prideaux were also chained. There was no real hope of escape; Magdala was a natural stronghold, standing high above the Bascillo River where it runs down to the Blue Nile, in central Ethiopia. It was the plug of an extinct volcano, and its flat plateau of basalt, three-quarters of a mile long by about half a mile wide, was perched a thousand feet above the surrounding plain. There was only one practical path up the precipitous sides of the mountain, and it was blocked at the entrance to the citadel by a formidable gate. And so the prisoners gave up all thoughts of escape and made the best of things. Physically, they did rather

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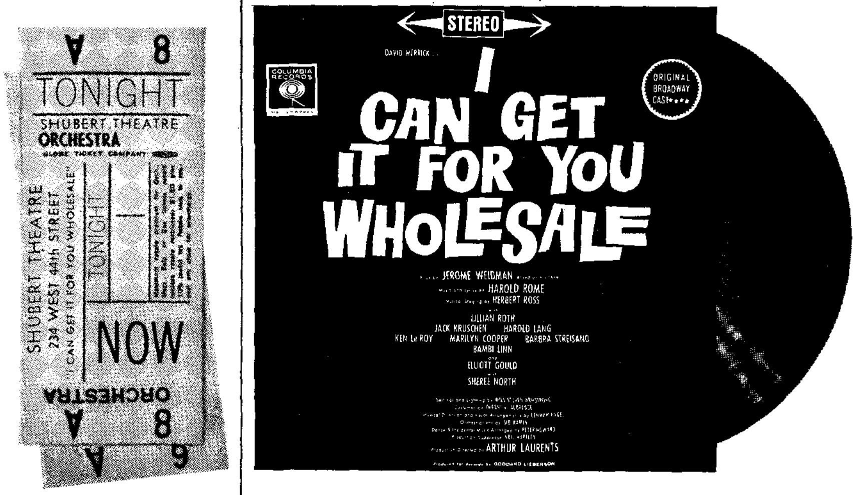
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well. They still had their Ethiopian servants and their baggage, with its European stores, and they were well fed; it was nothing exceptional for them to sit down to a dinner of soup, fish, two or three entrées, a joint, pudding, and anchovy toast or cream cheese. They could not move outside their compound, but they could send and receive messages from the coast, and each evening a stream of sympathetic visitors, mostly the wives of Ethiopian nobles, came to see them. They played whist.

All through this time, Magdala was being built up by Theodore as his principal capital, even though it was in the midst of the territory of the Moslem Gallas, his mortal enemies. The capital consisted of no more than two or three thousand huts scattered about the plateau, but it had its palace, its round church, and a substantial house containing the royal treasure. Without ever appearing himself, Theodore was gradually assembling his resources and his dependents here—his treasure, his wives, and his mistresses—along with such of his political prisoners as he had not yet decided to murder. Rassam managed to correspond with all these people, and his messengers kept him informed about the situation in the rest of central Ethiopia.

This was chaotic; indeed, from the end of 1866 onward Theodore was less concerned with the government of the Ethiopians than with their extermination. And the more he slaughtered, the more rebellions rose up against him. The province of Tigré, under a chieftain named Kassai, broke away entirely, and when both Gojam and Shoa rose as well, two other rebel leaders—Menelek (who was of the true royal line) and Waksum Gobaze—began to form strong centers of resistance. Rassam, corresponding regularly with Merewether, in Aden, and with the three main rebel chiefs, was well aware of all these upheavals, and in July, 1867, Merewether was able to give him a little hope: in England, public opinion was beginning to stir itself at last. In August, Derby went the whole way. A peremptory letter was sent to Theodore demanding the release of the prisoners forthwith, and when it remained unanswered, orders were given for war.

THERE has never been in modern times a colonial campaign quite like the British expedition to Ethiopia in 1868. It proceeded, from first to last, with the decorum and heavy inevitability of a Victorian state banquet, complete with ponderous speeches at the end. And yet it was a fearsome undertaking; for hundreds of years Ethiopia had never

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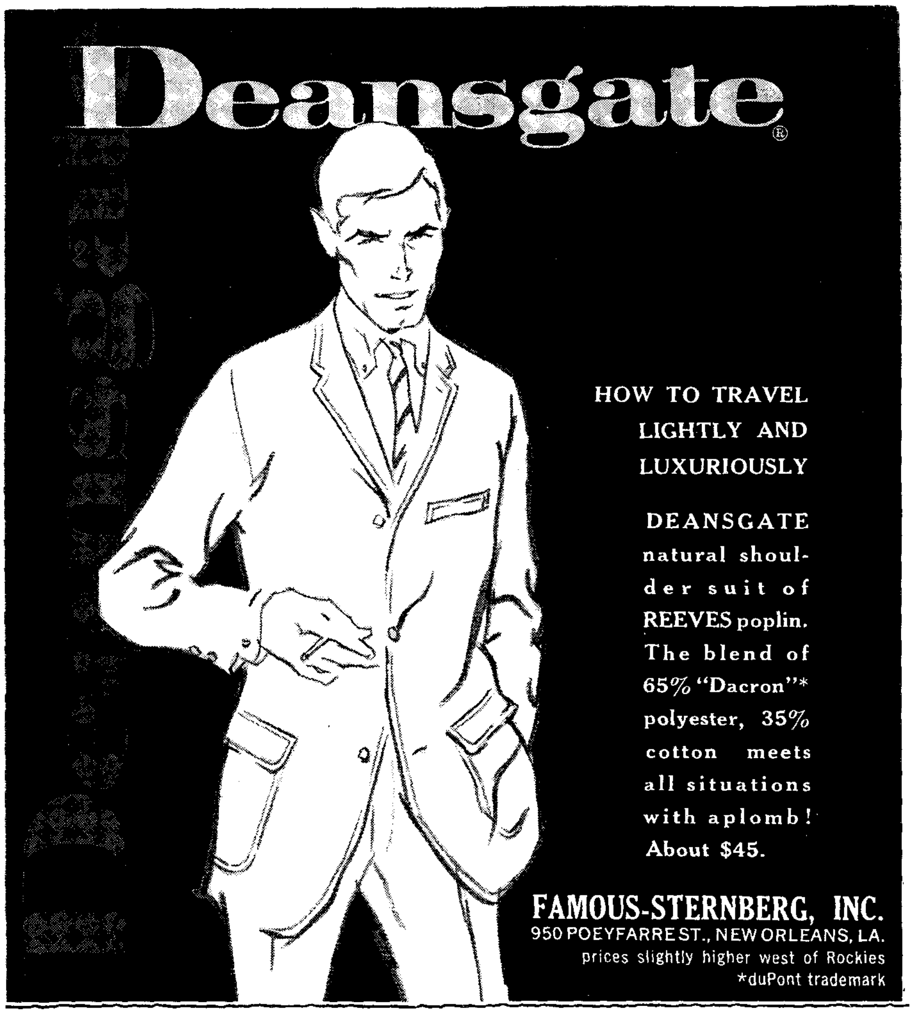
been invaded, and the savage nature of the terrain alone was enough to promise failure. The project was debated at great length in the press, and although there was general sympathy for the prisoners, many people in England were by no means enthusiastic about it. How was the army to get itself across four-thousand-foot ravines in a country where there were no bridges, no roads, no modern facilities of any kind? Who could say that Theodore would not murder the prisoners out of hand once he heard the British had landed? Terrible dangers faced the soldiers; they would be exposed to unknown tropical diseases, adders would get into their blankets at night, and fierce wild animals would attack them by day. Wisely, the government decided that if it was to go into this adventure at all, things would have to be done with great thoroughness, whatever the expense. Control of the operation was confided to the Indian Army, since it was experienced in frontier warfare and could be transported without too much difficulty to the Red Sea, and the officer chosen to command it was one of the most promising soldiers of the day. Field-Marshal Lord Napier, whose statue looks down at us in Queen's Gate, in London, with such a grand air of distant horizons, may seem to the present generation a slightly comic figure, the apotheosis of the spit-and-polish, up-and-at-'em Victorian general. He was, however, a great deal more than this. That battered face contains a strong suggestion of humor and intelligence. "What do you think the Chinese in their *lingua franca* call the English Bishop?" he once wrote home from China. "No. 1 Heaven Pigeon—pigeon being the general name for business of all kinds." By the same token, Napier himself might fairly have been described as No. 1 Army Pigeon. He was an engineer who for nearly twenty years had toiled up and down India building roads, canals, bridges, and encampments before he was given a chance to show what he could do in an active command. When he did enter battle, he went in headlong, and, at a time when the phrase was not yet a music-hall joke, he had twice had his horse shot from under him. He was now fifty-seven years of age, and he had recently married, on the death of his first wife, an eighteen-year-old English girl. She appears to have run his household in Bombay—and it was an entertaining household, where good dinners were served and French was spoken—with something of her husband's air of quiet authority.

The methods by which Napier went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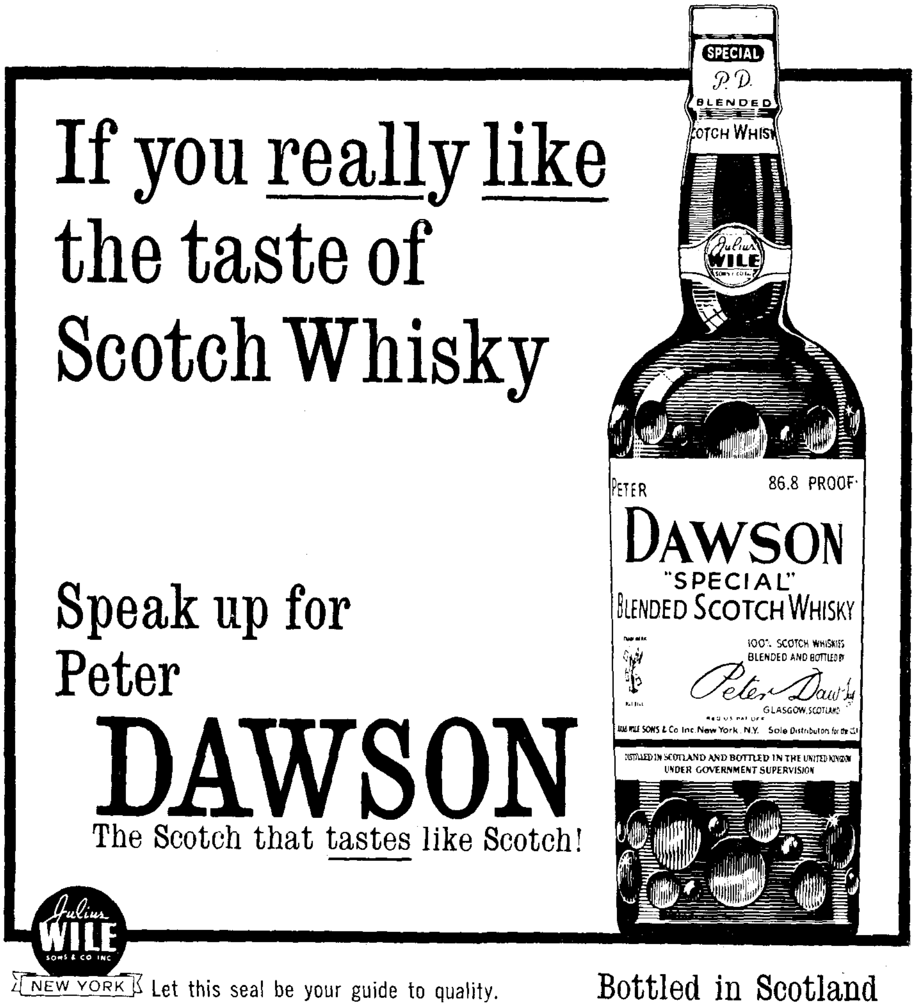
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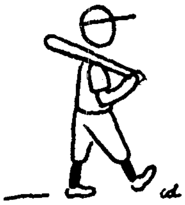
Davenshire picks cotton for these multistripe pants of cotton by Pepperell. With slashed pockets, snug-tex waistband, no-snag zipper, in stripes of green, blue and gold; rose, orange and green; or gold, melon and brown. Wash-wear and 'Sanforized Plus.' Sizes 5-15 and 6-20. Under $7.00. Davenshire pants sold at: Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Peoria and branches; Arnold Constable, New York; Boyd's, St. Louis; The Emporium, San Francisco.

Pepperell cottons

Pepperell
Pepperell
Pepperell
the ultimate in wash and wear

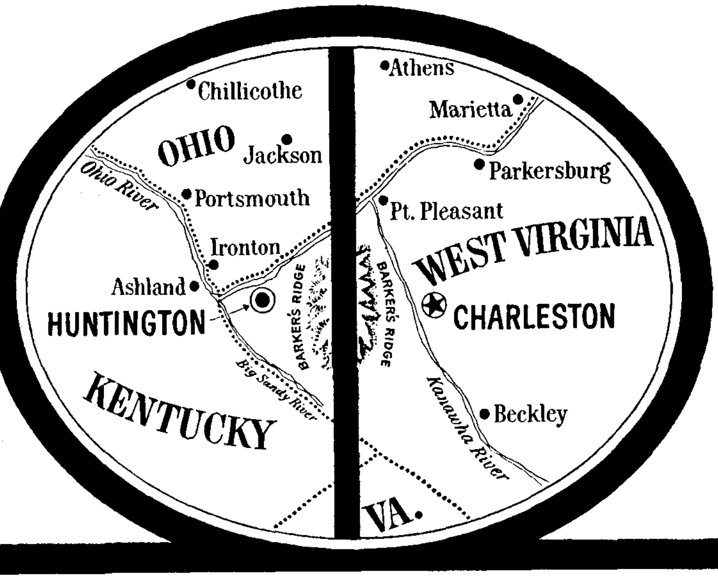
about directing the huge machine that was now placed under his control were extremely sensible. First, intelligence officers were set to work examining all the records and maps of European explorers in Ethiopia, from the time of James Bruce onward. In London, Samuel Baker, who in 1861 had explored the Atbara and Gash Rivers, was consulted, along with many other travellers and missionaries. Then, while Merewether went off on a reconnaissance along the Red Sea coast to find a landing place, agents were sent inland to make contact with the dissident tribes. Seventy years had elapsed since Bonaparte's invasion of Egypt, and it is interesting to see what changes the industrial revolution had forced upon the art of war. The railway, the steamship, and the telegraph, all of them unknown in Bonaparte's time, had immensely extended the speed and scope of operations, and the increased range and power of guns had given the battlefield a new dimension. And yet there had been a slowing-down process as well; ten times as much equipment was required by a modern army in the field. In the French invasion of Egypt, nearly every soldier had fought; now at least a dozen noncombatants were needed to support just one man at the front. At the same time, warfare had grown much less dangerous; mass killings, like those at Borodino and Waterloo, had vanished from the world, and were not to reappear until the senseless holocaust of the trench fighting on the Western Front in 1915. Official military histories do not as a rule make very stimulating reading for later generations, and the two huge volumes (with a case of maps) that were got out in England after the Ethiopian campaign are no exception. But they do reveal the thoroughness and imagination with which this operation was planned, and these are simply staggering. For example, forty-four trained elephants were to be sent from India to carry the heavy guns on the march. A railway, complete with locomotives and some twenty miles of track, was to be laid across the coastal plain, and at the landing place large piers, lighthouses, and warehouses were to be established. Then there was the question of the Maria Theresa dollars, the only general currency in Ethiopia. Not any dollar would do; only the 1780 minting, which Samuel Baker had once described as showing "a profusion of bust" in the Empress's image, was acceptable, and a search of the banks and moneylenders in Marseille, Cairo, and Vienna revealed that not nearly enough 1780 dollars were available. A contract therefore had to be signed with the imperial mint in Vienna for a new issue of five hundred thousand. Each white soldier was to be issued two pairs of boots, an Indian helmet, a flannel cholera belt, and a pair of gloves, and the force was to be followed into the field by a horde of native servants—at least two for every officer. The British Museum sent a representative, Richard Holmes, who was to carry out archeological excavations and to bid for the more worthwhile loot that, it was hoped, would be captured in Ethiopia—manuscripts, carvings, and the like. A geographer and a zoologist were added to the strength, and observers were sent by the French, Prussian, Italian, Dutch, Austrian, and Spanish armies. Among the war correspondents were Henry Morton Stanley, of the New York *Herald*, who was now on the threshold of his tremendous African career, and G. A. Henty, the author of the adventure stories, who represented the London *Standard*.



In the end, Napier found himself with thirty-two thousand men (who included only thirteen thousand soldiers, four thousand of them Europeans and the rest natives) and almost twice that number of animals. But this was a most unusual sort of campaign—a struggle against the physical nature of the country rather than against an enemy, a long march rather than a battle. Then, from Calcutta and Bombay, from Liverpool and London, sailing ships and paddle steamers converged upon the Red Sea to pick up this heterogeneous throng. (The elephant squad alone, a minor piece in the immense jigsaw, required two transports. A seasick elephant is a formidable thing, and in the Calcutta moorings a cyclone blew up.)

Early in October, 1867, Merewether returned from his reconnaissance and reported that he had fixed on Zula as a landing place. This was a derelict village standing on an open plain at the edge of Annesley Bay, about thirty miles south of Massawa. Once the army had crossed the thirteen-mile coastal plain, it would be faced with a very steep, rough climb to the Ethiopian plateau, eight thousand feet above, and even more difficult and dangerous passes lay beyond. But there was no avoiding these obstacles; this was the nature of Ethiopia. All reports from the interior indicated that Theodore, beset by rebellions, would not contest the British march inland but would make a stand at Magdala, where the prisoners were held, and Magdala was therefore set as the first

THE GREAT CHARLESTON-HUNTINGTON DEBATE



1.

2.

4 STATES SPLIT ASUNDER AS TOM GARTEN[1] & JOHN SINCLAIR[2] DO BATTLE ON BARKER'S RIDGE!!

TOM: Media men, sales managers and time-buying influences of all kinds: Greetings! And welcome to another *Grand Harangue* over a question so often – and so *needlessly*—asked of us at WSAZ-TV: "Which West Virginia market shall we buy with our budget? Hearty Huntington or Cheery Charleston?" My friends, *both* of these treasure troves lie within easy audio-video reach of Barker's Ridge—site of our Towering Tower! Thus, no choice is necessary!

JOHN: Mr. Garten, to what you have so grandiloquently put, permit me to add this one infuriating thought. *Were* an outright choice the advertiser's only option, I would reply "Charleston!" without hesitation! For this fair city is not only *Mixer of the Nation's Chemicals,* but, indeed the very pulse and purse of the entire 72-county 4-state *Supermarket* area served by our single—and single-priced—signal!

TOM: *En garde,* sir! Once again, your local loyalty has set highly paid brother against highly paid brother, split handsome TV homes in half, divided 2 million consumers right down the middle, and torn a 4-billion-dollar payroll in twain (see map)! Your rashness, sir, will be rewarded by the rumble of one of the world's finest gun collections – housed in the magnificent Huntington Art Gallery. *Charleston* the pulse and purse of *Supermarket?* You reckon without the spirit of an *All-American City*, and without the economic strength of its many allies!

JOHN: Economic strength? Be advised, sir, that a defense contract recently awarded the FMC Corporation will give employment to 1,250 persons in South Charleston! The product? *Armored* cars, my friend!

TOM: Transport, is it? The trains of a really great rail center will turn your flanks! And down the center we shall fire such balls of steel, glass, nickel, alloys and zinc as will set you sandbagging your capitol and wishing for far less heavy industry in the Huntington Tri-State Complex!

JOHN: Sandbags, sir, we have in abundance—as well as brinebags, coalbags and gravelbags. Sufficient to last out any siege, and even lend *you* some. And speaking of *flanks,* Mr. Garten, you forget your vulnerability to diesel-operated barge attack! We have but to come down the Kanawha, rendezvous with our Parkersburg and Marietta forces at Point Pleasant . . .

TOM: Stop right there, Mr. Sinclair! The pleasure boats of Huntington will be lying in ambush round the bend—for the Ohio River is ours! Besides, our timekeeper beckons.

JOHN: And I ahead on points! Let us once again declare the advertiser winner. For it is he who, by simply calling his Katz Agency man, can have *all* of Supermarket! This is *WSAZ-TV, Channel 3, an NBC Primary Affiliate, Division: The Goodwill Stations, Inc.*

1. *Vice President and General Manager,* WSAZ-TV

2. *Manager, Charleston Operation,* WSAZ-TV

3 WSAZ-TV

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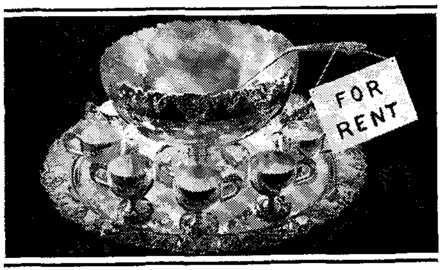
WORLD'S FIRST HOTEL WITH COLOR TV IN EVERY ROOM

Rates are high, but not for what the Tuscany offers! The entire hotel is **AIR-CONDITIONED.** Every room with BarcaLounger Chair, bathroom extension phone, "silent valet", butler's pantry, FM radio and every conceivable luxury. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

Bertram Weal, General Manager
39th Street, Just East of Park Ave.
New York 16. MUrray Hill 6-1600, Teletype NY 1-392



PUNCH BOWLS are just 1 of a 1001 things you can rent from HERTZ RENT-ALL

PROMPT DELIVERIES . . . 24-HOUR SERVICE . . .
New York City • Chicago • Cincinnati • St. Louis • Norfolk, Va. • W. Hartford, Conn. • New Brunswick, N.J. • Huntington, L.I. • Springfield, Ill. • So. Bend, Ind.

general objective of the expedition. It lay just under four hundred miles from the coast.

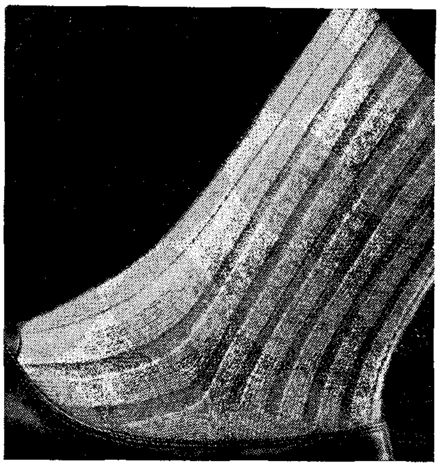
In mid-October, the first advance guard, mainly engineers, arrived at Zula and began to construct a port. By the end of the month, ships and barges were coming in on every tide to discharge men, animals, and stores. A hutted and tented town sprang up in the billowing dust along the shore, and every day it expanded. It was all most impressive, but it contained elements of chaos, too. In the anchorage, the shipping was getting itself into a serious tangle, and it was days, or even weeks, before some vessels could find a berth. Zula, with its perpetual swarms of flies, its fearful heat, its sweating labor gangs, was a dismal place. However, conditions were rather better at the front, where Merewether and an advance guard had pushed inland, over a series of immense scarps and precipices, to a place called Senafé, some forty miles from the sea. At Senafé, all was transformed. Great forests of euphorbia, juniper, and acacias spread away, fresh water was abundant, and the temperature fell to near the freezing point at night. Both men and animals instantly revived once they reached these heights.

Merewether was already in friendly correspondence with Kassai, the rebel leader of Tigré, through whose territory the army was to pass, and messages had come in from the prisoners at Magdala saying that they were all well. Now Merewether dispatched Napier's ultimatum to Theodore. It ran as follows:

> To Theodorus, King of Abyssinia.
>
> I am commanded by Her Majesty the Queen of England to demand that the prisoners whom your Majesty has wrongly detained in captivity shall be immediately released and sent in safety to the British Camp.
>
> Should your Majesty fail to comply with this command, I am further commanded to enter your Majesty's country at the head of an army to enforce it, and nothing will arrest my progress until this object shall have been accomplished.
>
> My Sovereign has no desire to deprive you of any part of your dominions, nor to subvert your authority, although it is obvious that such would in all probability be the result of hostilities.
>
> Your Majesty might avert this danger by immediate surrender of the prisoners. But should they not be delivered safely into my hands, should they suffer a continuance of ill-treatment, or should any injury befall them, your Majesty will be held personally responsible, and no hope of further condonation need be entertained.
>
> R. Napier, Lieutenant-General
> *Commander-in-Chief,*
> *Bombay Army*

It was a fine martial declaration, but it is doubtful whether it would have had

VIYELLA® SOCKS $1.50



If they shrink, we replace!

VIYELLA YARN is spun in England from the softest wool (for warmth) and fine cotton (for lightness and long wear). The socks are permanently mothproof. Almost never need darning. And come in many manly colors. Short socks, $1.50; regular, $1.75.

Viyella Men's Hosiery

Another fine product of KR Kayser-Roth

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THRU MAY 20TH

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RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
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1500 acres of fun and foliage, all yours to roam hand in hand on your honeymoon or vacation. 60 acre private lake, canoeing, boating, fishing, swimming, waterskiing. 9 top pro clay tennis courts. New lakeside playhouse. Exciting evenings under sparkling stars. Chef cuisine. Owned and operated by the Slutsky family. Write for brochure.

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The Baroque
LUNCHEON • DINNER
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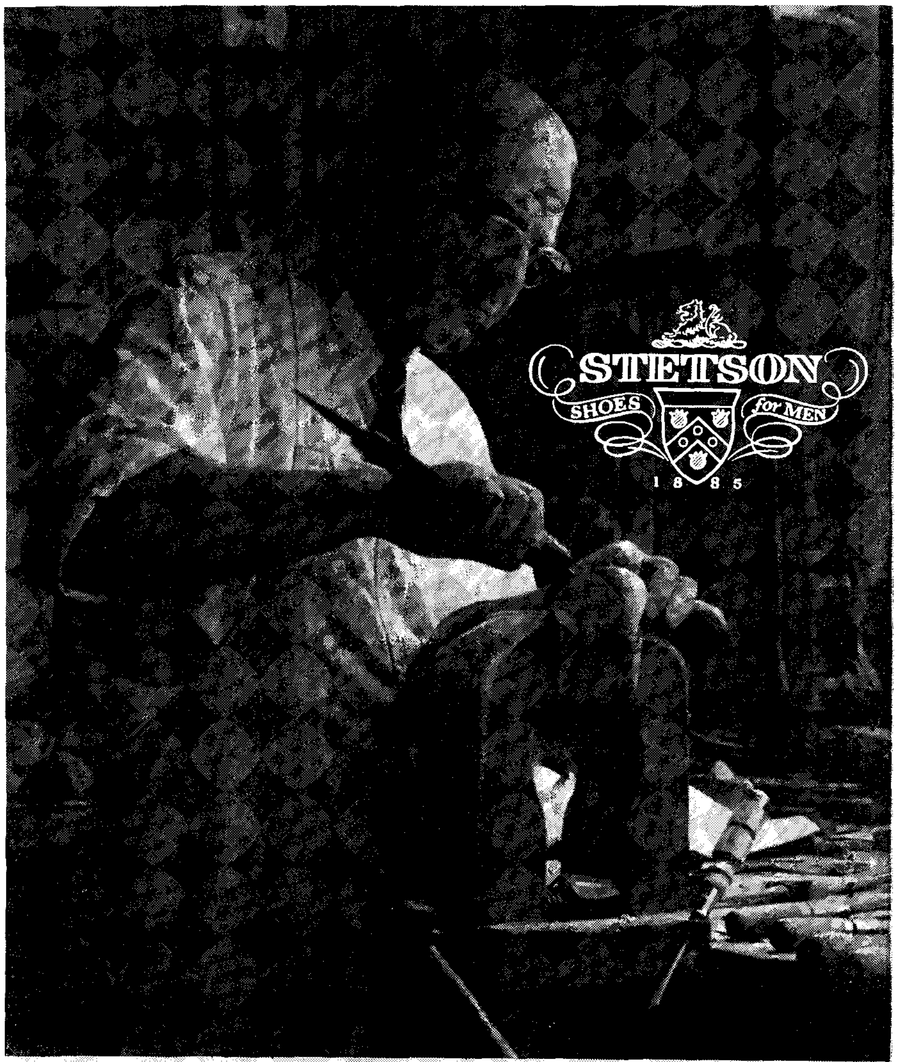
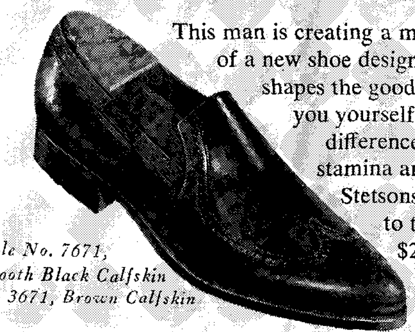
much influence on Theodore, even if it had reached him. As things happened, it fell into rebel hands and was delivered to Rassam, who immediately destroyed it, fearing that it would enrage Theodore against the prisoners. The reconnaissance party now pushed on thirty-seven miles beyond Senafé to the town of Adigrat, in the heart of Kassai's country, and about a quarter of the way to Magdala. They were met everywhere with friendliness—or, at any rate, with passivity—and there was still no sign of Theodore or his army.

On the coast, meanwhile, the situation had greatly improved. Little by little, the unloading program was sorted out, the town was cleaned up, and the incoming soldiers were marched off toward the front. By the end of the year, most of the fighting force had arrived, and the engineers had succeeded in opening up a rough cart track all the way to Senafé. Napier, who was still in Zula, turned to the organization of his striking force. An élite corps of five thousand men was to make the final dash to Magdala while the remaining troops guarded the lines of communication to the coast. In order to relieve the burden on the long, antlike stream of mules and elephants now on the march into the interior, instructions were given for all personal baggage to be cut down; henceforward, three officers were to share a bell tent and to make do with one mule each for their baggage, and with one mess servant, one batman, and one grasscutter among them. Then, on January 25, 1868, Napier went up to the pleasant heights of Senafé to take command in person. On this same day, the expedition suffered its first casualty; a Colonel Dunn, V.C., was accidentally killed while shooting partridges in the hills.

THEODORE first heard of the approach of the British in early December, 1867, and he professed to be delighted. "I long for the day when I shall see a disciplined European army," he said to some of his German workmen, and he went on to speak of a legend that a great Ethiopian king and a great European king were destined to meet in Ethiopia and decide the country's future. It was clearly fixed in his mind that he would come to some sort of arrangement with the British, and that they would recognize his greatness as an emperor and a man and treat him accordingly. Whether or not his army was defeated in the field was merely incidental; indeed, he seemed almost eager to see it destroyed by Napier's modern guns. Yet he proposed





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SKILL MAKES A LASTING DIFFERENCE

This man is creating a master last . . . the first expression of a new shoe design in wood. Stroke by stroke, he shapes the good looks and precise fit of Stetson Shoes you yourself may wear. Skill makes the lasting difference . . . unique characteristics of comfort, stamina and style. Fundamental reasons why Stetsons give so much solid satisfaction to the men who wear them. $26.95 to $65.00 at better stores.

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LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
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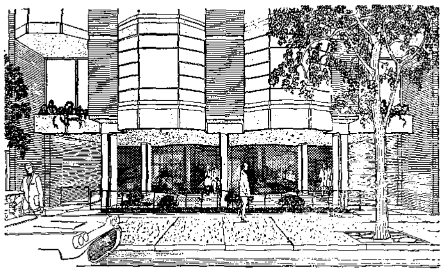
THE DISTINGUISHED NEW COOPERATIVE RESIDENCE OFF LOWER FIFTH



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MONTHLY MAINTENANCE AS LOW AS $250
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to fight. Already he had decided to make his stand at Magdala, and with that object he was constructing a road up to the fortress from the Bascillo Valley, so that his heavy guns could be mounted on the heights. Theodore was not the first or the last paranoiac to dream that with the aid of a new and miraculous invention he would put his enemies to flight and save the day at the eleventh hour. His faith was now pinned to an enormous mortar that his German workmen had made for him. It was an astonishing weapon to have been constructed in these crude surroundings—a lump of metal weighing at least seventy tons and shaped like an upended church bell. When filled with pieces of metal and fired, it was expected to produce the loudest and most devastating explosion that had ever been heard in Ethiopia. The mortar was lashed to a heavy wooden gun carriage, and five hundred men were set to dragging it, yard by yard, over the new road toward Magdala. Every week, the road got a little nearer to the fortress, and by January Rassam was receiving a stream of affectionate messages from Theodore. "How are you, my friend?" he wrote on January 4th. "The nearer I approach toward you, the happier I feel." And then, a little later: "By the power of God, I am coming to you. Oh, my friend, do not think that I bear any hatred toward you. I have placed you in your present position in order that I may come to know the people of your country. . . . God knows I really have no hatred toward you." For the Europeans, this was an agonizing time. Hardly a day went by without Rassam's receiving a message either from Theodore, in the Bascillo Valley, or from Merewether, in the British camp, each of them urging him to keep his spirits up—they were approaching as fast as they could. It was just a question of whether he would receive Theodore's maniac embrace before the friendly British guns arrived. And if the British did arrive and proceed to mount their attack against Magdala, what then? Was Theodore going to let the Europeans go? Or was he going to throw them over the precipice?

Nobody in Ethiopia could answer that question at the moment—certainly not the British, still three hundred and fifty miles away. All that Napier could do was to advance and hope, like Theodore, that, by the power of God, all would be well. At the end of January, an emissary was sent ahead to arrange a meeting between Napier and Kassai, the new ruler of Tigré, and orders were given for a general move for-

Willow Stripes

WHISPER WEIGHT SHIRTS IN WIDE, FROST-PALE STRIPINGS. BUTTON DOWN. SHORT SLEEVES. COOL SHADES OF BLUE, GREEN OR IVORY STRIPES ON WHITE. 14½-16½, $6.50
PLEASE ADD 50C PER PACKAGE FOR POSTAGE
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Paul Stuart
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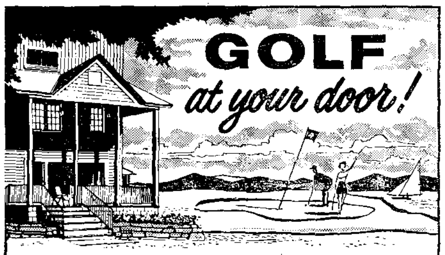

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STRAPARAMA®
Has 25,000 watchstraps! Luxurious leathers—soft, supple, Swiss made. Imported madras, linens, shantungs, braided nylons.
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THE LOBSTER BOX

LOCATED AT THE TIP OF CITY ISLAND
PHONE: TT 5-1952
Weekdays From 5 pm
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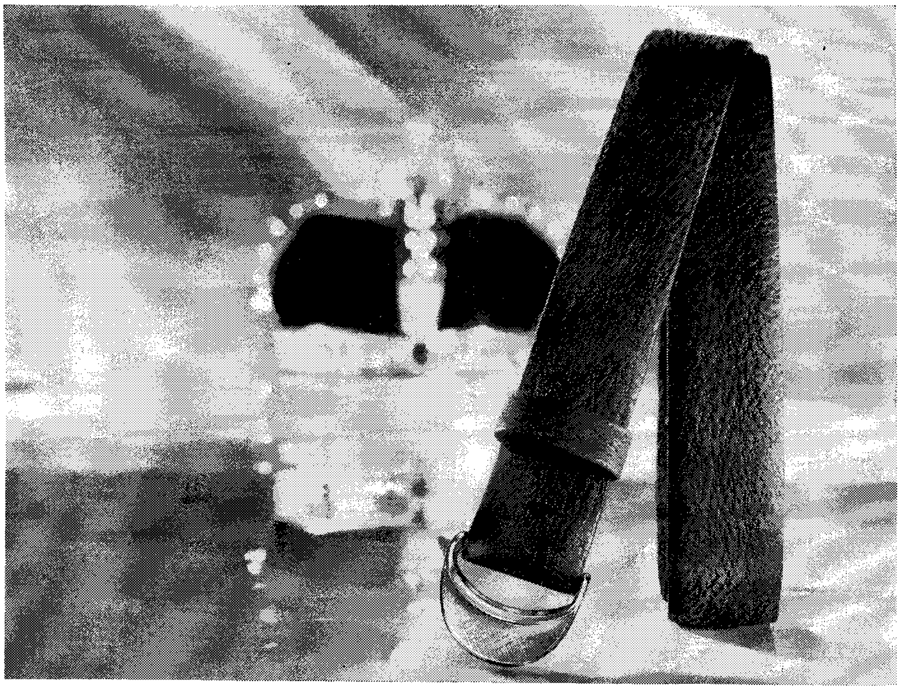
Open Every Day
Cool, Breeze-swept Terrace Overlooking L. I. Sound

ward. It must have been a wonderful sight to see the column go by—nothing but the wild Ethiopian plain around it, the ragged mountains in the distance, and, just occasionally, on the line of march, a tumble-down village, where the inhabitants stood like great flocks of birds, chattering, staring, and apprehensive. The cavalry came first, the troopers dressed in crimson caps and green uniforms, and the officers wearing silver helmets. "One young lordling riding behind Napier," Stanley says, "wore kid gloves and a green veil." Among the infantry that followed, many of the white men in the Irish regiment had beards. Some of the native soldiers marched along in green tunics with red facings, and with large green turbans wound around their fezzes; others were got up in light blue and silver, or in the regulation scarlet jackets and white turbans, and somewhere in the midst of the vast procession there would be a brass band playing. The transport train, with the guns and stores, came last, and it trailed across the country for seven miles, with half the races of India and the Near East marching in its ranks. The sight of the elephants, with the heavy guns lashed to their backs and the mahouts sitting on their necks, filled the Ethiopian villagers with amazement. Here in Africa, the elephant was a wild and savage beast; to see it responding to commands and tamely ambling along—this was a miracle. "The column," Stanley says, "in spite of its martial air, had something of a piebald look." Yet the discipline was strict. "No plundering took place," says the official history of the campaign, and it adds, in one of its rare moments of skittishness, "No swarthy damsel was subjected to any rude gallantry on the part of the redcoats." Progress, naturally, was not very rapid. The army was travelling for the most part along a watershed where the headwaters of many small torrents had cut deep ravines. To descend for thousands of feet into one of these ravines, to wait while the sappers threw a bridge across the stream, and then to climb back to the plateau on the opposite bank could be the work of several days.

On February 14th, the advance guard reached Antalo, some two hundred miles from the coast and halfway to Magdala. Here word was received that Kassai was approaching with his army, and since Kassai was a valuable ally and this was the first real contact with the Ethiopians, Napier halted, to receive him with full military honors. The meeting took place on the banks of a small stream, where the two command-



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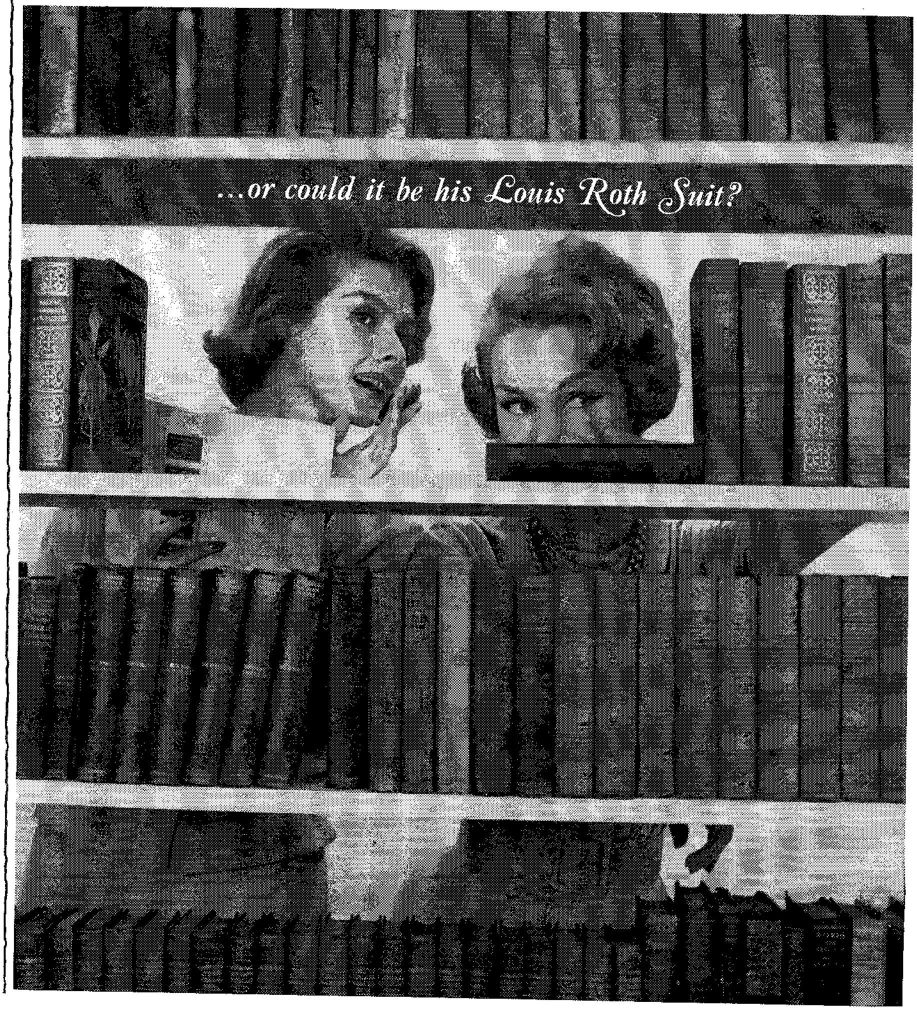

...or could it be his Louis Roth Suit?

Lady Macintosh
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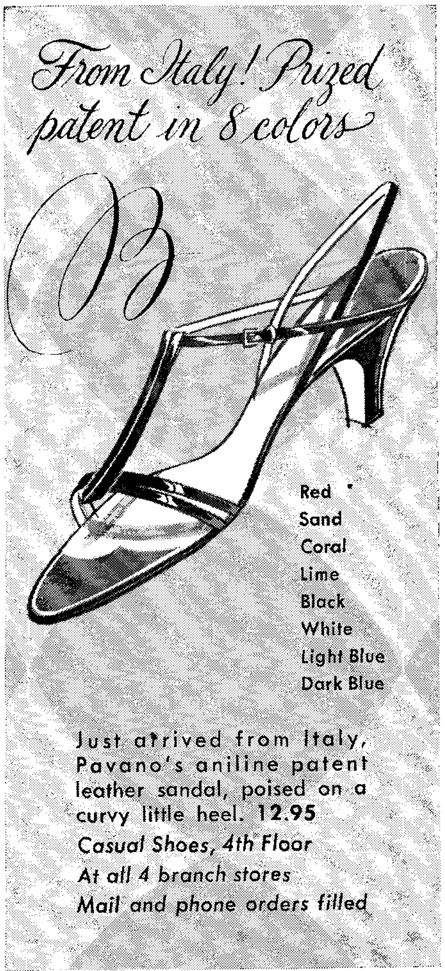
Made in England of finest long staple cotton poplin, IMPERVION provides the highest degree of water-and-stain repellency. Needs no re-proofing—even after repeated washings or dry-cleanings. Attractive off-white color, **$49.50.** Scarf-hood, **$3.95.** *Trademark

At all fine stores or write Robert Appleby & Co., Inc., sole U.S. importer of Macintosh weathercoats. 250 Park Ave., New York 17.



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Sand
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Just arrived from Italy, Pavano's aniline patent leather sandal, poised on a curvy little heel. 12.95
Casual Shoes, 4th Floor
At all 4 branch stores
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ers, like rival generals conducting a parley in a Shakespearean drama, had each erected a ceremonial tent. Kassai came forward riding on a white mule and with a crimson umbrella held above his head. He was surrounded by about four thousand warriors marching to the sounds of kettledrums and with banners flying. Simultaneously, the British approached, Napier riding on an elephant, with an elephant escort, and the redcoats drawn up behind. The two commanders and their staffs entered the British tent, and Napier opened the negotiations by presenting Kassai with an Arab charger, a rifle, and some pieces of Bohemian glassware. Port wine, taken from the hospital stores, was then drunk, and Napier took care to be the first to raise his glass to his lips, to show that it was not poisoned. The Ethiopians were then treated to a display of British might; the guns were deployed, the infantry skirmished and formed squares, and the cavalry, in full ceremonial uniform, dashed back and forth before the tent. After this, Kassai warmly assured the British that he would do everything in his power to assist them by providing food and fodder on the line of march. Napier was now invited to cross with his staff to the Ethiopian tent. Here they were waited upon by Ethiopian girls. Bread and curry were served, together with huge bullock horns filled with *tej*, which were instantly replenished when they were emptied. Musicians with long pipes appeared, and a minstrel singer, improvising as he went along, welcomed the British to Ethiopia. Napier was then draped with a lion-skin cape and, carrying a sword, a shield, and a spear in his hands, was mounted on a gray mule. Thus bedecked, he rode back to the British lines under the curious eyes of his own soldiers.

The honors in this game had not all gone to the British. In the Ethiopian camp, Napier had been very much struck by the toughness and air of independence of Kassai's warriors, and it had been something of a surprise to him to find that almost every man was equipped with a serviceable rifle. Theodore, presumably, possessed just such guerrilla fighters as these, and Magdala, with its thousand-foot precipices, still lay two hundred miles away. Somewhat more cautiously, the army pushed on. On March 28th, the advance guard reached the Takkaze River, forty miles in a direct line from Magdala. The two armies—Theodore's in the south, on the Bascillo, and Napier's here in the north, on the Takkaze—were rapidly converging on each other, and the tension

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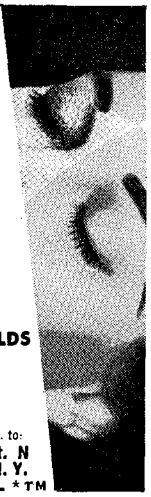

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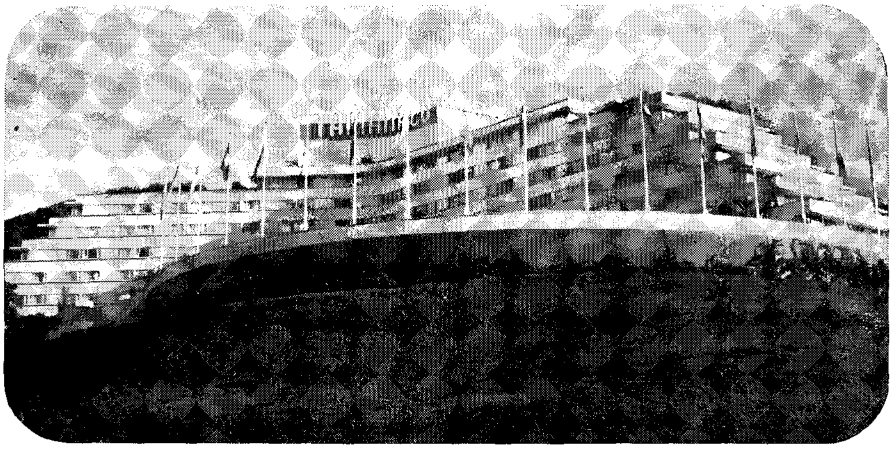
among the prisoners in Magdala had become extreme.

It was now more than four years since Cameron and his staff had first been imprisoned, and all of them had been in chains for nearly two years. During that long time, they had learned to live from day to day with a certain fatalism, but this new element of tantalizing hope was difficult to bear. Theodore, in his letters to the prisoners, continued to be remarkably benign, and on March 16th Rassam was overwhelmed to hear that his fetters were to be removed. "Now," Theodore wrote, "when I, your friend, am brought by God near you, your chains shall be opened; but until I see the intentions of your masters we will watch you, but without chains. . . . Be of good cheer." He was as good as his word, and Rassam sent off a letter of thanks to Theodore, asking that his companions should be released as well. Without precisely agreeing to this, Theodore redoubled his attentions. "A good day to you, my friend," he wrote on March 25th. "I am now so near that I can see the top of your house plainly, and if you come out and look down, you will see my tent. Our meeting is at hand."

This was painfully apparent. Two days later, news arrived that the road up to Magdala was almost completed, and it was plain that Theodore intended to get up to the Magdala heights before the British appeared. From the ramparts, the prisoners could see the advance guard of the Ethiopian army making camp on the plain of Islamgie, directly below the entrance gate. On March 27th—the day on which the British began to cross the Takkaze—Theodore himself arrived in Magdala, and Rassam was handed the following message: "The reason I have ill-treated you was because I wanted the people of your country to come to me. I am glad they are coming. Whether they beat me or I beat them, I shall always be your friend. I wish to have an interview with you on the plain outside your house, and I want you to appear before me in the same dress in which you used formally to come to me. I will send for you when I am ready."

As soon as Rassam had read Theodore's letter, he got into his blue uniform, and presently he was summoned by an escort. When he emerged from the prisoners' compound, he was met by an extraordinary sight. About two thousand square yards of the open ground had been covered with Oriental rugs, and the Emperor's ceremonial tent was set up at one end, with a great gathering of chiefs around it. Theodore came for-



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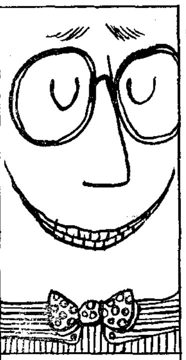

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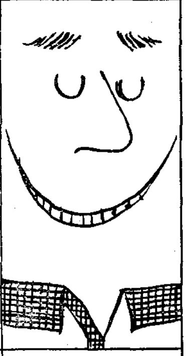

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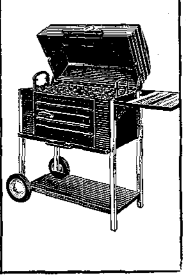

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ward eagerly to shake hands with Rassam, saying, "Today we must all be English." It was nearly two years since they had last met, and Rassam was astonished at Theodore's appearance. His hair had gone gray, and he looked ten years older. But he was all smiles, except when alluding to Consul Cameron, and toasted Rassam's health in *tej*, roaring with laughter at Rassam's jokes and instantly agreeing that Prideaux and Blanc, at least, should be released from their fetters. On the subject of the approaching British troops he was remarkably complacent; they were aware that he was the descendant of Solomon, King of Kings, he said, and all would be well. "I hope, Mr. Rassam," he added, "that when your people arrive they will not despise me because I am black; God has given us all the same faculties and heart." With this, the interview closed and Theodore descended again to his camp at Islamgie.

For the next few days, the prisoners heard very little from Theodore. It was said that he had gone off on a plundering expedition in the Bascillo Valley and that on his return to his camp he did nothing each day but ascend to the neighboring height of Selassie with his telescope, to scan the horizon for the British troops. Napier was now making excellent headway. On April 5th, the army began the descent into the Bascillo Valley, which was some thirty-nine hundred feet below the general level of the country. Magdala was clearly visible, and Napier, on going ahead to reconnoitre, was not reassured. "Altogether, without taking into account Magdala itself," he wrote later in his dispatches, "the formidable character of its outworks exceeded anything which we could possibly have anticipated." Three flat-topped peaks, each about nine thousand feet high, rose before him—Fahla on the right, Selassie (whence Theodore was now gazing down on them) on the left, and, finally, about a mile and a half farther back, Magdala itself. It seemed to Napier that Fahla and the Arogé plain below it dominated the position, and that if he could take these places, he could then march on along a saddle to the Islamgie plain, where Theodore was still encamped. In any case, though, Magdala itself would have to be taken by assault; while the main gate was forced by a frontal attack, an attempt would have to be made to climb the thousand-foot cliffs of the fortress with the aid of scaling ladders—one of the most dangerous operations imaginable. That night, Napier completed his plans. About two thousand men were to go into the attack.

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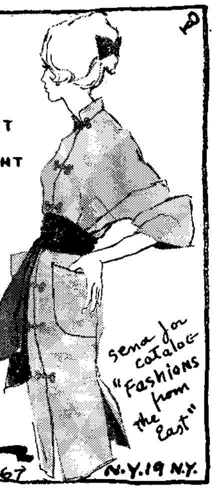

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Sappers and infantry were to lead the way, with the guns coming up behind, and the cavalry was to be held in reserve. To prevent Theodore from beating a retreat at the last moment, the Galla tribesmen were asked to surround the fortress while the battle was going on—a duty they were very willing to undertake, since Theodore within the past week had utterly ravaged the country around Magdala, and their hatred of him had risen to a frenzy. Despite his constant communication with Rassam, Napier had difficulty in making any precise estimate of the enemy's strength, but he judged it to be around seven thousand fighting men, most of them equipped with rifles, and supported by the mortar and several batteries of guns. If they chose to make a strong stand at Magdala, they could certainly inflict heavy casualties and withstand a siege of weeks, or even months.

For the moment, however, it appeared that Theodore was deploying on the Islamgie plain; from April 5th onward, the British could clearly see his tents and the smoke of his army's cooking fires. Napier sent off a native messenger with his final ultimatum: "By command of the Queen of England, I am approaching Magdala with my army, in order to recover from your hands Envoy Rassam, Consul Cameron, Dr. Blanc, Lieutenant Prideaux, and the other Europeans now in your Majesty's power. I request your Majesty to send them to my camp as soon as it is sufficiently near to admit of their coming in safety." By the night of April 9th, the assault forces were congregated on the Bascillo, and on the following morning, Good Friday, they crossed the stream barefooted. Then, in dead silence, they began climbing the escarpment on the opposite side. They had about five miles to go to reach their first objective, the Arogé plain.

Theodore, meanwhile, had posted his mortar and seven of his guns on the heights of Fahla, while he himself, with the bulk of his men, remained encamped on the Islamgie plain. At dawn on April 8th, Rassam received a message saying that he and all the other prisoners, native as well as European, were to descend at once to this camp. They found Theodore dressed in white pantaloons and a robe of Lyon silk worked with gold. "He looked," says Rassam, "more like a harlequin than a sovereign in this novel motley suit," but his manner was anything but gay. He had brought the prisoners down from Magdala so as to keep them under his eye, he said, and while their own tents and baggage were being fetched, they were to lodge them-

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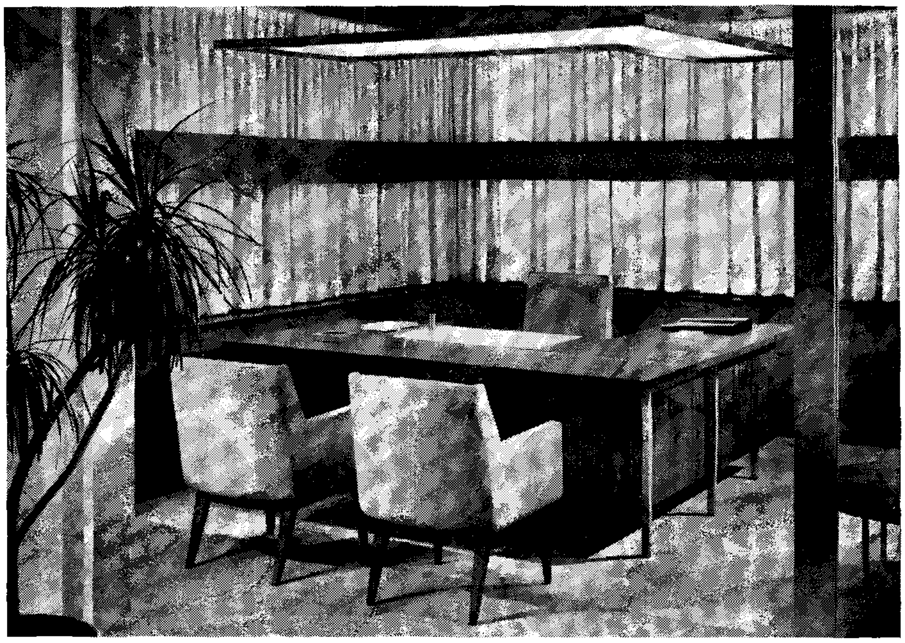

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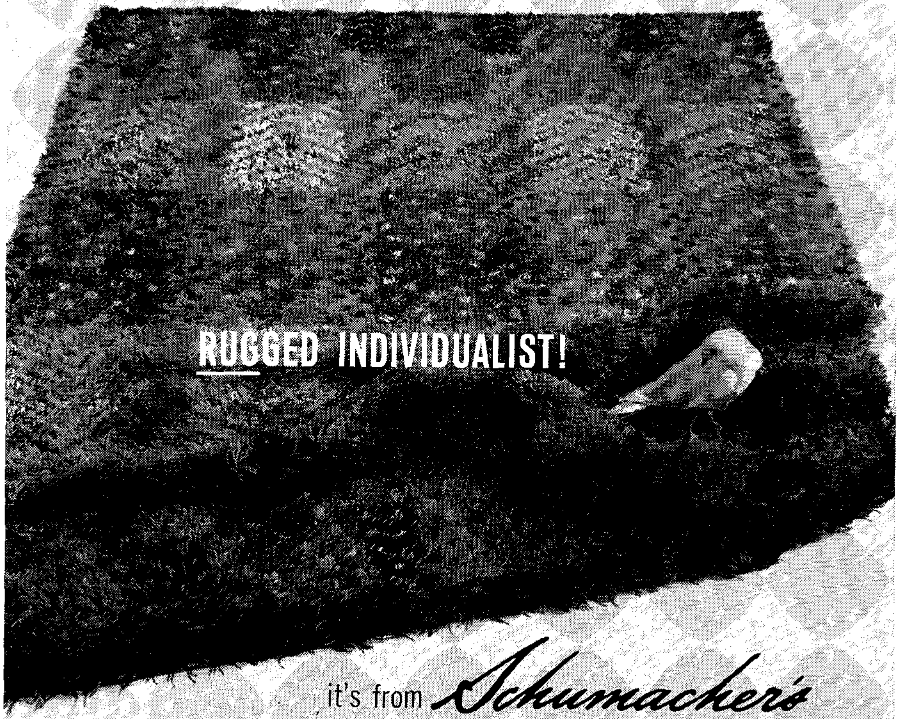

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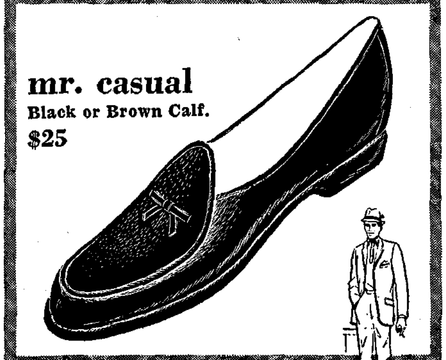

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selves in a silk pavilion he had had specially erected for them, close to his own. The Ethiopian soldiers were then ordered to muster on the plain, and Rassam and his companions looked on while Theodore harangued them from a rock. In a day or two, he said, they were to encounter troops who were far superior to them—men who were so rich that their treasure was carried on elephants. "Are you ready to fight," he went on, "and enrich yourselves with the spoils of the white slaves, or will you disgrace me by running away?" One old man made the expected reply—they would rend the British to pieces—and at once Theodore rounded on him. "What are you saying, you old fool? Have you ever seen an English soldier? Before you know where you are, your belly will be riddled with bullets." After a few more pleasantries of this kind, Theodore dismissed his men, and Rassam now found an opportunity to ask him why he did not enter into negotiations with Napier. "What is the use of it?" Theodore answered. "The die is cast. Things must take their course." He went off then to Selassie with his telescope.

The Europeans spent the night in their pavilion, and on the following morning they heard that Theodore had declared a general amnesty. Nearly six hundred native prisoners had been brought down from Magdala with the Europeans, and it was a long business getting their fetters opened. Some of the prisoners began to complain of the delay, and Theodore, as though he had been waiting for something of this sort to occur, suddenly went berserk. He rushed out of his tent, sword in hand, and ran with his bodyguard to the huts where the native prisoners were quartered, close to the edge of a precipice. The Europeans were ordered to stay in their tent and did not see the massacre that followed, but they heard the shots being fired and the shouts and screams of the victims. For two hours, the prisoners were dragged before Theodore, one after another. Hardly any of them had committed any crime more serious than having laughed in Theodore's presence when he was in a black humor, or perhaps having failed to hand him a gun or a sword at the right moment. For this they had remained for months, even years, in chains, and were now assassinated. Theodore listened, insane with rage, as each wretch was led up to him and the charge was read out, and the verdict was almost always the same: "Take him away." The man was then pitched over the precipice. At the height of his fury, Theodore himself cut one man through with his sword and shot

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two others with his pistol. It was nightfall before he had had enough, and by that time a hundred and ninety-seven bodies lay mangled on the rocks below.

Throughout that night, the camp lay apprehensive and silent. Theodore slept very little. His servants said later that he passed most of the night drinking and praying; over and over again, he fell on his knees, pleading for forgiveness for the massacre he had just committed. The next morning, the European prisoners were told that Theodore had changed his mind about them. They were to return at once to Magdala, and they were advised to move off without delay, since he was still in a savage humor. Rassam, however, made one more effort to get him to open negotiations with Napier. Theodore replied to his letter, "Do you want me to write to that man? No, I will do nothing of the kind, since he has been sent here by a woman." With this, the Europeans returned to their compound in Magdala, to find the place deserted. Many of the civilians had decamped in the night, and barely fifty fighting men were left to defend the fortress. The day had broken gray and sultry, and huge thunderclouds were building up over the mountains.

THERE is a strong atmosphere of fantasy about the Battle of Magdala, and it is not entirely confined to the part played by Theodore. In a sense, of course, all battles are fantastic, since they are an abrogation of reason, a deliberate courting of death, but here most of the normal conditions of war seem to be lacking. The pattern is wrong; far too much is being done for too small an object. The British were seeking no gain of any kind, and they had no quarrel with the Ethiopian people. Once the prisoners had been released, the invaders were determined to go away and leave the country to its own dark devices. In other words, the whole vast, expensive operation was nothing more or less than a matter of racial pride; Theodore had affronted a great power, and now he was to be punished. No one could seriously blame the British in all this. They had been extremely patient and reasonable. And yet, in an odd way, it is Theodore, the arch-criminal himself, who lifts this whole affair out of the ordinary ruck of colonial warfare. Even in the midst of his murderous tantrums, he raises issues that are something more than the crude struggle for survival. In his own savage and groping manner, he is an elemental figure, defying destiny. If one can overlook his brutalities for a moment, one sees that

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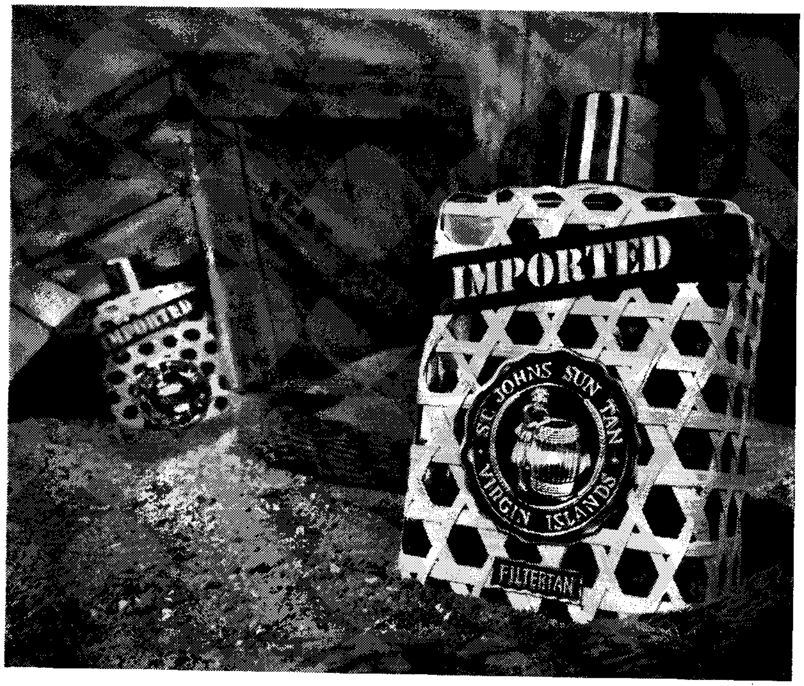

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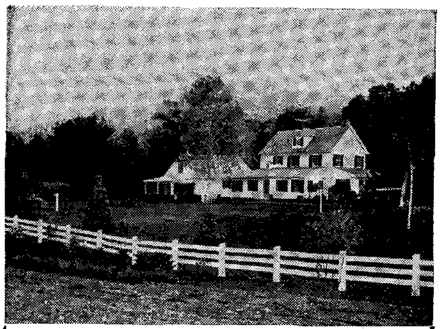

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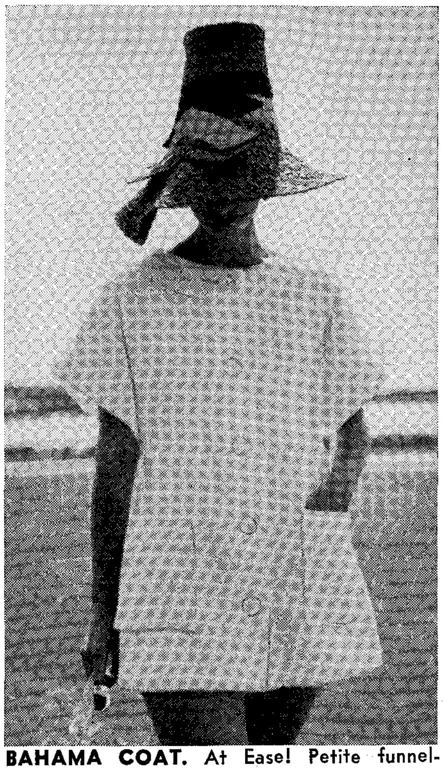

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he was an utterly displaced person—a Caliban with power but no one to guide him. He had no place. Napier, with his young wife in the background, his long training, and now a peerage in prospect, knew exactly where he was. He was bound on a rational and honored career; he was placed, he accepted the world. Theodore accepted nothing. He was caught in the African predicament—the imperative need of the intelligent man to emerge from sloth and ignorance—and it was too big for him. He had reached the end, and he knew it, and it was intolerable. There remained to him only his pride and a last clutching at dignity. And so, to settle an issue of pride—one man's pride against a nation's—we have the extraordinary spectacle of two armies advancing against one another high up in this remote aerie in the Ethiopian mountains. These armies are ignorant beyond dreams; they know nothing of one another's language, politics, or way of life. They have no real hatred of one another, and no real interest in the quarrel. Yet someone orders them to fight, and off they go, Christians and Mohammedans, blacks and whites, Sikhs, Hindus, and Ethiopian tribesmen, believing implicitly that the action to which they are committed—the killing of one another—is absolutely inevitable and right.

Soon after the European prisoners had left his camp on Good Friday morning, Theodore received word that the British were approaching the Arogé plain in two columns, one of them using the new road and the other climbing up directly from the Bascillo Valley. He at once went off with the German artisans to the heights of Fahla to take command of the artillery, while the remainder of his force—about seven thousand men—placed itself in readiness on Fahla's lower slopes. The command of the army was given to a chieftain named Gabry, who had been born in Theodore's province and had followed him loyally through all his campaigns. There seems to have been no plan of battle—merely a general understanding that as soon as the British came in sight, the artillery on Fahla would open fire and the tribesmen would charge. Loot was to be their reward. Meanwhile, the British were finding the ascent from the Bascillo much tougher than they had expected. Despite the gathering thunderstorm, the heat was intense, and many of the men, after several hours of climbing upward, fell out exhausted. Thus, it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that the two columns began to debouch onto the Arogé plain, and at

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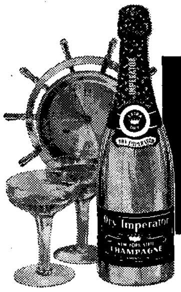

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that moment a puff of white smoke curled upward from the summit of Fahla. It was followed by a heavy detonation that echoed and reëchoed around the cliffs, and a shell, whirring over the heads of Napier and his staff, buried itself in the ground behind. Then all the lower slopes of Fahla became filled with rushing Ethiopians streaming down to the plain—the chiefs dressed in scarlet and riding horses, and the spearsmen running in between. It was estimated later that there were some five thousand warriors in the charge, all of them singing their war songs as they came on, and when they reached the plain, Stanley says, they "inundated it with their dusky bodies." Napier had just sufficient time to deploy. He ordered his infantry to drop their packs on the ground and to advance in line, while his battery of rockets opened up over their heads at the approaching enemy. There was a decided wavering in the charge as the rockets exploded, but the Ethiopians still came on. The rainstorm had now burst, and the noise of thunder was added to the cracking of the cannon and the shouts and cheers of both armies as they ran forward for the clash. At most places, the Ethiopians were stopped in their tracks by rifle fire when they were still a hundred yards or more from the British, but some of them broke through and, for a few moments, tackled the British swordsmen with their spears. In general, however, it was an indiscriminate killing. The great mortar on Fahla burst at its first discharge, and soon after this the rest of the Ethiopian guns stopped altogether; their wild and erratic shooting had accomplished nothing. And now, as more and more British entered the battle and got their guns into position, a general massacre began in the rain. It was thought that the chief Gabry was Theodore himself, since he was more gorgeously attired than the other horsemen, and he was soon cut down. Even when all hope was gone, the Ethiopians would not give up. They rallied again and again, and came on into the rifle fire, each charge getting a little feebler than the last, and it was not until seven o'clock, after three hours of continuous fighting, that the last defender was driven off the plain and back to the camp at Islamgie. Napier, fearing that his men would get lost in the darkness, broke off the pursuit, and the army was ordered to bivouac where it was for the night while further reinforcements came up from the Bascillo. In the dusk, some seven hundred Ethiopian dead were counted on the battlefield, and their wounded were estimated at twelve hundred. The British losses

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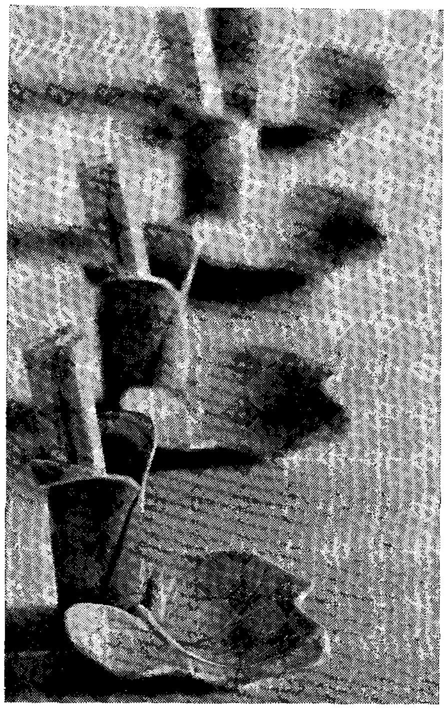

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were twenty wounded, of whom two died later on.

The prisoners, meanwhile, cooped up in Magdala, had spent an agitated day. They heard the firing on the Arogé plain, but it was too far off for them to make out what was happening, and no news of any kind arrived. Soon after dark, Rassam went to bed, but he was awakened at ten-thirty by a message from Theodore. It ran as follows: "How have you passed the day? Thank God, I am well. I, being a King, could not allow people to come and fight me without attacking them first. I have done so, and my troops have been beaten. *I thought your people were women*, but I find they are men. They fought very bravely. Seeing that I am unable to withstand them, I must ask you to reconcile me to them." Rassam at once wrote a reply saying that Theodore should send off a deputation to Napier at dawn the following day, and he suggested that both Flad and Prideaux should be members of the party. To this Theodore agreed, adding that his son-in-law, Dejach Alami, was to accompany them.

At dawn on April 11th, the British outposts caught sight of a little group approaching with a white flag, and there was a great shout of excitement when it was seen that there was a British uniform (Prideaux's) among them. The party was quickly passed through to Napier's tent, on the far side of the Arogé plateau. They gave the General a verbal message from Theodore saying that he wanted "a reconciliation," and Napier drafted the following reply: "Your Majesty has fought like a brave man, and has been overcome by the superior power of the British Army. It is my desire that no more blood may be shed. If, therefore, your Majesty will submit to the Queen of England, and bring all the Europeans now in your Majesty's hands, and deliver them safely, this day, in the British Camp, I guarantee honourable treatment for yourself, and all the members of your Majesty's family." This message was buttressed by a threat: Dejach Alami was shown the elephants and the heavy guns, which had now been brought up, and was told that the weapons that the British had used on the previous day were nothing but playthings compared to those that would be employed unless Theodore surrendered.

Somewhat shaken by this, Dejach Alami pleaded for a twenty-four-hour delay, which was granted, and Flad and Prideaux—with some misgivings, no doubt—returned with him to the Emperor's camp. Theodore questioned

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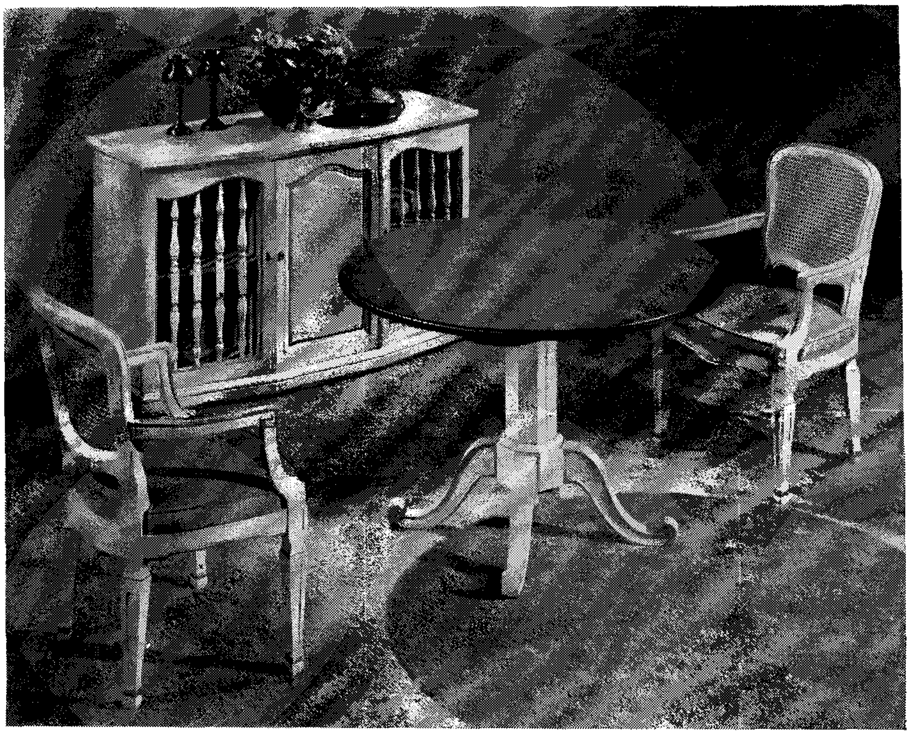
them very closely about the exact meaning of Napier's letter. What did he mean by honorable treatment? Did they intend to treat him as a prisoner, or were they going to assist him in recovering his country from the rebels? And did the British really intend to look after his family?—it was very numerous. He seemed to be in a repressed and dangerous mood again, and Flad noticed a renewed air of belligerence in the Ethiopian camp. It had been thought that at least half of Theodore's army had been slaughtered, but, now that the night had passed, it was seen that the casualties were much fewer. Some of the surviving chiefs were talking of making a further attack on the British that night under the cover of darkness. Moreover, the reply that Theodore now sent back to Napier was hardly a good augury. He did not mention the prisoners. He did not refer to his own surrender. Instead, he declaimed against his own people for their cowardice in battle, their hatred of him, their irreligion. And then—as though he himself had already passed from the scene—he appealed to Napier, in Biblical language, to look after them: "In my city, there are multitudes whom I have fed: maidens protected and maidens unprotected, women whom yesterday made widows, and aged parents who have no children. God has given you the power. See that you forsake not these people. It is a heathen land. . . . Your people who have passed the night in joy—may God do unto you as he has done to me. I had hoped, after subduing all my enemies in Ethiopia, to lead my army against Jerusalem and expel from it the Turks. A warrior who has dandled strong men in his arms like infants will never suffer himself to be dandled in the arms of others."

This letter was handed to Prideaux and Flad, and they were told to return alone to the British camp. Soon after they had gone, Theodore called a council of war, and at this meeting a strong group of his chiefs pressed for the murder of the European prisoners and a renewal of hostilities. Theodore disapproved, saying that if the prisoners were murdered, Napier was bound to take reprisals; they must be released. Toward four in the afternoon, a group of chiefs were sent up to Magdala with orders to bring Rassam and the other Europeans down to the camp. Throughout these discussions, Theodore had seemed relatively calm, but now, while awaiting the arrival of the prisoners, he suddenly flew into a violent spasm of rage. He picked up a double-barrelled pistol, thrust it into his mouth, and pulled the trigger. Apparently, he had



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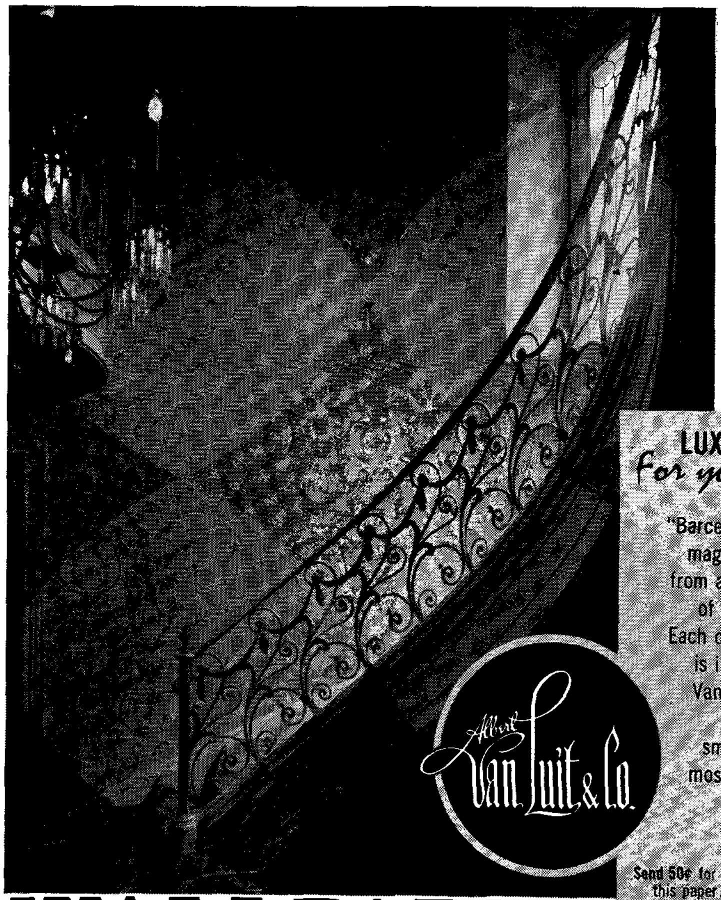

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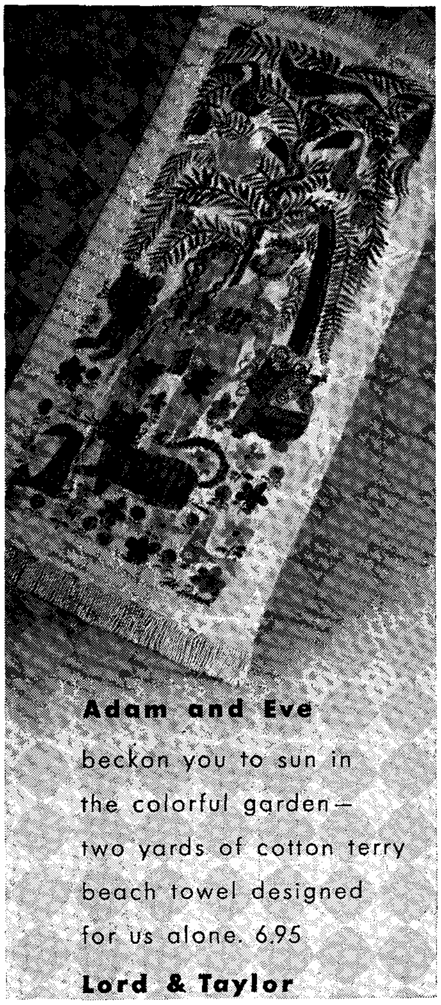

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cocked the wrong barrel, for there was no explosion, and one of his men rushed at him and tore the weapon away.

Up to this point, there had been only the slimmest hope that Theodore would ever let the prisoners go, and now, in his present delirium, it was regarded as almost certain that he would have them shot when they entered the camp. The prisoners felt this, too, and they came down the steep track from Magdala in silence and with the utmost dread. As they approached the camp, they were told that the Emperor had left his tent and was awaiting them on the road that led down to the British lines. He wanted to see Rassam alone. Leaving the others behind in a group on the roadside, Rassam advanced, and found Theodore standing among about twenty of his bodyguard. He was at once beckoned forward, and Theodore said, "Sit down for a moment and let me have a few words with you before you leave." They sat together on the ground, and Theodore went on, "You know, Mr. Rassam, you and I have always been on good terms. God knows your heart, but as far as I am concerned, I have always had a sincere regard for you. It is true that I have behaved badly toward you, but that was because of the behavior of bad men. However, the past cannot be helped now, and I can only say, God's will be done. I want you to bear this in mind—that unless you befriend me, I shall either kill myself or become a monk. Now goodbye. It is getting late; try and come to see me tomorrow if you can."

"I then thanked him for his kindness," Rassam writes, "and said, 'I will come and see your Majesty if possible.' He then rose, shook hands with me, wept, and said, 'Farewell; be quick, it is getting late.' "

This put Rassam in an agonizing position. The rest of the prisoners—including Cameron, whom Theodore hated—were still in a group farther back on the road. If Rassam walked on alone, there was no guarantee that Theodore might not suddenly order them to be shot down. "I thank your Majesty, but my companions are behind," Rassam said.

"His only answer," Rassam continues, "was—and these words were the last I heard from his lips—'You had better go.' I was now anxious about my fellow-captives, and after walking on a few paces, I stopped. The King was still standing on a rock, surrounded by his musketeers and holding a double-barrelled rifle in his hands. When he saw me stop and look round, he motioned me with his hand to go on. My

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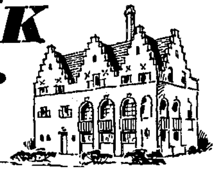

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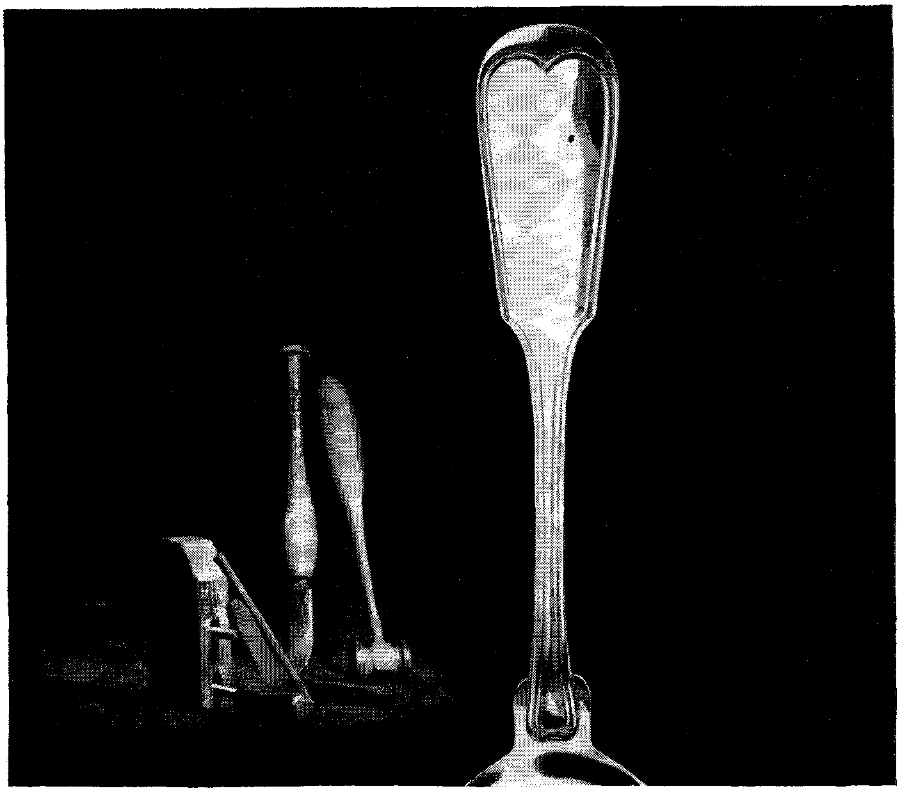
On their way into the British camp, they met Flad and Prideaux, who were returning to Theodore with a message from Napier saying that he could offer no other terms. Since most of the prisoners were now released, it seemed pointless for Flad and Prideaux to put themselves again into Theodore's hands that night, and they turned back with the others. The whole party entered the British lines soon after dusk and was received with some emotion in Napier's tent.

Napier was not yet quite out of his difficulties. Theodore was still at large, Magdala was still in his hands, and, even worse, Mrs. Flad had had to be left behind in the fortress, since she was too ill to descend the mountain. Her children were with her, and a number of other Europeans and their families, mostly Germans, had also remained in Theodore's camp. The morning of Easter Sunday, however, brought a more encouraging letter from Theodore: "Today is Easter; be pleased to let me send a few cows to you. . . . I let the night pass without sending for the body of my friend Gabry, because I thought that after my death we should both be buried together; but since I have lived, be pleased to allow him to be buried. You require from me all the Europeans. . . . Well, be it so; they shall go."

On receipt of this letter, Flad set off with a party to bring his wife down from Magdala in a palanquin, and on the way through Theodore's camp they delivered the body of his friend Gabry. That evening—Sunday, April 12th—all the remaining Europeans except a Frenchman named Bardel, who was too ill to be moved, were brought safely down to the British. During the day, Theodore sent down a thousand cows and five hundred sheep—all he possessed—to the British camp, and for a time he seems to have been under the impression that they had been accepted. Napier, however, having been told that, by Ethiopian custom, he was morally bound to conclude peace if he accepted the gift, had ordered the herds turned back by the pickets. This proved to be a pivotal point in the affair, for on Sunday evening, when Theodore heard the news, he exclaimed, "These people, having got what they want, now seek to kill me!," and in a fury he rushed up the path to Magdala, calling on his chiefs and



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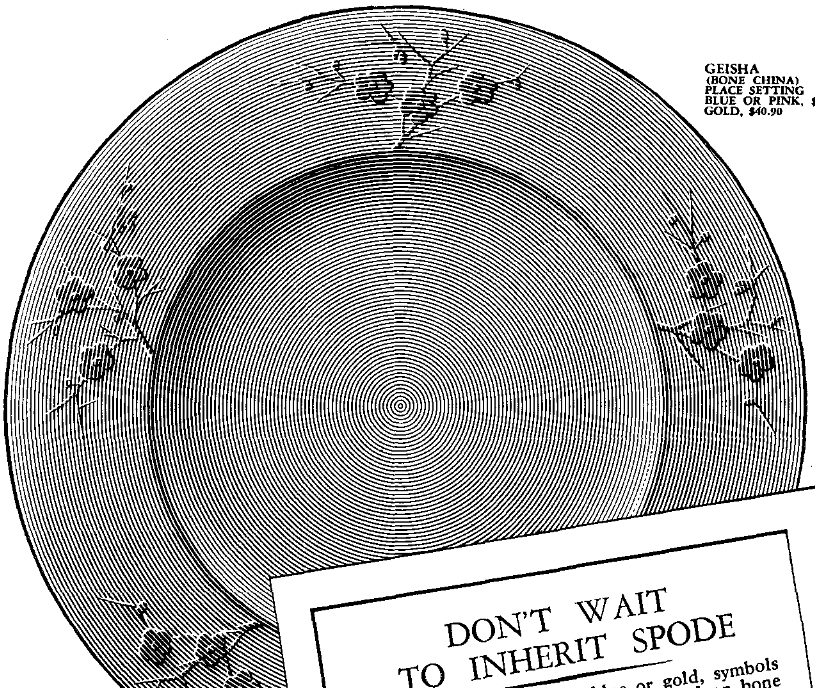

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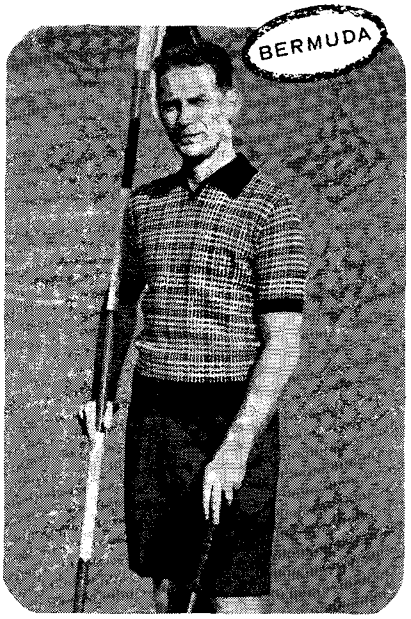
soldiers to follow him. He seems to have had some confused idea of escaping on foot by way of a steep path that led down from the ramparts on the eastern side of the fortress. About two thousand men followed him at first, but it was a hopeless venture; the Gallas were lying in ambush all around the mountain, and when his followers began to turn back, Theodore himself returned to Magdala. Bitter arguments appear to have continued there through most of the night, Theodore accusing his chiefs of cowardice, and the chiefs replying that he must either surrender or fight; they refused to follow him into retreat, since it meant leaving their families and possessions behind. In the end, the chiefs agreed among themselves that surrender was the only course, and they decided that if Theodore attempted to carry out any further executions, they would seize him and put him in chains. During the night, thousands of warriors and their families began to decamp to the British lines.

The end was now very near. Theodore got up at dawn on Monday, determined that he, at least, would not surrender. He descended once more to Islamgie, with some forty or fifty men who still remained loyal to him, and together they tried to move a battery of heavy guns up the precipitous path to the gate of the fortress. It was an absurd project, and he was at last induced by some of his men to return to Magdala. Here, with a handful of soldiers to help him, he set to work piling huge stones against the entrance gate. They were still engaged in this work when, at one in the afternoon, the first British shells fell.

Napier had intended to give Theodore a little further time to surrender, but, having heard a rumor during the night that the Emperor had escaped, he had decided on immediate action. Some three thousand men, with artillery support, were ordered into the assault. Refugees were now streaming down toward the British lines on every side, and the infantry was obliged to pass through them as they advanced, in skirmishing order, to the foot of the Magdala cliffs. The first salvos of rockets were directed at the gate, a pagodalike affair with a roof and two heavy wooden doors, and the assaulting parties immediately went forward with scaling ladders, some of them using the path and others scrambling straight up the cliffs. Toward 4 P.M., the advance guard reached the gate, and here they came under rifle fire as they hacked away at the doors with crowbars. It was not a very heavy fire—only a handful of the enemy were shooting at them from above—but nine of th



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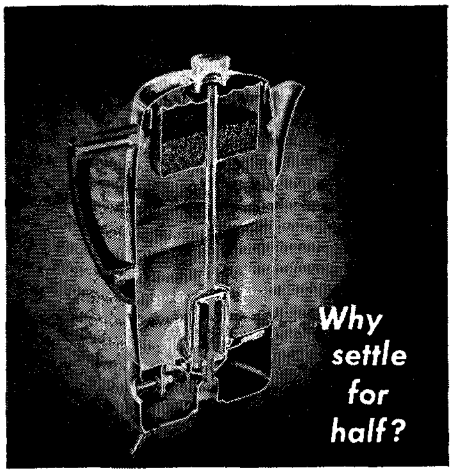

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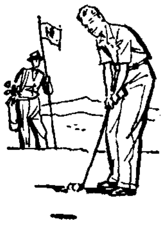

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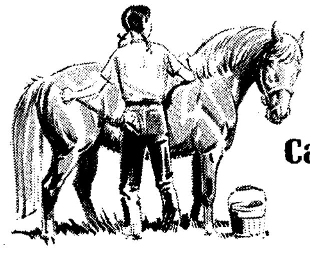

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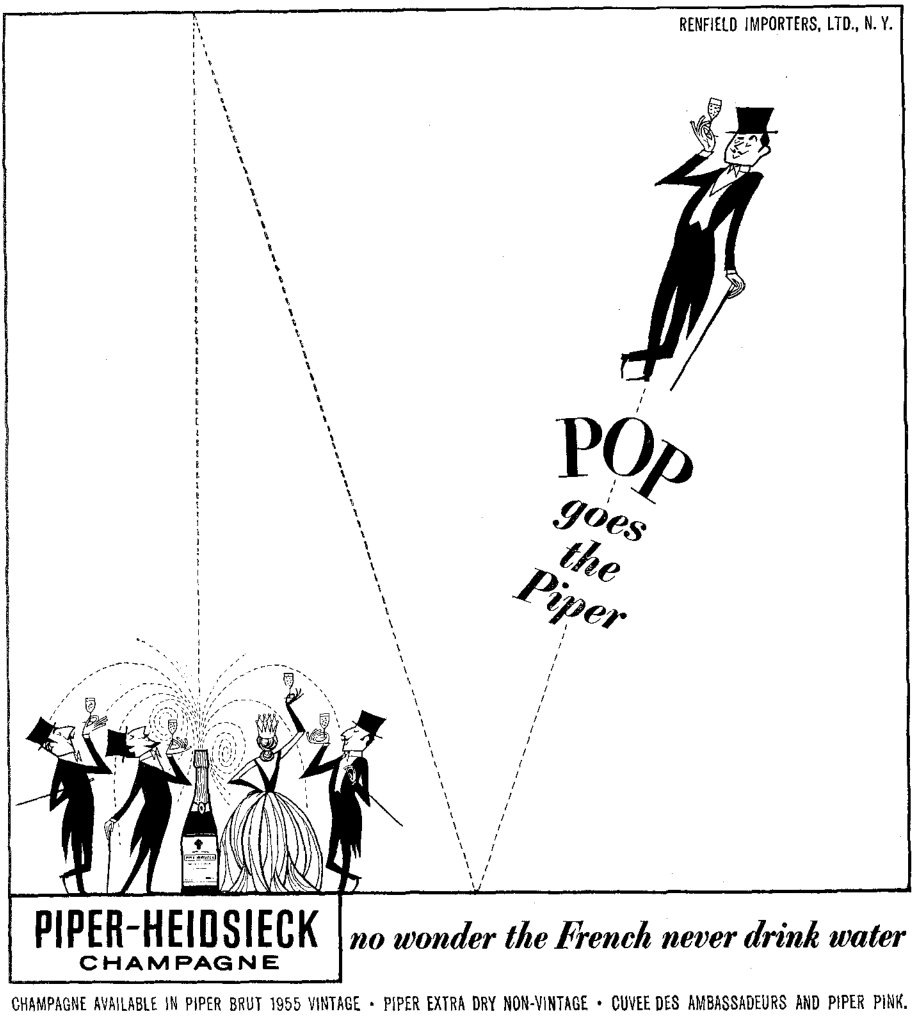
British went down before the gate was forced. Simultaneously, the party that had scaled the ramparts came running in behind the gate from the flank. The little group of defenders now retreated to a smaller gate, about seventy yards farther up, losing most of their number on the way. This second gate was open, and the British rushed through it onto the Magdala plateau, only to discover that all resistance had collapsed. From every direction, Ethiopians came forward to surrender, and presently the watchers on the plain below saw the Union Jack go up on the ramparts. The total British casualties were fifteen wounded.

On the path leading up to the palace from the second gate, a dead man was found lying alone on the ground, and no one took much notice of him at first. Yet this was the Emperor Theodore. He had led the resistance at the gate and had gone on firing until it had been broken down. Retreating through the second gate, he had told his last surviving followers to escape, and had taken his revolver in his hand—one of the revolvers that Cameron had given him so long ago as a gift from Queen Victoria—and put the muzzle in his mouth, and this time he had not failed. Rassam, following the assault troops, was called to identify the body. Its clothing was already much torn and pulled about by souvenir hunters, and he remembered having heard the voice say, "One day you may see me dead, and while you stand by my corpse, it may be that you will curse me. You may say, 'This wicked man ought not to be buried; let his remains rot above ground,' but I trust in your generosity." Rassam had the body taken up and carried to his old quarters in the European compound, where it was covered by a shroud and laid out on a bed. On the following day, Theodore was buried in the Magdala church by Coptic priests, and it was, Rassam says, "an affecting sight to witness the reverence with which the dignitaries of the Church performed these last offices for their departed Sovereign; even in death, Theodore had not wholly lost the affection of at least some of his subjects."

The scene in Magdala following the surrender was one of total confusion. Looting broke out almost at once, with the breaching of the treasury and the royal palace, and there were some spectacular things to be had. Stanley speaks of gold chalices, mitres, and crowns; of goblets and ornaments studded with precious stones; of gifts from foreign monarchs, such as Sèvres porcelain and Staffordshire pottery; of cases of champagne and other wines; and of carpets,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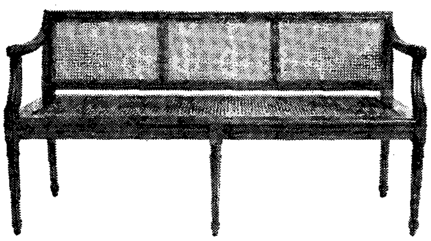

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furs, lion capes, ornamented saddles, state umbrellas, swords, embroidered robes, parchments, and official papers. All these, Stanley says, were tossed about and quarrelled over by soldiers and civilians, and it was not long before the soldiers found the royal stores of *tej* and arrack. The arrival of Napier quieted the worst of these disturbances. A brass band preceded him, and he marched through the gate with his staff and flag-bearers to the strains of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" A general evacuation of the fortress was ordered, and the Ethiopian families were escorted down the hill in batches to the British camp, where they would be safe from the Gallas. Among the first to go were Theodore's family, including his beautiful young wife, Teru-Wark, and her son, Alamayo; Teru-Wark said that it had been Theodore's wish that his son should go to England, and that she would willingly follow him there. (Teru-Wark, however, died before reaching the coast; Alamayo was taken to England on Napier's ship, and was subsequently sent to school at Rugby, but he died when he was eighteen. He is buried at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.) There now remained the question of the political succession. Napier does not appear to have bothered much with it; his orders were to rescue the prisoners and then get out of the country as quickly as possible. He had no intention whatever of paying attention to Theodore's appeal—"see that you forsake not these people"—and thus he automatically condemned the Ethiopians to anarchy. In the end, the Queen of the Gallas was installed as ruler of Magdala and the surrounding country, and the larger question of Theodore's successor was left hanging in the air. One can only observe that the manner in which the British left Ethiopia did not become them as well as their manner of entering it.

All military retreats, whether from victory or defeat, have an air of anticlimax, and this one was no exception; it was simply more colorful than most, with brass bands playing and flags leading the way. The column rolled itself up like an enormous carpet, and on June 2nd Napier and his staff reached the coast. Every movable object at Zula was taken up and loaded onto the ships—the telegraph, the railway lines, the thirty-nine surviving elephants. Except for the wharves and a few locomotives, hardly anything remained to show that the British had ever been in Ethiopia. On June 10th, Napier embarked on the Feroze and sailed direct for Suez and England. Not unnaturally,

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a tumultuous welcome was awaiting him—the thanks of Parliament, a gracious reception by the Queen, a step up in the service, and a peerage. Lord Napier of Magdala was the hero of the day. Nor were his men overlooked. Among the many favors bestowed among them was a grant of five thousand pounds for Rassam and two thousand pounds apiece for Blanc and Prideaux. It had been a great thing to take part in the Magdala campaign, but now that it was all over, it could be forgotten.

And so it was forgotten. Yet no act of the mind could erase one fact—that nothing along the Nile would ever be the same again. Ethiopia, like Egypt and the Sudan, was now committed to the contemporary world. Three abortive charges against modern firearms—the Mamelukes against the French at the Battle of the Pyramids, the Shaiqiya tribesmen against the Turks at Korti, and now the Ethiopians against the British at Magdala—had destroyed the isolation of the Nile Valley from the sea to Lake Tana. None of these engagements had lasted more than an hour or two, or had involved more than a few thousand men, and it seems absurd that such momentous consequences should come from three such insignificant battles. We are back at Jericho—the trumpets blow, the walls fall down, and an age vanishes in an instant. But perhaps it is in the nature of history to declare itself through apparently small events; certainly such catastrophes as the mass killings on the Somme and at Passchendaele in the First World War decided nothing.

WHEN John Speke's discovery of the source of the White Nile, in Uganda, was finally acknowledged, on the eve of the twentieth century, it led people to believe that the whole pattern of the river was now explained. But this was not so at all; the Blue Nile had still not been explored. Since the time of James Bruce, in the eighteenth century, the course of the river had been marked on all the maps; Rassam, when he first reached Theodore, had seen something of its source and its extreme upper reaches, and the British at Magdala had perched for a day or two on one of its principal tributaries, the Bascillo, but no one had in fact penetrated the immense ravine running for more than three hundred miles from Lake Tana to the Sudanese border. Nor was anyone even to begin to explore this vital stretch of the river—the stretch that provides the Sudan and Egypt with most of their water—until 1925, when Major R. E.

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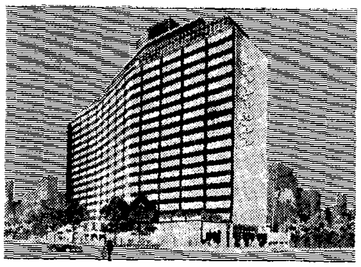

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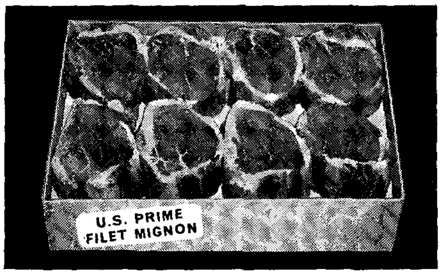

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Cheesman arrived in northwestern Ethiopia as British consul. "The latest maps," Cheesman wrote, "showed the course of the Blue Nile as a series of dotted lines. . . . It seemed almost unbelievable that such a famous river, and one on which Egypt had depended for its prosperity throughout the ages, could have been so long neglected." For the next eight years, Cheesman devoted himself to this work whenever he could get away from his consular duties. He soon realized that there was no question of following the river bed, either by boat or on foot, but he penetrated down into the gorge whenever he could to check his bearings, and he travelled, in all, some five thousand miles by mule over country never before seen by a European. In addition, he was the first European to circumnavigate Lake Tana. It was a formidable achievement, and Cheesman must be regarded as the first true geographer of the Blue Nile. (Cheesman wrote a book about his adventures, and when he returned to England he had the galling experience of losing his manuscript; it was stolen from his car, and an appeal to the thieves brought no response. All had to be done again.)

Then, in 1941, the river was aroused once more, by the appearance of the Emperor Haile Selassie and a British army, under the command of Major Orde Wingate, coming upstream from the Sudan. Camels, not elephants, were used on this expedition (some twenty thousand of them, all destined to die in the cold of the mountains), and one marvels a little at the reversals of history here—the British, still with their eye on the Red Sea route from India, returning after seventy years, not to destroy an emperor but to reinstate Theodore's successor. At all events, the expedition made its way across the old battlefields and river crossings, scattering the Italians as it went along, and at the end of 1941 Haile Selassie was reinstalled in his new capital of Addis Ababa, a town that did not even exist in Theodore's time. From Magdala, now a half-forgotten village, there was nothing but silence.

The nineteen-forties drifted into the nineteen-fifties, and still very little, apart from Cheesman's account, was known about the Blue Nile gorge. By the nineteen-sixties, however, the Westernization of Ethiopia had reached a point where it had become necessary to investigate the resources of the river. An American survey team was brought in, and now, for the first time, the gorge was studied in detail; engineers in helicopters were able to fly down to the most obscurely hidden corners. I was fortu-

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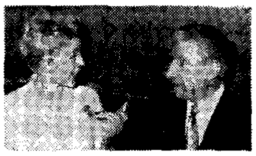

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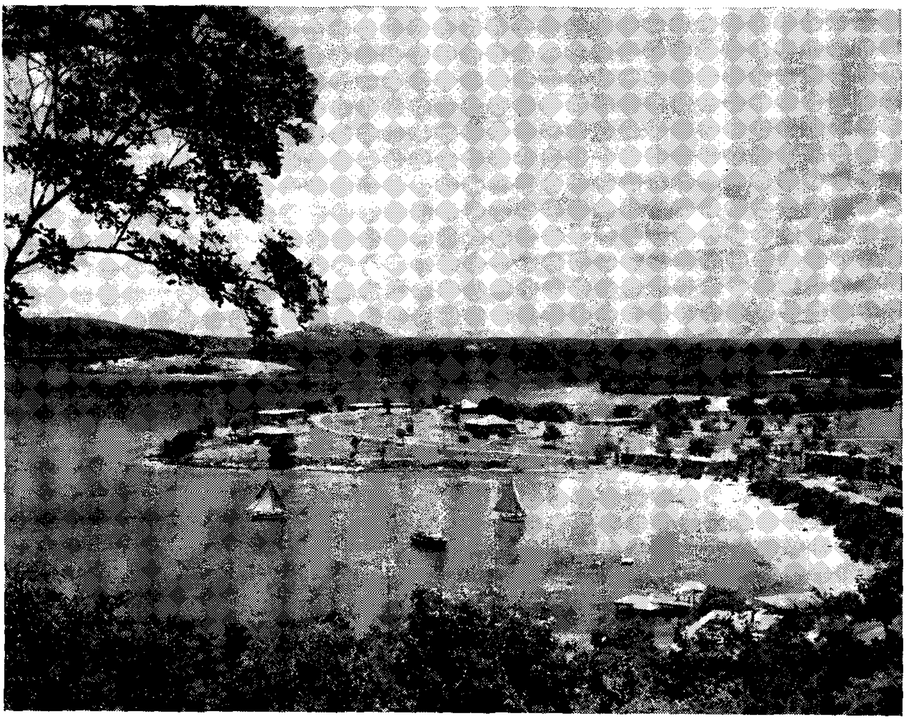
nate in being able to spend a day on one of these excursions, and it was a revelation of a kind. We took off early one morning from Addis Ababa and flew directly to the river, a hundred miles away. The helicopter, skimming along only ten yards above the ground, was a madly strange thing in these regions, and the villagers uncovered their heads and bowed to us as we went by. All around them the undulating plateau, dotted with eucalyptus groves, spread away, and a hundred little streams and waterfalls rushed down to the great curving valley of the river, nearly a mile below. Coming up to the edge of this valley, one sank, as in an elevator, into the gorge itself—down and down, past scattered forests and past cliffs of glaring black rock and gravel. As we descended, the walls of the gorge came steadily closer, and the sky above contracted into a narrow arch of light. Finally, we hovered over the river itself, and it was full of movement; it raced along, only a hundred feet across at the narrower places and greenish-gray in color, and at every bend in its winding course it broke into eddies and whirlpools that would have been impossible to negotiate in a boat. This was in January, when the river was low, and by the end of the wet season, in July, it would be thirty feet higher and the current twice as fast. Turning, we shot upstream, and it was an exhilarating thing to sit there in our absurd transparent box, seeing everything with an eagle's eye and being too engrossed to be afraid. There was a good deal of wild game on the sandbanks and occasional flat ledges of ground—storks and other wading birds among the reeds; water hogs, blacker even than this black sand, kneeling to drink; small herds of antelopes; a hippopotamus or two mooning in the deeper pools; and crocodiles everywhere. Our roaring engine was an incomprehensible intrusion. Presently, we reached a place where there was a pocket handkerchief of level ground beside the river, and here we put down. The helicopter blades ran to a stop as we stepped out, and at once we were absorbed into the silence and the immensity of the gorge. The air was thick and hot, and one felt that curious stillness and completeness that rests on places that have never been disturbed by man. And so all day we buzzed upstream like a gadfly, dropping down on sandbanks when there was something interesting to see, and then flying on again over hidden bends in the river, where the valley widened out and where an occasional village, cut off from all the world, scraped a living from a threadbare crop of maize. It



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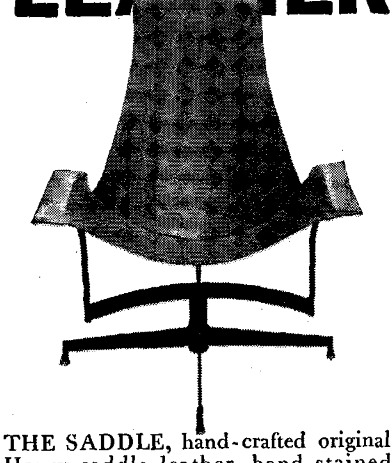

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CRAFTER

was a superficial glimpse, of course, but in this one day we saw things that it had taken Major Cheesman eight years of journeying to reach.

As for Lake Tana and the source of the Blue Nile, they can be visited without much difficulty. One flies on a little country air service from Addis Ababa to the village of Bahardar, on the southern shore of Lake Tana, and thence one can be paddled out on a raft to the place where the river debouches from the lake. With mules and guides, one can also follow Bruce's route up to the source of the Little Abbai, where the water still oozes out of a bog precisely as he saw it. On the Blue Nile itself, one can reach the Tisisat Falls—the first and most formidable of the natural barriers in the river's downward course—in a day's steady riding from Bahardar. It is a rewarding journey. Toward evening, one sees in the distance the glimmering cloud of spray rising over the immense falls, and then, by swimming the mules across to the left bank, one can proceed directly into the wet jungle that lies around the falls themselves. From one vantage point, the whole roaring overflow can be seen, and it is pleasant to stand there speculating on the past and knowing that little or nothing has altered here since Bruce's time. The spray that falls like gentle rain, wetting one to the skin, falls forever—nearly two centuries ago on Bruce, and now on oneself. Sometimes a log, borne along by the current, teeters for a moment at the lip of the vast abyss, and then plunges downward on its long journey to Egypt and the sea.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

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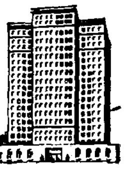

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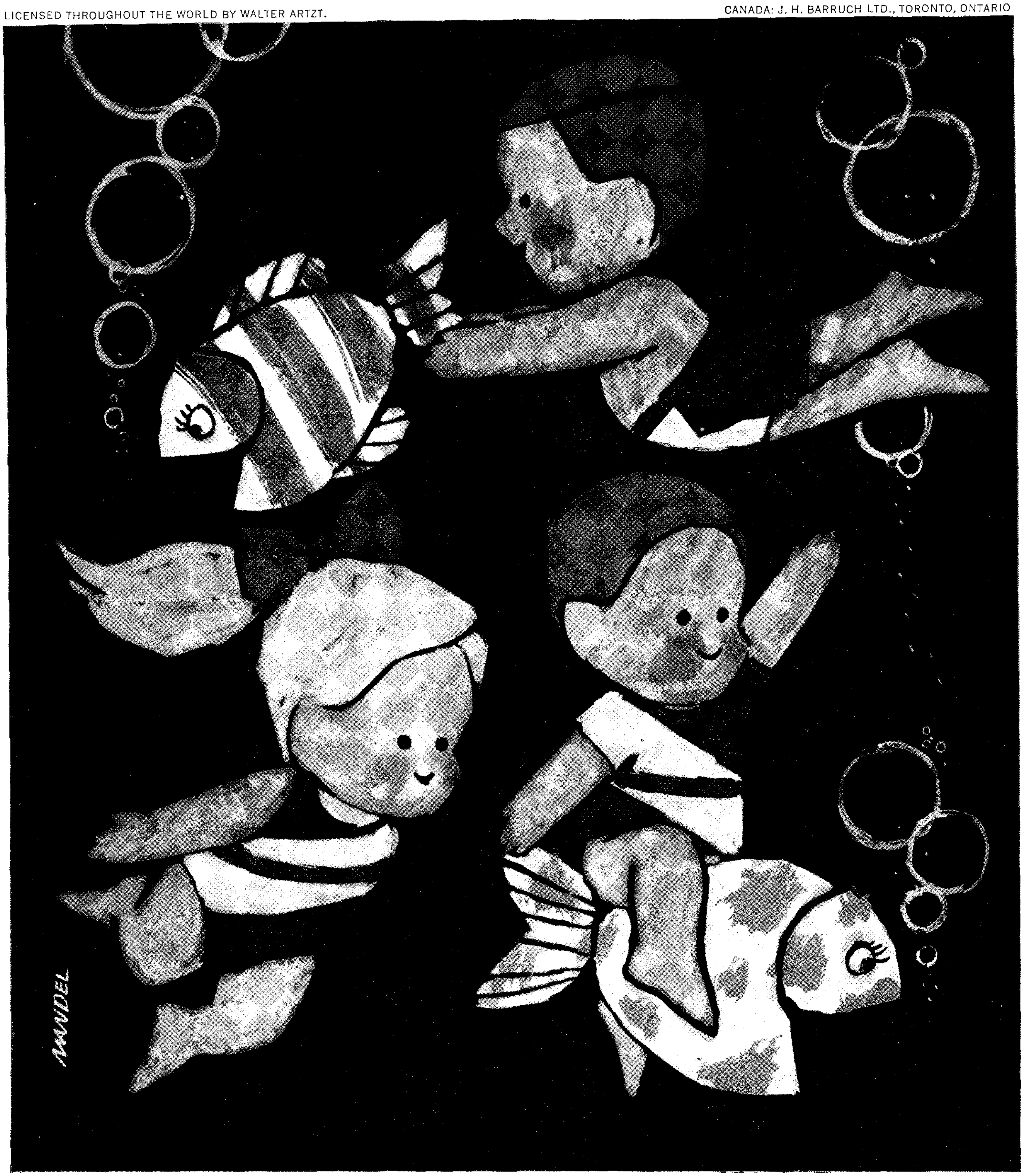

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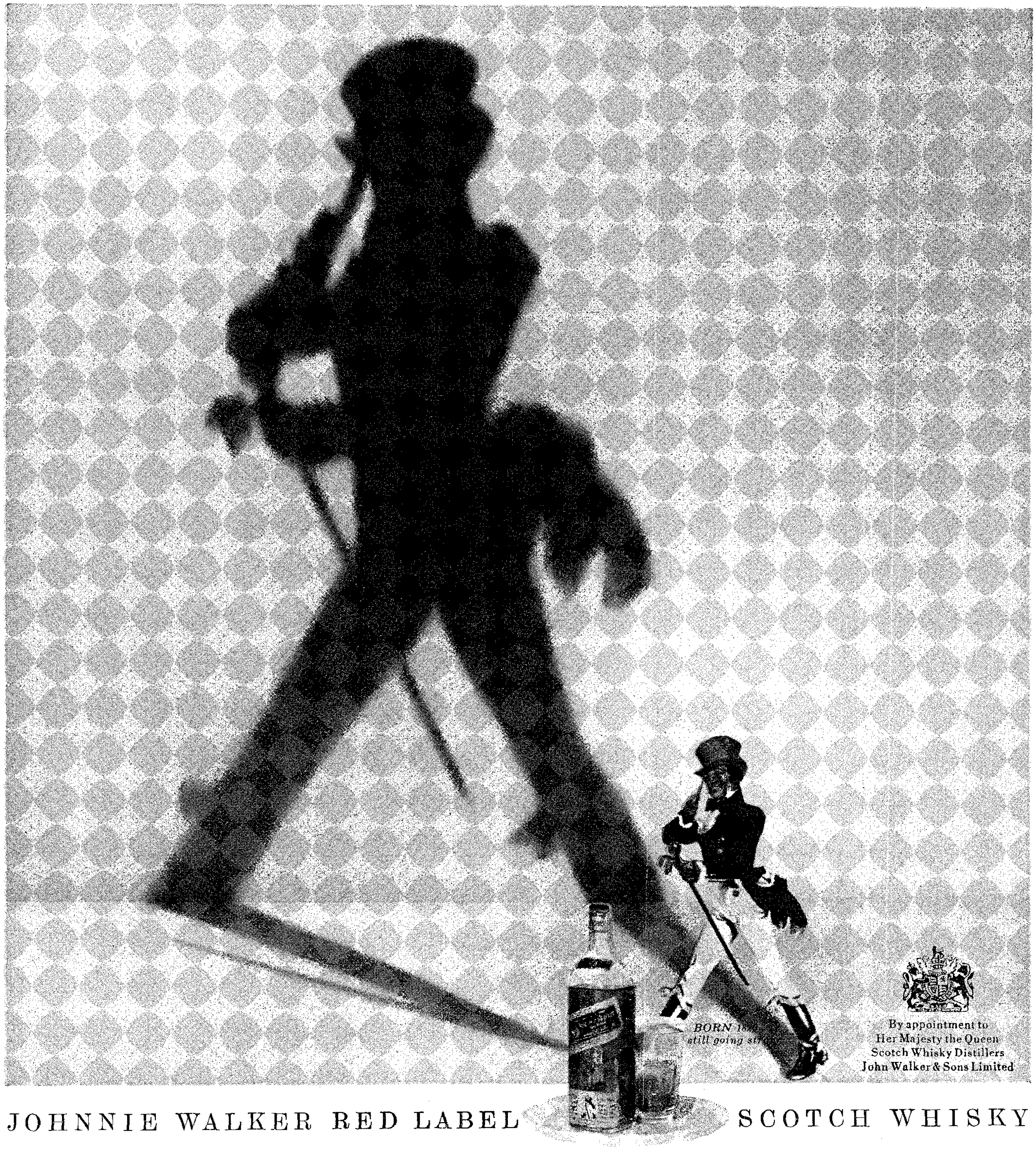
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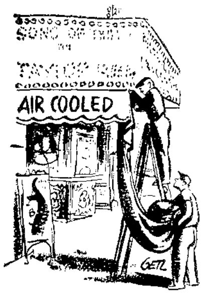
THE CURRENT CINEMA

One for the Devil



THE Polish film "Joan of the Angels?" is something of a curiosity—the question mark in the title offers an appropriate hint as to the ambiguity of the work as a whole—and while I'm cheerfully duty-bound to tell you about it, I doubt whether any except devoted students of diabolic possession will feel inclined to swap so much as a moment of our incandescent spring for a couple of hours in the dark heart of the seventeenth century. The picture, directed by Jerzy Kawalerowicz, deals with the sexual-religious misadventures that Aldous Huxley examined with characteristic relish in "The Devils of Loudun," but Mr. Kawalerowicz and Tadeusz Konwicki, with whom he shares authorship of the screenplay, have patriotically shifted the setting from France to Poland. The Catholic Church being catholic, sex being sex, and the Devil being an honorary citizen of all countries, no violence is done to the story by this change of scene, though I must say that the Polish countryside appears to be one of remarkable bleakness—a nice place to photograph, but I'd hate to be possessed there.

To a convent whose nuns are disporting themselves with unprecedented lasciviousness of carriage and speech, and have notably resisted all previous spiritual succor, comes a chaste young priest. He has been sent to exorcise the innumerable demons resident in the nuns' bodies, but from our first glimpse of the poor fellow's bearded, saintly face we sense that he is doomed to fail. To make bad matters worse, the Mother Superior of the convent is not only lust incarnate but extremely good-looking, and no amount of prayer and flagellation can keep the priest from soon plunging, like a suicide, into her arms. Satan having scored this first victory, other victories ensue, including even a bloody double murder, but I fear that I never believed in the characters' belief in devils and that the priest's fate left me feeling impatient instead of grieved or instructed. The fact is that the religious convictions of former times tend to ring terribly false when depicted by means of a twentieth-century camera

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and sound track; in a movie about the seventeenth century, the very mechanisms by which the movie has come into existence are a sort of nagging anachronism, as real, though invisible, as a Cadillac.

Still, a charitable pinch of praise: several of the scenes inside the convent are marvellously photographed, and the roles of Mother Superior and priest are played with suitable intensity by Lucyna Winnicka and Mieczyslaw Voit.

IT'S far too early to be handing out awards for 1962, but I've an idea that "Jessica" won't be surpassed in the categories "Worst Script," "Worst Casting," and "Worst Dubbing." A thoroughly preposterous story about a young American widow who comes to a Sicilian village to serve as a midwife and whose beauty causes all the local males to go mad with desire, it has dialogue that is wooden only when it isn't leaden, and a plot that could have been glued together out of matchsticks by a ten-year-old. As for the casting, Miss Angie Dickinson plays the midwife, and though she is certainly presentable, I kept ungallantly wondering whether it wasn't her motor scooter that the males coveted, deep down in their sensible Mediterranean hearts. The part of the elderly village priest is played by Maurice Chevalier, and for once the saucy old stager looks utterly stumped. The picture was shot in Sicily, and the cast is of so many nationalities that a mass dubbing of voices may have been a necessity, but it has been many years since I saw so many lips so ill-synchronized with the words they were supposed to be uttering.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

STATELINE—A fire of undetermined origin destroyed a trailer home yesterday morning in Oliver's Park.

Its owners, the Ken Lambkin family, were away when the blaze started shortly before 3 A.M.

A dog smelled the smoke and called the fire department.

The fire was contained about 30 minutes after members of the Zephyr Cove Fire Department arrived.—*Reno (Nev.) Nevada State Journal.*

That's very good time.

•

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[*From the Delphi (Ind.) Citizen*]

Mrs. Mabel Brewer, clerk of the Carroll Selective Service Board, has received a call to furnish one person for induction on May 10. The Board has ordered Larry R. Campbell, route 1, Camden, to report, as a volunteer, for induction.

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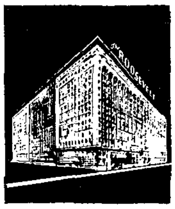

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Tough Going

AT the local première of Virgil Thomson's "Missa pro Defunctis" in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening of last week, the performance, by the Oratorio Society of New York, was so poor—in spite of the fact that the composer himself conducted it, and hence presumably lent it some special claim to authenticity—that it entirely failed to do the work justice. Members of the audience were given a Latin libretto, with an English translation, to follow during the proceedings, and I did my best, but I soon got lost and began seeking rather desperately, as one will in such circumstances, for some identifiable phrase that would reorient me. I finally found one—"Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae"—but by that time the Mass was more than half over. The chief trouble seemed to be that the chorus enunciated atrociously—so badly that it might have been singing in a language of its own, or none at all, as far as even the most attentive listener could judge. And its proficiency in other branches of the choral art—in attack, intonation, variations in volume, and so on—appeared to be similarly dubious. Nevertheless, it was possible, by checking what one actually heard against what one was obviously supposed to hear, to gain a fair impression of what the composer had created.

Like all Mr. Thomson's works, this Mass, as it was written, unquestionably had the virtues of absolute simplicity and clarity—virtues that are not common in contemporary music. Even on Tuesday night, one could follow everything that his creative imagination had impelled him to do, and see exactly how he had done it; in fact, the greater part of the work displayed a sort of deliberate effort at simplification, similar to the effort of people who write books for children. There were chains of pleasant-sounding successive thirds; there were do-mi-sol-do figures repeated at varying points on the chromatic scale; there was very little atonality, and no sententiousness at all. (Gabriel's Day of Judgment trumpet call was simply that old bugle tune "Reveille," which, I am afraid, may have suggested to others, as it did to

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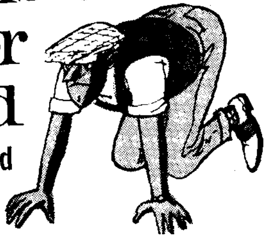

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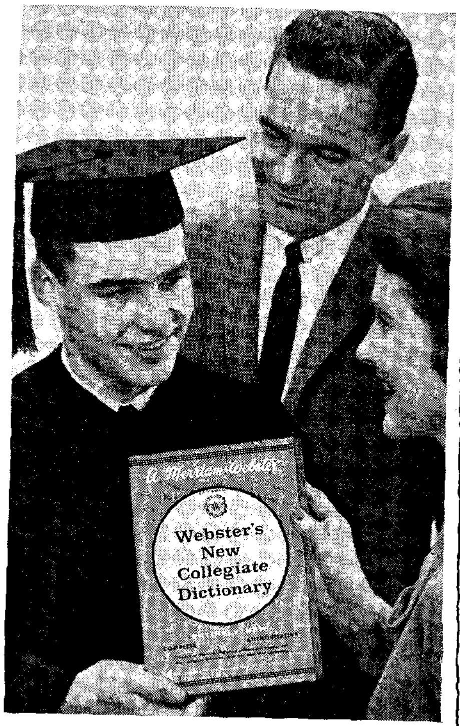

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me, the ancient text "I can't get 'em up," thus occasioning a passing notion that the Angel was having a frustrating time.) All this added up to a score that was agreeable enough in a piece-by-piece way, though I must say that very few of the pieces showed any particular creative power or produced any particular dramatic effect. The main difficulty, to my mind, was that the highly conscious simplicities of Mr. Thomson's musical language precluded the use of such massive beams and uprights as are necessary to sustain the architecture of a composition that proposes to hold the attention of an audience for three-quarters of an hour. The resulting lack of structural coherence was, I am sure, the reason that, as the last notes subsided, the audience paused uncertainly before applauding—apparently not clearly convinced that the thing had come to an end. In general, however, I thought that this was a very sophisticated, gentlemanly, and well-bred Mass, notable for its modesty; on the other hand, to borrow from Winston Churchill, it had a great deal to be modest about.

On Thursday evening, I dropped in at a Composers' Showcase concert, which took place in the basement auditorium of the Museum of Modern Art. It was made up entirely of music that was being played publicly for the first time in New York, and that had been written within the past three or four years by very young composers. The names on the program were Bülent Arel, George Perle, and George Rochberg, and they were attached to various compositions for solo instruments or small combinations. Mr. Rochberg was represented by a string quartet with voice; Mr. Perle by a composition for solo flute and by a serenade for viola accompanied by a double bass and various wind and percussion instruments; and Mr. Arel by a piece for solo viola and by an item of "electronic music" performed on a tape-playback machine. The evening, as I suppose might have been expected, was a highly dissonant—or, more properly speaking, cacophonous—one, but a large and very friendly audience seemed to find everything of considerable interest.

I am not particularly fond of this type of music, but the thing that struck me most forcibly as I listened to the program the other evening was the complete standstill it indicated as far as the techniques of "advanced" musical composition are concerned. The works all sounded exactly like the music that Schoenberg and Webern and Edgar

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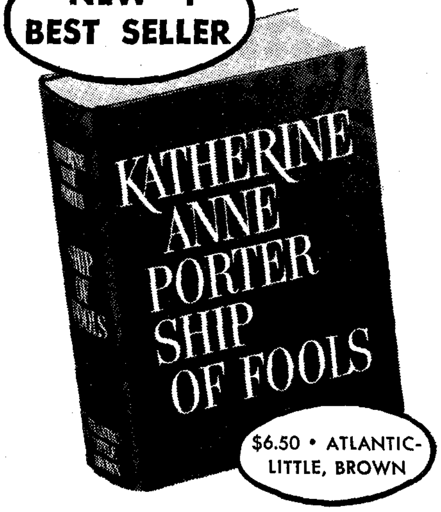

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Varèse were turning out anywhere from thirty to fifty years ago. Indeed, the occasion was almost indistinguishable from the concerts that used to be given by the League of Composers circa 1930. There were the same systems, the same clichés, the same absence of expressive purpose, and the same tireless exercises in formalism. It is true that, in some superficial ways, the spectacle was a little different. In performing Mr. Perle's "Monody No. 1," an excellent flutist named Samuel Baron used three music stands, spreading out the score on them somewhat in the manner of a Chinese scroll—not a bad idea at all, since a flute player cannot turn pages while he is playing. Mr. Rochberg's quartet enlisted the services of four page-turners as well as four players. It also had a soprano, who was called upon to declaim lines by Rainer Maria Rilke in an elaborately strident and illogical manner. But innovations in turning, or not turning, pages seemed to constitute the only original features of what was presented, and I was left with the feeling that our younger composers are badly in need of some new directions. Apparently, the technical side of experimental composition hasn't moved in more than a generation.

Of all the works on the program, I could not restrain a preference for Mr. Arel's "Abstractions for Tape," not on the ground that it was more original than the others (it had the same old collection of screeching automobile-brake sounds, rattles, thumps, and vaguely aquatic moans that Mr. Varèse invented years ago) but because the instrument that performed it, being a machine, was perfectly suited to its purpose. Elsewhere, I was bothered by discrepancies. Was it for things like Mr. Rochberg's terribly scratchy quartet that Stradivarius and the other wonderfully gifted craftsmen of Italy perfected subtle instruments like the violin? Toward the end of this work, when the soprano started in on Rilke, I gave up and went home. I dislike hearing the human voice abused; it has the effect on me that most people experience when witnessing the torture of innocent animals. For the work of the various performers, who included a superb violist, Walter Trampler, and the soprano Janice Harsanyi, I have nothing but admiration. It is much more difficult to play and sing this kind of music than it is to compose it.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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Mr. Roberson stressed the point that mental health can happen to anyone. . . .
—*El Dorado (Kansas) Times.*

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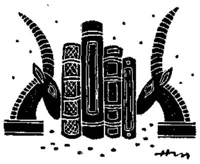
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Death of a Highbrow, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday). This soundly satisfactory novel dissects and interprets a literary rivalry that remained vigorously alive for more than fifty years while the two men involved, Graham Stanhope and Tom Curtal, both worked harder than they might have worked if they had not been driven by their mutual envy and their mutual contempt. Almost eighty years old and in frail health, Stanhope attends a memorial service for Curtal, and listens in tears and with derision while Curtal's praises are sung. He still despises Curtal, but he will miss him. As Stanhope leaves the church, he is accosted by a strange young man, who irritates him into reviewing his knowledge of Tom Curtal and, through Tom Curtal, of himself. Mr. Swinnerton is a writer of singular charm. He makes everything interesting, and as we follow this account, which has a puzzle at its heart, no event seems minor, and no one—not even an ancient, trembling, long-dead waiter—seems unimportant. This is a lovely book.



Youngblood Hawke, by Herman Wouk (Doubleday). Mr. Wouk describes the fantastic success of Youngblood Hawke, novelist from Kentucky, whose career begins in 1946, when he is twenty-six years old, with the publication of his first novel, "Alms for Oblivion," and ends seven years later with his death from various causes. Hawke's seven fat years bring him money and fame, and women idolize him, but he cannot be said to enjoy himself very much. The novels he writes do not satisfy him, and on his deathbed he is still dreaming of a future in which he will be able to live off his investments and write as he pleases and not have to worry about turning out best-sellers one after another. It is a sad, hectic tale, and, like Hawke, it is oversized and naïvely flamboyant, but in Mr. Wouk's skilled hands it makes consistently entertaining reading. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

An Unavoidable Delay and Other Stories, by Diana Athill (Doubleday). Miss Athill writes about English people at home and abroad, and she writes always about love. There are fourteen stories in this collection, and in each story love is either permanent but tentative or transitory. The atmosphere is invariably that of an encounter—of strangers who meet and stay together and remain strangers, or of strangers who meet only to part. The writing is good, and Miss Athill's touch is sure, but she seems not so much to deal with her people as to haunt them. It is as though, standing at the rim of their lives, she saw her characters so clearly that she felt no need and no desire to go more deeply into their natures, or to find out what makes their hearts so bleak. Her work is unusually interesting, although its general effect, like the effect of all the encounters here, is tentative.

The San Franciscans, by Niven Busch (Simon & Schuster). A story of present-day San Francisco. Mr. Busch's account of a romance between a banker's beautiful young widow and a handsome lawyer who is something of a Johnny-come-lately is much too good to be true, but it has a simple, leisurely superficial charm.

GENERAL

Land to the West, by Geoffrey Ashe (Viking). "A legend may not be a record of facts," Mr. Ashe observes, "but the existence of the legend is itself a fact, and requires explanation." The legend that he endeavors to explain in this alluring speculation is the not entirely unfamiliar notion that the sixth-century Irish abbot St. Brendan the Navigator actually visited America on one of his fabled voyages. Mr. Ashe's book is not an argument but an exercise in deduction and an evaluation of evidence, and his search leads him a good deal farther from Ireland than the coast of North America. It takes him to the Arctic Circle, to Mexico and Peru, to ancient Rome and Plato's Greece, and back in time to the Minoan mists of 2000 B.C., and to follow him is an adventure in geographical history that cannot be too highly recommended. Illustrated with photographs and two end-paper maps.

Three Eighteenth Century Figures, by Bonamy Dobrée (Oxford). Three unconventional studies in success—Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough, who wanted power

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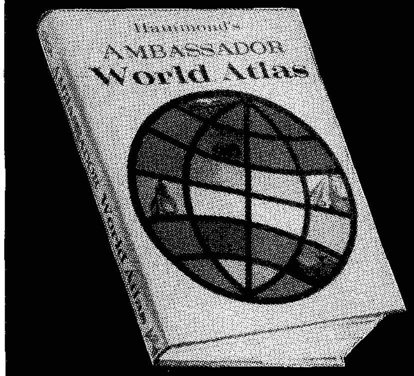

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and glory and won them through bullying the weak-minded Queen Anne and marrying a military genius; Giacomo Casanova, who wanted *la dolce vita* and won it through wit, intelligence, and sexual prowess; and John Wesley, who wanted immortality and won it through the establishment of the Wesleyan Society of Methodists. These are all, of course, familiar figures, and Mr. Dobrée adds little to our general knowledge of them, but since they clearly fascinate him, he manages to carry us willingly through their extraordinary careers once more.

NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND THE CONFLICT OF CONSCIENCE, edited by John C. Bennett (Scribners). The morality of missile strategies, discussed in a systematic manner by three Protestant theologians (Paul Ramsey, Roger L. Shinn, and John C. Bennett), a teacher (John H. Herz), a physicist (David R. Inglis), an author (Kenneth W. Thompson), and a psychoanalyst (Erich Fromm). Suppose deterrence fails? The targets of our retaliatory strike are Russia's population centers. Would we be right in firing on them? Are we right, for that matter, in swearing that we will? This group of well-informed, sometimes brilliant authorities can't say; they don't entirely agree about these or any of the Cold War's other appalling ethical dilemmas. They are in exact accord on just one point: our policies must have some moral meaning, and a full debate—for which the book is an excellent starter—is the way to determine the limits of what our consciences can allow.

THE LINDEN TREES, by Carlo Levi, translated from the Italian by Joseph M. Bernstein (Knopf). A short, highly impressionistic account of a visit—the author's first—to Germany. On the whole, Mr. Levi's impressions were unfavorable. This did not seem to surprise him. He expected to find a nation of Mercedes-Benzes, Rosemarys, and bloated beer-drinkers crazed with guilt and prosperity, and so it turned out in Munich, in Stuttgart, in Tübingen, and in Berlin. In West Berlin, that is. East Berlin was something else: "I felt that these men, women, and children in their rough-and-ready clothing lacking any modern smartness had a more natural and agreeable manner, and one that was closely related to a profound national and popular tradition. . . . [The West] theoretically left the individual mind free to judge for itself, and the mind

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thus liberated curled up on itself and did not express itself; [the East] constricted the mind, yet paradoxically it shone beneath the ashes." Paradoxically (or dialectically) indeed.

NOTE: "Patriotic Gore: Studies in the Literature of the American Civil War," by Edmund Wilson, has been published by Oxford. Many parts of the book first appeared, in different form, in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TRAITOR'S WIFE, by David Montross (Doubleday). An enthralling spy story that is international in its reach but comfortably home-grown in its atmosphere and characterizations. It is an armchair story—a fireside dream of danger and intrigue, and of threats that come to nothing because the people who make the threats are bad—but it is a good armchair story, and the dream, while it lasts, is so real that it often seems quite nightmarish. The plot hinges on the decision of a pretty California housewife to sneak away from her home and join her husband, a scientist who has defected to the Russians. Her escort on the journey is a handsome, ruthless man who disarms her with his blue eyes while he frightens her with his cold bad manners. Their stops include London, Amsterdam, and points east of the Iron Curtain, and the suspense holds to the very end.

THE SPY WHO LOVED ME, by Ian Fleming (Viking). The trouble with this new blood-and-lipstick diversion involving James Bond, the priapic licensed killer of the British Secret Service, is that Commander Bond makes his appearance only at the very end. Or, rather, that's one of its troubles. Another is that the story is told by a young woman whose chief (and interminable) concern is to take us through her rotten childhood, her unhappy school days, and the unsatisfactory love affairs that have somehow led her to a lonely motel in the Adirondacks, the clutches of a pair of ogres, and the arms of Commander Bond. A third is that the action is idiotic, even by Mr. Fleming's permissive definition of plausibility.

•

> President Kennedy's daught now attending a White House nursery school, will have to qualify academically for Miss Porter's. The headmaster, Hollis French, said, "We have a hi scolastic standing."
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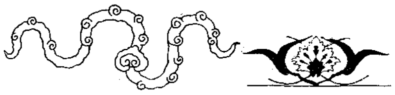

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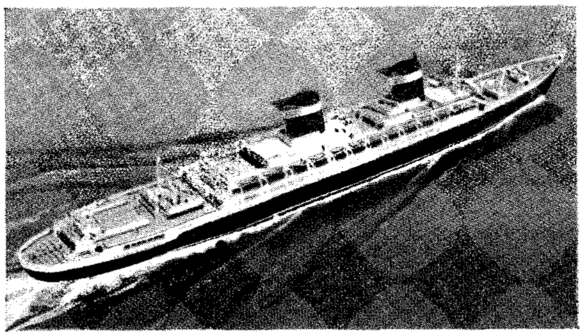

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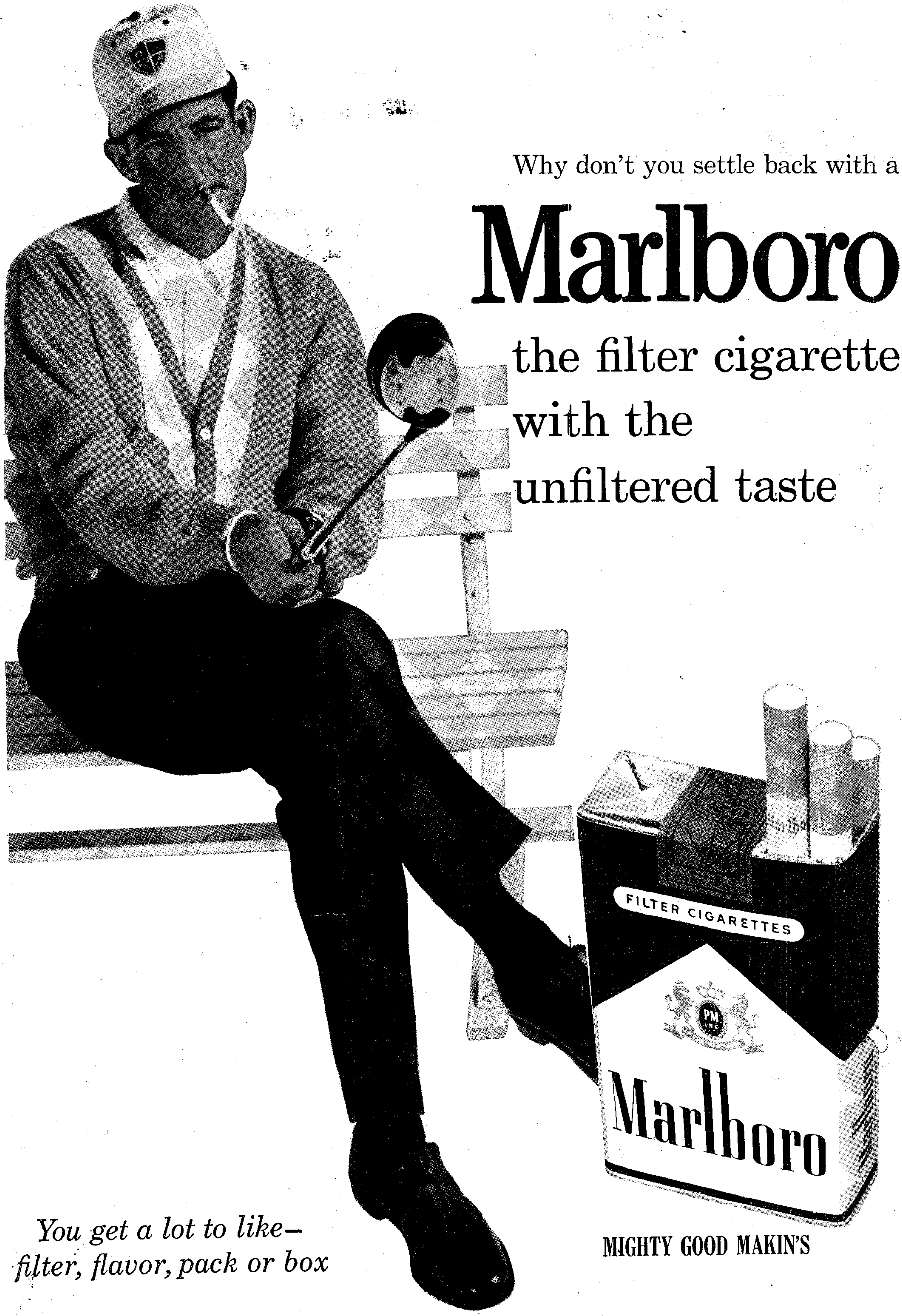
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